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SEPTEMBER, 1831.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

THE "author of a *Life of Byron*" stands with his back to the fire—a posture, we perceive, ridiculed with great justice by the author of *Maxwell*—viz. Theodore Hook; but which posture is in great request nevertheless. It is, for example, the favourite attitude of Lord Nugent; and as he is not only a real Lord, but a Lord of the Treasury to boot, we think that Theodore ought not to disparage a custom practised by an authority which must be considered very large indeed upon such a point.

We see that Galt turns his back also upon Canada, which we hope is by no means typical of an intention never to turn again towards the colony he has created, and the towns he has raised. If he has been at war with the Canada Company, a thing of his own making, it is no more than is to be expected from the nature of all human assemblies, which are but too happy to kick down the ladder by which they are raised; and if he fret at their ingratitude, it only shows that he is more ignorant of the world than is becoming in a man of his spectacles. As for his *Life of Byron*, we find that it has been sufficiently belaboured by various individuals, *some of whom might as well have let it alone*, and perceiving, on tossing over our proof-sheets, that it has been amply defended by himself in this very Number of our Magazine, we think it quite supererogatory to say any thing about it here. However, as Galt is a friend, and as we have a considerable affection for Colburn and Bentley, though we do give them a slight rub every now and then, we may mention that, whether the book is good, bad, or indifferent, its fourth edition is now publishing or being published, whichever form of expression is more consolatory to our readers.

But if we were Galt, we should not have chosen, if we had a voice in the business, to be characterized solely as the "author of the *Life of Byron*," except that the youngest Museum.—Vol. XIX.

bairn is the favourite, as usual. Where were the Ayrshire Legatees, with the honest Doctor, and the inimitable Mr. Pringle?—where Sir Andrew Wylie, the *beau ideal* of Scotchmen?—where Leddy Grippy, whom both Scott and Byron pronounced the first of heroes?—where the Provost, who, to our mind, is the first of heroes? True it is, that we consider the *Life of Byron* by Galt, to be the best and most honest history of the wayward course of that illustrious Child—but Byron was no bantling of his own brain—not there begotten like the progeny we have enumerated above.

To be sure it is a matter of no importance—so we have the man. Galt stands six feet three, with a stoop in his shoulders. The face opposite is like—but we think that our Rembrandt has evinced a Dutchman-like liberality in the article of trowers. We do not believe that Galt procures his pantaloons from the most scientific of Schneiders; but unless the garment in which he is represented be one which he has brought with him ready manufactured by the axe or saw of a Canadian backwoods man, we know not where else he could have seduced a carpenter to have fashioned any thing like the nether integument in which he is here depicted.

These biographical sketches of ours being confined rigorously to a page, and our laws exceeding in punctuality of enforcement the decrees of the Medes and the Persians, we must stop short. All we have to say in conclusion is, that we

Hope long, in wine, or toddy, or in malt,
To toast the shrewd Scots humour of John Galt.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

POLAND UNDER SOBIESKI.*

POLAND has ever been esteemed the most singular country in Europe; singular from its

* 1. Histoire de Pologne avant et sous le Roi Jean Sobieski. Par N. A. Salvandy. 3 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

2. Lettres du Roi de Pologne, Jean Sobieski, a la Reine Marie Casimire, pendant la Campagne de No. 111.—X

history, its institutions, its usages, and above all from its retaining beyond any other nation the impress of its primitive state. It has resolved the problem whether the spirit of ancient institutions may not be adopted—how ever violently, because unnaturally adopted—by a modern and greatly changed system of society; it has exhibited the strange phenomenon of a considerable degree of civilization engrafted on a barbaric stock. It is the singularity of this phenomenon which in a great degree constitutes the interest of the subject, and makes Polish history at all times an object of attention to the curious reader. While other nations have advanced in the career of social improvement, or at least assimilated their respective usages to the change of circumstances, that country has for the most part pertinaciously adhered to those of remote antiquity. The modifications which Christianity, and a state of society, in many respects different, have introduced into the moral picture, have, so far from destroying the peculiarity, only deepened the shades, and rendered the effect more striking. Poland, in short, might have been regarded as a gigantic landmark between barbarism and civilization,—a monument of other times ineffectually assailed by the great spirit which every where else has annihilated almost every vestige of what once existed, and shaken the old world to its very foundations.

If any one, at all conversant with the subject, were asked what periods of Polish history are the most interesting and striking, he would unhesitatingly name three,—that of Sobieski; that of Stanislas Leczinski; and that which elapsed from the first partition in 1772 to the accession of the Emperor Nicholas. With the *second* of these periods the reader has a sufficient acquaintance, for general purposes at least, from Voltaire's beautiful romance of Charles XII. A portion of the *last* we have already developed. The present notice will therefore be restricted to the *first*, which we consider, and we are sure the reader will participate in the opinion, as among the most interesting in the whole range of modern history.

In many points of view John Sobieski is one of the greatest characters in royal biography, the greatest beyond all comparison in the regal annals of his country. A renowned sovereign, a devoted patriot, a man of genius, an accomplished scholar; he likewise joined all the spirit of ancient chivalry to all the fervour of Christian piety. Placed in order of time between Gustavus Vasa and Peter the Great, he equalled the former, if not in the romantic incidents of his life, certainly in strength of principle, in grandeur of conception, in vigour of purpose, and surpassed him

perhaps in desperate valour; while both as a man and a hero he left the latter much behind him, though he had probably less of that comprehensive, prophetic grasp which characterized the mind of the Tsar. But more than either is he entitled to the grateful reverence of posterity; he was the saviour of Christendom, the bulwark of European liberty no less than of the faith of the Gospel. But for him, that might not have been a vain threat which destined the altar of St. Peter's to become the manger of the Moslem's horse.

This illustrious monarch was first introduced to the English reader by our countryman, Dr. Connor, who had the honour to be his physician, and whose work, however deficient in literary merit, and what is worse, however circumscribed in plan or inaccurate in details, is not without attraction. Subsequently his name had a place in our universal histories. But in those wretched compilations, without exception wretched and unworthy of our age and nation, or in the contemporary accounts of the siege of Vienna, the reader would vainly look for any thing like a satisfactory portrait of this hero. As to M. de Salvandy's work, it is like most other human things,—a mixture of good and bad, but one in which the latter sadly predominates. On the one hand it is more copious than any which have preceded it, and, to do it justice, *somewhat* more replete with facts. On the other, it exhibits the worst vices of the French school. It is declamatory, vague, pompous; it shows a continual hankering after effect, and a constant effort to cover the author's sterility with the flowers of verbiage: and then the everlasting allusions to a period of which every Englishman is sick, and to a name which every Englishman despises, those of Louis XIV., and the conceited vanity of assigning every possible event in every possible quarter, from the revolutions of an empire to the quarrels of the meanest domestics, to the ubiquitous influence of the *grand monarque*, comprise no inconsiderable portion of the work. After perusing it with the utmost attention, we have asked ourselves the question,—“What do these volumes really contain?” Occasionally, however, we shall revert to them, but more still to the recently published correspondence of Sobieski, which unaccountably appears to have attracted little attention in this country.

The extraction of Sobieski was truly illustrious. On the paternal side he belonged to one of the forty puissant branches sprung from the famous palatin Janik, who, in the reign of Lesko the Black, acquired by his warlike exploits, a name almost on a level with that of the Grecian Hercules. His grandfather Mark, and his father James Sobieski, the former palatin of Lublin, the latter castellan of Cracow,* were distinguished for

Vienne, traduites par M. Le Comte Plater, et publiées par N. A. De Salvandy. 8vo, Paris. 1826.

* A palatin governed a palatinate, or province,

bravery among a nation of heroes, no less than for their honours and possessions. His mother was the grand-daughter of the great Zalkiewski, who fell at Kabitla by the hand of the infidel. With this illustrious man, Poland had drooped: her existence as a nation was threatened on the one hand by the Swedish Gustavus Adolphus, on the other by the Tartars. But

"In the midst of these disasters," says Salvandy, on the faith of a MS. written by the hand of Sobieski himself, "in a distant fortress there passed an event destined hereafter to repair them. One summer day of this year (1629) a frightful storm visited the canton of Olesko, a little place in Black Russia, at the foot of the Carpathian mountains, on the confines of Lithuania and Poland, and in the centre of the most elevated plateau of these countries where two rivers have their source,—the Bug, which, after joining the Vistula in the north, flows into the Baltic; and the Bog, which traverses the Ukraine and Tartary, and joins the Borysthènes, not far from the Euxine. The fortress, a feudal manor, occupies a magnificent situation on the summit of a *mohila*, or immense artificial hill, which once served either as altar or tomb to the Sclavi. The tempest shook to its base this steep *mohila*, this fortress hung in the clouds. In this place, which might command a view of all Poland, which is linked with the recollections of her ancient history, a child was born during the raging of the elements: the grand-daughter of Zalkiewski was its mother. While the awful peals of thunder rendered some of her attendant domestics deaf for life, the courageous Theophila supported the throes of nature undismayed."—*tom. i. p. 154.*

It is singular enough that this fearful collision of the elements accompanied John Sobieski's exit from, no less than his entrance on, the stormy stage of life.

The education of the future hero, like that of his elder brother Mark, whom a premature

fate awaited, corresponded with his high fortunes. In his father's princely inheritance of Zalkiew, for princely we may well call a place which reckoned fifty villages, and a territory equal in extent to an English county, among its dependencies, the owner of which too could muster some thousands of armed domestics, he was taught not only the theory of war, but languages, history, politics, philosophy, every thing, in fact, likely to be useful to one whom his birth and connexions destined to the first offices in the state. This ready genius required little aid from instructors, and his active frame was rendered hardy and robust by martial exercises. In a word, whether listening to the counsels of a father, whom a cultivated understanding and great experience in the world rendered the best of teachers, or bearding the wild boar in the recesses of his patrimonial forests, he afforded sure presages of his future eminence. But the most agreeable of his occupations was in anticipating the vengeance which he vowed one day to take on the Osmanlis, the eternal enemies of his country, his religion and his race; vengeance to which, like the Carthaginian of old, he was sworn from his childhood. No wonder, for in the short space of half a century, four males of his house had fallen under their sabres, and fate was soon to add a fifth. We shall see how a fire thus fed by the strongest incentives, by patriotism, religion, and a sense of personal wrongs, blazed furiously forth against the Moslems.

John had scarcely attained his sixteenth year, when he and Mark were sent on their travels. In France he became the friend no less than the pupil of the great Condé; in Italy he applied himself to the fine arts, to public law, and to the policy of princes; at Constantinople he leisurely surveyed the proportions of the gigantic antagonist, against which, both as a Christian knight and a noble Pole, he had been taught to nourish unextinguishable hatred. He was preparing to pass among the Tartars, when an alarming insurrection of the serfs, and an invasion of Tartars, summoned him to the defence of his order and country.

In no country in Europe was the slavery of the lower class, the cultivators of the ground, of all, in fact, who were not born of gentle blood, so utterly abject or galling as in Poland. The degradation of their condition originated in the worst age of Slavonic history, when every fierce Pagan considered he had a right to do what he pleased with "the capture of his bow and spear." Where no warrior would descend to cultivate the ground, this ignoble duty was devolved on the vanquished: wars were undertaken for no other purpose than the procuring of hands for agricultural labours. As not only the strong man who became the prize of battle, but the women and children of whole districts were forcibly carried away, these sons of bondage

and was vested with extensive powers both civil and military. A castellan was in some sort the deputy of the palatin, but was also powerful from his office, and the head of the nobility in his jurisdiction: he held his court as well as the palatin, commanded in the field, and administered the laws in time of peace. As all offices were immovable, even by the king, they who filled them were not only independent, but absolute in their respective districts. The curse of Poland was this want of subordination and of responsibility. We must not forget to observe that though the palatines were superior in dignity and power to the castellans, there was an exception for the castellan of Cracow, who ranked above all the palatins, though next to the Cardinal Primate of the kingdom.

Besides these officers, there was another class, the starostas, whose jurisdiction was military, but many of whom had likewise civil courts, and an authority equivalent to that of our barons under the Norman sway. The starostas were benefices the revenues of which the king could enjoy six months, on every vacancy, but which, at the end of that period, he was compelled to give away to some one of his followers.

were rapidly multiplied, and each landed proprietor was enabled to leave his posterity an hereditary succession of serfs. The base condition of this class was thenceforward as inevitable as the degradation of certain Hindoo castes. The arbitrary nature of the rights thus originally acquired by lawless force, lost nothing by transmission through successive barbarians. For many ages any man might kill his *own* slave with perfect impunity; and if he killed another's, he had only to make about the same compensation as for the destruction of an ox. It was not until the time of Casimir the Great, whose efforts to improve the condition of the serfs, to raise them from a level with the brutes which perish, to the dignity of men, demand the esteem of posterity, that a fine of a few crowns was attached to the wilful murder of a slave. *More* than this the enlightened monarch would have attempted, had he possessed the power; kings have seldom been the oppressors of the poor, however they may have delighted in impoverishing the rich or humbling the great; but he had to deal with an aristocracy which held king and serf in subjection, and fiercely opposed every encroachment on what they called their privileges, that is, every thing tending to define their uncontrolled authority. Even this penalty was easily evaded in a country where each man, entrusted with the administration of the laws, palatine, castellan, or starost, or the hired judges and bailiffs of those officers, was interested in upholding these privileges. The tyranny to which the serf was subject, and which had no check beyond the feeble one of humanity; the rapacity which wrung from him not only what his lord might have some justice in claiming, but often what was necessary for the support of life; the severe chastisements which followed disobedience to commands frequently impossible to be fulfilled; the insults to which his wife or daughter was continually exposed from any Polish *noble*, however poor or mean in station (and where one hundred thousand were privileged to commit such insults, God knows they were common enough) were for a long time borne in hopeless sorrow. But human endurance has its limits: even the embroiled soul of the serf was not without the feelings of nature, nor consequently insensible to the voice of indignation. Imperfect as was the system of Christianity in which he was reared, it yet sufficed to convince him that he was of the same nature as his haughty lord, and heir of the same hopes of immortality. He complained; his complaints were answered with stripes, fetters, or death. Sometimes partial insurrections followed, but as they were not conducted on any combined plan, they were speedily extinguished in blood. If he was in consequence taught to smother his vengeance, it only raged with the greater fury within; it wanted but a vent to burst forth

and wrap in one blaze the persons no less than the possessions of the tyrants.

Such a vent was at length found. There was a Cossack chief, Bagdan Kurielniski, a native of the Ukraine, (then subject to Poland,) who had grown grey in the service of the republic, but was now become its most dreaded enemy. By a tyrannical intendant his property had been wrested from him, himself bound in fetters, his wife violated and murdered, and one of his sons stabbed on her corse. The Cossack's soul was on fire; he loudly proclaimed his wrongs; 300,000 of his countrymen and of the Tartars, whose Khan had espoused his cause, rose to avenge them. At the head of this imposing force, he cut in pieces the armies sent against him by the diet. As he advanced into Polish Russia, he was joined by the serfs who had previously massacred their lords, and by some hundreds, if not thousands of Arian and Calvinistic nobles, whom the intolerance of the diet had doomed to death. Like the Cossacks, the great bulk of the serfs, inhabiting the eastern dependencies of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, were of the Greek church; so that religious animosity was added to the thirst for revenge. The fury of the assailants particularly fell on two classes of persons—Jesuits and Jews—the former as the merciless fomenters of persecution, the latter as the agents of the great, and the grinders of the poor. Their delight was to compel all the monks and nuns they could seize not only to marry with each other, but under the up-raised poignard to consummate the rite. Thus rolled on this frightful inundation, destroying noble and priest in its progress, but breaking the chains of the peasant: it was at length arrested under the walls of Zamosz, within which the remnant of Polish chivalry had met to make a stand.

The two Sobieskis hastened from the Ottoman capital to oppose this strange confederation of Arian and Calvinist, Greek and Moslem. Little did the sultan dream of the prize which escaped him.

Having supported the election of the Cardinal John Casimir, successor of Vladislas Wasa, to the throne of the republic, and having by a duel with a Paz created to himself everlasting hostility from that powerful Lithuanian family, John Sobieski eagerly commenced his military career—a career destined to prove unrivalled for splendour. In the outset the subordinate post which he necessarily filled, joined to the imbecility of the king and generals, obscured the lustre of his exploits. After a chequered campaign, but one in which his valour was uniform, an ignominious peace—and that too in spite of his remonstrances—was made with Bagdan: it was soon treacherously broken by the Poles, and heaven, as if to punish the guilt, brought or permitted many reverses on them. Of these none was more deeply felt by John than the

loss of his brother Mark, who fell at Batowitz into the merciless hands of the Tartars. Other foes arose: on the one side the Swedish Charles Gustavus, on the other the Muscovite Tsar Alexis, ravaged the country with impunity. The Polish armies were annihilated; John Casimir driven from the throne; and for a time the nation ceased to exist. But some true hearts there were—and among these none was truer or braver than Sobieski's—who never despaired of the country: noble and peasant at length combined; the dissensions of her foes favoured the combination, and John Casimir was restored. Yet he had no great reason to rejoice at his return: if the foreign enemy remitted his blows, there remained one more to be feared, domestic rebellion, which was fomented by Austria. Nor did this subside until the hostile parties were obliged to desist from sheer exhaustion; until no man had strength enough left to raise a hand against his brother.

During these contentions, which, though they continued many years, are too obscure to be noticed here, Sobieski was gradually rising to the higher command. When in 1660, the eastern provinces of the republic were again ravaged by the troops of Alexis, he was one of the chiefs in the Polish armies. His successes over the Muscovite General, Sheremetoff, and above all the brilliant victory he gained over the same enemy at Slobadysa, where 70,000 of the Tsar's forces were killed or taken, drew on him the attention of Europe, and elevated him to a rank with the great captains of the age. His exploits during the six following years against the Muscovites and Tartars—exploits which it is impossible to enumerate in this place—procured him from his grateful sovereign first the elevated post of Grand Marshal, next that of Grand Hetman of the crown. In the former capacity he presided over the palace of the administration, the correspondence with foreign powers, &c.; he was the only subject, may more, the only man in the realm, who by virtue of his office could inflict the punishment of death without appeal; nor without his sanction could that punishment be carried into effect by any other tribunal in any part of Poland. In the latter capacity he was invested with the supreme disposal of the military force of the state; he had the sole care of levying, organizing, and putting in motion the various armies, and these armies he commanded in the field. In short, he exercised powers which in other countries are essential to royalty, and was in his own the depository of an authority superior to the king's. These two dignities were like all others, immovable: the king could confer but not revoke them: they were obviously too great to be lodged in the hands of the same individual. What enhanced the pride of their possession in the view of Sobieski was the fact that they had never before been united in the same person.

The joy of the Poles was great to see their favourite captain thus placed at the head of all the civil and military dignities of the crown—that is, of Poland. (*Lithuania*, though united with the republic since the accession of the Grand Duke, Jagellon, (1386,) to the throne of the republic, had its great marshal, hetman, and chancellor, like Poland, whose authority was perfectly independent of their brother dignitaries of the crown.) He had long possessed the love of the army, which had once actually forced John Casimir to promote him; he had in an equal degree the confidences of the kingdom; both were justified in believing that he alone could save the country. Some such bulwark was soon necessary: in 1667, one hundred thousand Cossacks and Tartars invaded the kingdom. To meet these formidable numbers there were only 10,000 soldiers, ill equipped, ill paid, and for that reason not over zealous in her cause. "But," said the vice-chancellor of the crown, who spoke the sentiments of the whole nation, "if we have no troops, we have Sobieski, who is an army himself; if the public treasury be empty, his own revenues supply what is wanting: he burdens his patrimony with debts, that he may support the men he has raised." This was literally true: at his own expense, the patriotic hetman raised the army to 20,000, and fearlessly marched to meet the enemy. Having intrenched himself at Podhaic, he sustained during sixteen successive days, with unshaken intrepidity, the impetuous onset of the assailants, on whom he inflicted a heavy loss. He did more: on the morning of the seventeenth, with his greatly diminished band—diminished as much by desertion as by death—he issued from his fortifications, audaciously assumed the offensive, and in a few hours utterly routed Cossack and Tartar, with the Sultan Galga at their head, and compelled them to sue for peace. Success so splendid had been expected by no man. All Poland flocked to the churches to thank God for having given her a hero in the time of her need. All Europe was not less astonished, for all had predicted the speedy extinction of the republic. And extinguished it would have been but for one man, who thus added another century to its duration.

The services of the grand hetman, during the reign of the feeble and worthless Michael Wiesznowiezki, who succeeded on the resignation of John Casimir, were not less signal or important. In 1671, he opened, what at its close, Christendom might well term the *miraculous campaign*. With a mere handful of followers—indeed he had never more—he not only triumphed over Cossack and Tartar, but humbled the pride of the Turk, who, now that Candia had fallen, had seriously set about the execution of his long-cherished schemes of conquest. Mahomet IV. was constrained to flee, but he fled only to return with a new army. Sobieski, who had but 6000 men,

and who could not procure reinforcements by the time they were wanted, retreated in his turn, but only to strike more effectually when opportunity served. Sometimes he stationed his horsemen between the infidels and their country, cutting in pieces detached parties, and giving freedom to the captives whom they were carrying away. But the most daring of his exploits was at Budchaz, where the sultan lay encamped with the flower of the Osmanlis. After a march quite secret and incredibly swift, he suddenly fell on them; made a great carnage; reached even the imperial tents, and forced Mahomet to flee. On this occasion the king—who, however, hated him because he was popular and powerful—wrote to congratulate him, saying, "Envy itself is compelled to acknowledge that, after God, your ability alone, though at the head of so inconsiderable a force, has saved Poland." The vice-chancellor wrote: "Glory to the Most High, who, by means of your powerful hand, has again raised a country which had despaired of itself, and made no effort for its own preservation. We cannot thank you as we should, but with heart and tongue, we bless you: we do more than admire—we revere the heroic deeds by which you have surpassed even the wishes of your country." But the conqueror himself derived little satisfaction from his splendid successes. The king, terrified even in victory, consented in a secret treaty not only to the dismemberment of the kingdom, but to the humiliation of an annual tribute as the price of peace.

If the kingdom had not disputes abroad, she was sure to make them at home. After the conclusion of this ignominious peace, she was torn in pieces by some half-dozen different factions, all of them aspiring to the government of the state. The poor nobles wanted an agrarian law—the rich confederated against them; the serfs clamoured for freedom—both poor and rich joined against them; the factions of Austria and France laboured with no other end—monstrous as that end may seem—than to destroy Polish independence; and a party more powerful than all was resolved to depose the king, not because his measures had proved disastrous to the state, but because he was the creature of Austria, (he had been caught by the common bait, the hand of an archduchess,) a power detested by the great body of the Poles. As Sobieski supported the authority of Michael, though his enemy, and refused obedience to a factious diet, he did not escape vexation. His soldiers were ordered to disobey him, and he himself to lay down his authority, and appear before their high mightinesses. Indignant at this treatment of one who had so often saved the country, the army instantly confederated—that is, assumed an independent authority in opposition to the diet; they swore to defend Poland, their own rights, and their glorious leader, against internal no less than external ene-

mies. Again, no inconsiderable number clamoured for the spoliation of the church, insisting like the revolutionists of all times, on the competency of the state to seize her temporalities: the result was a counter-confederation among the clergy. In short, the anarchy of the kingdom was such as had never been seen before—such as made its best friends despair of its existence a single month. While the army passed into winter-quarters, (1672,) the grand hetman in disgust retired to his estates. Believing that all was over with Poland, Louis XIV. offered him an asylum in France, with a dukedom and a marshal's truncheon; but the patriot would not abandon the abode of his fathers: he hoped even against hope.

The hero had not long enjoyed the tranquillity of retirement, before he was required to appear at Warsaw, to defend his character against a hired, perjured ruffian, who had denounced him as a traitor to the Royal Confederation, as a self-elected body were pleased to term themselves. He did appear, accompanied by nearly all the more illustrious Poles, and a few regiments of horse. (Such, indeed, was the usual escort of this princely noble.) His presence struck faction dumb. As grand marshal of the crown, he insisted on the assembly being changed into a legal diet; as grand hetman, on the rupture of the ignominious peace with the Turk. Both demands were immediately granted; the very assembly which had appeared ready to proscribe him, were lavish in their praises of the hero "into whom the souls of all preceding heroes had passed,"—of him, "to whom nature had never before produced an equal, and never would in ages to come." In fact, it was discovered by his enemies—such were all who aimed at the subversion of the republic—that the hearts and voices of the nation were with him. They condemned the delator to death, but as the punishment could not be inflicted without the grand marshal's sanction, the fellow was permitted to live.

If Sobieski had procured the rupture of this disgraceful treaty, he could not so easily procure troops to meet the incensed Turks. After many grievous delays, however, and more grievous disappointments, not a few of which were caused by the intrigues of the Paz, who headed the troops of the Grand Duchy, and over whom, he, as hetman of the crown, had no authority, he organized an army, and prevailed on Michael to command it. According to custom, when the king was present, the bonzuk or lance of the grand hetman, was lowered before the royal tent. One morning the army were overjoyed to find their hetman's bonzuk erect—a proof that the dastardly Michael had abandoned the field. The other moved on. The (so deemed) impregnable fortress of Kotzim, before which three hundred thousand of the Osmanlis had formerly failed, was stormed and taken by

one-tenth that number of Poles, though it was garrisoned by a powerful Turkish army. The consequences of this glorious triumph were great; Moldavia and Wallachia placed themselves under the protection of the conqueror; the Turks retreated with precipitation beyond the Danube; and Europe thanked God for "the most signal success which for three centuries Christendom had gained over the infidel." But the greatest remains to be told: he was preparing to follow up his career of victory, when news arrived of Michael's death, (the royal glutton died through eating voraciously of one thousand apples presented to him a few days before by the municipality of Dantzic,) and of the preparations for the election of a new king:—that dignity was reserved for the conqueror of Kotzim.

Among the usages which the Poles had continued to observe from their first establishment as a people, none was so striking as their universally assembling on every vacancy to elect a ruler. That on the decease of one chief, all the members of each barbarous tribe should meet to choose another was natural enough; but that a system adapted only to societies in the first stages of their existence—to the Slavonic tribes, or the Indians of the New World—should be perpetuated when the science of government so much improved—when the advantages of the representative mode were so much better understood, is one of the most singular characteristics of this singular people. On ordinary occasions, indeed, each palatinate sent its deputies to the general diet; but the nobles, as if fearful that the power thus delegated would be abused, often followed the deputies and aved them by their presence. And even this modified system of representation was very slowly and partially adopted. Russia, for example, never returned deputies, but as many horsemen as pleased attended this diet, even on ordinary occasions. On important emergencies, such as the one under notice, every Polish gentleman vindicated his privilege to assist in the elections, and one hundred thousand horsemen appeared at Warsaw, armed as if for battle, and ready, if necessary, to support their respective candidates by the sword. The poor menial who while at home shrunk under the whip of his master, now felt all the importance of his privileges as a noble—felt that even he was considerable enough to be bribed. Yet, after all, the real power of election was for the most part lodged with the great landed proprietors on whom the rest were dependent, and the object of whose suffrages the rest were constrained to support. To see one of these territorial lords ride to the field of election, escorted by some thousands of his dependent lances, was as magnificent but it was not less melancholy: how soon might these gallant warriors fall by the hands of each other!

Most readers are aware that on the present

occasion the leading candidates were Charles of Lorraine, who was supported by Austria, and Philip of Neuburg, the creature of Louis XIV. All Europe indeed pointed out the saviour of Poland as the fittest to wear the crown; but then the choice of the one candidate would ensure the alliance of the emperor, the other of the French king—an advantage which no *Piast*, or native prince could bring. At length (April 20, 1674) the diet opened, all the chivalry of Poland, and the Grand Duchy being ranged under the ensigns of their respective palatinates, their eyes intently fixed on the proceedings of the deputies, who were seated in the open air, and whom they had constituted their representatives until the preliminaries were settled,—not for the giving of their suffrages. Many of the assembled chiefs eyed one another with no friendly glance, and at each scowl the sabres of their respective followers half-leaped from the scabbard. The French candidate's proposals were but coldly received. The *Paz*, who with the Lithuanians supported Charles, being elated at this first appearance of success, proposed the exclusion of a *Piast* as preliminary to the examination of the claims of any other candidate. (The blow was aimed at Sobieski, who was not yet returned from the army.) The proposal was received with indignation by many of the Poles, but generally approved by the Lithuanians. As usual, a dispute arose between these hostile people when the conqueror of Kotzim was announced. The shouts which rent the air at his approach, the suspension of all business in the diet while all Warsaw thronged around him, eager to see and bless him, were omens of his near elevation. Yet it was probably unknown to himself; for he proposed a *third* candidate, the Prince of Condé. Instantly a great multitude shouted "*a Condé!*" but the Lithuanians, and all whom the perfidy of Louis had disgusted, cried "*a Lorraine!*" The assembled *pospolita* ranged themselves into two lines, to fight for one or the other of these candidates, when by the address of the Bishop of Cracow, who exercised the functions of the inter-rex, bloodshed was avoided: having chanted a psalm in concert with the attendant clergy, he ordered each palatinate to advance according to custom, and register the votes of its nobles. Instantly the two formidable lines were broken, and the assembled nation was preparing to approach, palatinate after palatinate, for that purpose, when the president of Russia, (the reader will not confound the Polish provinces under that name with the empire of the Tsars, of which the proper name was Muscovy,) Stanislas Jablonowski, harangued the people in favour of a *fourth* candidate. Having in an eloquent speech stated his objection to Lorraine and Condé (Philip was set aside almost by common consent)—objections which were really unanswerable—he cried, "Let a Pole reign over Poland!" "*A Piast! A Pi-*

ast!" and "God for Poland!" was the response of the fickle multitude. The president continued:—

"We have among us a man who has ten times saved the republic by his head and arm; who is hailed, both by the whole world and by ourselves, as the first and greatest of the Poles. By placing him at our head we shall best consecrate his own glory; happy shall we be in being able to honour by an additional title the remaining days of one who has devoted every day to the interests of the republic; happier still in securing our own safety by rescuing genius and patriotism from the shackles cast over them, and investing both with new energy and power." "We know that such a king will maintain our nation in the rank it occupies, because he has hitherto maintained it in its present elevation—an elevation too to which he himself has raised it." "Poles!" concluded the animated speaker,—"if we here deliberate in peace on the election of a king; if the most illustrious potentates solicit our suffrages; if our power be increased, and our liberties left to us—whose is the glory? Call to mind the wonders of Slobadysa, Podhaic, Kaluz, Kotzim—imperishable names!—and choose for your monarch JOHN SOBIESKI!"

The effect was electrical: all the Polish and Lithuanian palatinates shouted "Long live King John III.!" The soldiery drew their swords, swearing to exterminate all who did not join the cry. The Paz raised what opposition they could; but finding the popular current too strong to be stemmed, they sailed with it. Sobieski was proclaimed. Like his predecessors he signed the *pacta conventa*—a compact, however, of which the conditions were drawn up by the nobles, and favourable only to their order. Like them, too, he showed his bounty to the state and army: he performed as much as any of his rivals had proposed. He redeemed the crown jewels which had been pledged with the Jews; he built two fortresses to protect the frontier; he founded a gymnasium for the education of the Polish nobles; he raised and supported several regiments during the subsequent wars with Turkey; and presented the whole army with several months pay. Whether he accepted the crown with much avidity is doubtful. Some writers say that he intrigued for it with great art, and that the address of Stanislas was concerted with him. There is no evidence in support of such an assertion, but much to oppose it. Thus much, however, is certain, that his ambitious wife left no means untried—flattery, bribes, promises—to strengthen his party.

The new king was almost immediately called on to justify the confidence reposed in him by a gallant nation. While obtaining his accustomed successes over the Tartars, he was suddenly assailed by Mahomet at the head of an amazing, and what is more, a disciplined host. He had but 8,000 men left, and the arrival of supplies was of all things the most contingent. He threw himself into Lemberg,

where he was speedily invested. All Poland believed him lost, yet he sent for his queen and children, resolved, that if conquered, their bones and his should there find a tomb. Taking advantage of a heavy fall of snow which a high wind blew in the face of the foe, he one day issued from the fortress, led on his heroic band, shouting his favourite war-cry of *Christ for ever!* and after a sharp conflict again routed the infidels, who fled with precipitation before this second *Cœur de Lion*. Well might all Christendom cry a *miracle!* for such wonders had never been wrought since the heroic days of Crecy and Poitiers. It was hoped that such disastrous defeats would deter the Moslems from opposing a captain who appeared as if raised up by Providence to be their scourge, if not their destruction; but this time their pride was exasperated; they levied another and more formidable army, (three hundred thousand strong,) which they confided to the Pacha of Damascus, the most resolute, if not the ablest of their generals. His surname of *Shaitan*, or the Devil, was sufficiently expressive of his renown. The Polish king's forces might reach ten thousand, yet fearful as were the odds, he scorned to retreat. Having entrenched himself between two small villages on the banks of the Dniester, he supported, during twenty successive days, the most desperate efforts of the enemy, whose formidable artillery—the same that had reduced Candia—showered continued destruction into his camp. Never before had his situation been so critical. The bombardment was terrific, and was not remitted day or night; the ranks of the Poles were thinned by it, no less than by the frequent sallies which the king led to the very centre of the dense ranks of the Moslem. Shaitan was utterly confounded at such supernatural resistance; it gave way to admiration of this great hero. He proposed terms of peace, which the Polish and Lithuanian nobles were eager to accept, but which Sobieski heard with rage. "Tell your master," replied the latter, "that if such proposals are renewed to me, I will hang up the messengers!" In an hour the firing recommenced:—

"This time the bombardment was dreadful: the batteries had been brought nearer, and elevated on high redoubts which overlooked the whole camp. The besiegers relaxed not night or day: the Poles had no place of refuge but the ditches at the foot of their intrenchments, (every where besides was marked by death and conflagration): during three weeks they had heard nothing of Poland, and in this long silence every hope of succour had fled. To these evils famine was now added: a little wood which had supplied the horses with grass and the men with acorns, was exhausted; soon the ammunition began to fail, and what was worse than all, the most courageous to droop. From the distance of a musket shot to the boundaries of the horizon, the camp of the infidel was seen to extend on all sides like a huge wall. The Christian camp was a prison

which held out no other prospect than a sepulchre; it was thinned by desertion; and those who remained murmured: 'Why not accept a peace which, in fact, king Michael had accepted on an occasion of much less peril? was not necessity a law which the whole world might sanction without dishonour?'

"Michael Paz having opposed, in a council of war, all the propositions of the king to assure the safety of the army, came up to him at the head of a mutinous band, expatiated on their desperate condition, and acquainted him with their resolution to desert *en masse*. 'Desert who will,' answered the king, 'I shall remain; the infidels must pass over my corpse before they reach the heart of the republic.' After a pause he added, 'I might have conquered, now I can but die. I know who has filled the soldiers with the spirit of discouragement and rebellion; it is to be expected that they who arrive the last on the field should be the first to speak of flight.' He mounted a horse, and rode along the line. 'My friends,' cried he, 'I have drawn you from worse scrapes than this. Does any one think my head is weakened by wearing a crown?' At his voice the army begins to breathe; his tranquil assurance gave hope even to the most dejected." *Saltendy*, tom. xi. p. 367.

As the balls and shells fell thick among this heroic band, Sobieski ordered them to be returned by his own guns and mortars. And returned they were, with interest. The alacrity of the soldiers in gathering up every ball and shell as they fell, in thrusting them into the ever-active engines, and dashing them in the faces of those who had sent them, would have roused the patriotism of the most insensible, and inspired even cowards with bravery. The Turks were thunder-struck at seeing so brisk a fire all at once resumed; they doubted not, that the Tartars, their allies, who occupied the left bank of the Dniester, had suffered supplies to be poured into the camp. Forty-eight hours of inaction followed. What could this mean? Doubtless the Polish monarch was planning something decisive. So thought the Moslem, and the anticipation kept them on the alert throughout two nights. On the morning of October 14th, 1676, their astonishment knew no bounds when they saw the Pole calmly issue from his entrenchments, with his few followers drawn up for battle, apparently as confident of the result as if legions had compassed him. They could not believe a mere man would attempt such a thing: from that moment their superstition invested him with supernatural powers. The Tartars exclaimed that there was no use contending with "the wizard-king." The Pacha Devil was indeed superior to the weakness; but another reason made him loth to prolong the contest: he knew that Radziwil was approaching at the head of the *pospolite*. The moment, therefore, he saw John give the signal for battle, he offered an honourable peace, which was immediately accepted.—Is this history or romance?

But John would have made no peace with

the infidel had he obtained the support he solicited from the Christian powers of Europe. He had long formed a plan which, to use his own words, "would have returned the barbarians conquest for conquest; would have driven them into the solitudes that had vomited them forth on Europe; nay, would have done more than exiled the monster to its native deserts, would even have exterminated it, and restored the Byzantine empire." To carry into effect this magnificent design, he required no more than the co-operation of two of the powers most exposed to the inroads of the Ottomans. In vain did Innocent XI. invite Europe to unite with "a prince who for thirty years had been the bulwark of the Christian republic—the brazen wall against which all the efforts of the barbarians had failed; a prince "whose holy trophies adorned the vaulted roofs of the Vatican;" "the lieutenant of the God of Hosts, whose arm was predestined not only to bear the sceptre, but to break the heathen yoke under which nations groaned."

During the following few years, while the Polish hero was supposed to be slumbering under the laurel wreath, his very existence was embittered by constant and unavoidable anguish. On one side, the intrigues of his wife, a Frenchwoman by birth, and like all Frenchwomen, too desirous of power to hesitate at the means by which it might be obtained; on the other, the turbulent conduct of some nobles, who by their fatal *vetos* audaciously dissolved every diet disposed to redress the crying grievances of the nation, and thereby reduced the authority of this patriotic king to a vain name, occasioned him vexations enough. Uxorious beyond all example in one of his character; blind to the imperfections—we might say the vices—of a woman, whose unprincipled ambition plunged the whole machine of government into confusion, he offered but a feeble opposition to her wily intrigues, she contrived to wield what little power the constitution allowed him. Then his disputes with the senators who were secretly in the interest of either France or Austria, and who disputed still more fiercely with each other, sometimes so far as to forget his presence, and to draw the sword on each other on the very steps of the throne—made his indeed a crown of thorns!

But of this more hereafter. We must now proceed to the most glorious epoch in this hero's life.

In 1683, the Turks, after seven years' preparation, put into motion the most formidable army which Europe had seen for some time. Whither was its destination? Not Poland, because throughout their vast empire, there was not a soul which quailed not at the bare mention of "the wizard king;" and because an envoy from Mahomet had arrived to assure that King of the Sultan's friendship. The infamous Louis well knew—he who had stirred

up the Sultan to an exterminating war on the Empire. Nay more, to prevent Sobieski from affording any assistance to Leopold, he by his gold fomented a conspiracy among the leading Poles, the object of which was to dethrone if not assassinate that hero, whose single arm he dreaded more than the resistance of all Austria. Fortunately the victim detected the hellish plot by intercepting a letter from the French Ambassador to Louis. He hastened to the diet, and read the correspondence, which implicated not a few who were present; yet with the magnanimity of his character, he expressed his conviction that the whole was a gross fabrication. "But," added the politic king, who had resolved to espouse the cause of Leopold, or rather that of Christendom, "convince the world also, that it is an imposture; declare war against the infidel!" The diet listened with indignant wonder, and the declaration was voted almost unanimously, by none more zealously than those whose names were thus alarmingly compromised.

In the mean time the Turkish vizir and generalissimo, Kara Mustapha, swept the Hungarian plains with amazing rapidity. The politicians who, like Leopold, expected that he would confine his operations to that kingdom, were in utter consternation when they found that instead of wasting his time in the siege of petty fortresses he poured his vast hordes over the Austrian dominions, and approached the capital. The dastardly Leopold fled with a train of arch-duchesses, leaving the Duke of Lorraine (the same who had contested the Polish crown with Sobieski) to defend his states, and Stahremberg his capital. On the 15th of July that capital was first invested. Europe was in consternation; Rome trembled for herself, and well she might, for the instructions of the vizir involved her utter destruction. The Pope continually despatched couriers to press the march of Sobieski. The Emperor, the Duke of Lorraine, and all the German princes solicited him by daily messengers to do once for Europe what for thirty years he had done for his own country—to save it from the Moslem yoke. He was not inattentive to the call, but he encountered even more than the usual difficulty in levying and equipping his troops. With the subsidies he received from the Pope and his own revenues he at length assembled at Cracow an army of 16,000 strong. Yet not the vizir, nor Leopold, nor Europe, were sure that he would march. His dissatisfaction with the Emperor, who had ever been his bitter enemy; and the dislike which as a Pole he must naturally feel towards Austria, were considered more than sufficient to keep him far from the field. But the Christian triumphed over the Pole; he warred in good earnest for the defence of the faith; nor, as a hero, could he be supposed insensible to the immortal glory of being the deliverer of Europe. But the siege was pro-

secuted with vigour, and deputies from Silesia, Moravia, and Austria again arrived at Cracow to implore the speedy aid of his own arm, which they esteemed of more value than hosts. The minister of the Emperor and the papal nuncio fell at his feet, embracing his knees like the humblest suppliant. Leopold offered to guarantee the crown to his son James, to bestow on that prince the hand of an arch-duchess, and to cede to him and his heirs the kingdom of Hungary, if he would recover it from the infidel, and save Vienna. (How these promises were fulfilled we shall soon perceive.) He marched, and Europe breathed.

The campaign of Vienna has been too often celebrated by historians and poets to be related here. We can allude only to such particulars respecting it as are less known, or we should rather say, scarcely known at all; and these must relate exclusively to Sobieski. They are derived from the recently published letters of the hero. These letters are interesting, not merely as containing an accurate account of the campaign, but as exhibiting the inmost thoughts of a great king, clothed in the utmost simplicity of language, yet possessing considerable merit as compositions. By most of our readers the extracts we proceed to make from them will be deemed by far the most interesting portion of this article. They are indeed admirable for the chivalric tone, the deep piety, the originality, the patriotism, and the playful fancy of the writer.

At Heilbrunn the king was met by the Duke of Lorraine, whom he thus describes:—

"He has the height of Prince Radziwil, the features of Chetmaki, and is about the same age; his nose is very aquiline, just like a parrot's beak. He is deeply marked with the small-pox, and his face has more down on it than the thistle; his uniform is grey, without ornament, except some lace buttons; his hat has no plume; his boots are yellow, or rather were three months ago; his war horse is tolerable, but the bridle, saddle, and indeed the whole harness are very mean, and much the worse for wear. Yet, for all this, he has not a vulgar appearance; he looks the gentleman, or even the man of distinction."—"He wears a mean light-coloured wig; in short, he cares very little about his appearance; but I shall agree with him very well, he is deserving of a better destiny."

The two captains having concerted their plan of operations, John encamped on the Danube, where he was joined by the imperial forces, and by the flower of the German chivalry. He was saluted by them with unbounded acclamations; the sovereign princes of the empire, who would have scorned to obey an equal, were eager to receive the orders of so renowned a warrior. His exultation was extreme to find himself at the head of 70,000 men, having never before commanded half so many; with these he thought himself a match not only for the 300,000

Turks and Tartars, but for the whole infidel world. The appearance of the troops too pleased him. "We may apply to these Germans," he writes, "what we say of horses—they do not know their own strength." Both they and his own forces had need of strength and agility besides. After the harassing passage of the Danube, the Calemberg, a chain of steep, abrupt, rugged mountains, abounding with gorges and precipices, and narrow pathways obstructed with rocks and trees, had to be surmounted. The ascent occupied three days; what with the labour accompanying it, and the scarcity of provisions, he declared that he and his followers were so wasted that any one of them bid fair to outstrip the deer. But he had other toils, which few besides himself could have sustained.

"Continual harangues, my interviews with the Duke of Lorraine and other chiefs, innumerable orders to be given, prevent me not only from writing, but from taking food and rest. These duties become the more frequent, now that Vienna is at the last extremity, and that a distance of four miles only separates us from the enemy. Add the ceremonial of the interviews, the difficulties arising from etiquette about one thing and another—as who shall march first or last; who shall have the right, who the left; then come councils without end, delays, indecisions; and all this not only wastes time, but breeds misunderstanding. Besides, numbers of princes arrive day and night from all parts of Europe; then there are the counts and knights of so many different nations—all these *will* see me, and take up my time."

He omits to mention another task which was more imperative than all the rest; he was forced to write innumerable letters—by night too, for he had no leisure by day—to his tyrannical queen, who so far from consulting his repose, insisted on being acquainted with every thing that happened from his own pen, and daily tormented him, not only with new demands, but with reproaches when, as was often the case, they were too exorbitant to be fulfilled. Yet how tenderly does he expostulate with her.

"I must complain of you, to yourself, my dear and incomparable Mariette. How comes it that you have no better opinion of me after all the proofs of tenderness I have given you? Are you serious in saying that I do not read your letters? Can you believe it when in fact, amidst all my cares and anxieties, I read every one of them three times at least—the first when they arrive; the second when I retire to rest or am disengaged; the third, when I sit down to answer them! All this enumeration of the years of our union, the number of our children, &c. should have had no place either in your letter or your head. If I do not always write so much at length as you wish, is it not possible, my dear, to account for my haste without the help of injurious surmises? The champions of Europe and Asia are but a few miles distant from each other. I have

every thing to inspect, even to the slightest details."

Nay he forgets his own unequalled toils and cares in his anxiety for this most unreasonable of women. In the very same letter, (written long before the dawn of September 5,) he says—

"I beseech you my love, for my sake do not rise so early—what constitution could bear it? Could any one's especially who retires to rest so late as you? You will afflict me greatly if you do not listen to my request; you will deprive me of tranquillity; you will impair my health, and what is much worse, you will injure your own—you who are my only consolation in this world. As to our mutual affection, let us try in which of the two it will soonest cool. If my age is not one of ardour, my heart and soul are young as ever. Did we not agree, my love, that your turn would come next—that you would have to become the wooer? Have you kept your promise, my darling? Do not saddle me with your own faults; on the contrary, prove to me by words, by letter, and above all, truly prove to me that you will cherish a constant attachment for your faithful and devoted Celadon, who is now compelled to finish his letter in rapturously saluting his amiable and well beloved Mariette."

Who would suppose such a letter written by a husband of fifty to a wife of fifty?

On the morning of September 11, the allied army reached the summit of the Calemberg, from which the Austrian capital and the wide-spread gilded tents of the Moslems formed a magnificent prospect—the latter as terrific as magnificent. Great was the astonishment of Cara Mustapha to behold heights which he had confidently deemed inaccessible, glittering with Polish lances. He did not then know that "the wizard king" was there, but the unwelcome intelligence was soon conveyed to him. Like a prudent man, however, he concealed the fact, and like a brave one he made his dispositions for battle. Sobieski did the same; but he was at first incommoded with a fierce wind which blew directly in the face of his followers. "Our horsemen," said he, "can scarcely keep the saddle; one might fancy the aerial powers let loose against us; this may well be, for the vizir is reputed a great magician." The wind, however, fell, as if the elements were willing to suspend their own conflict to behold the fiercer one of man.

September the 12th is a day which ought to be annually commemorated by Christian Europe. Having heard mass and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when any great struggle was impending—the king descended the mountain to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslems on the plains below. The shouts of the Christian army bore to the infidels the dreaded name of *Sobieski*! The latter were driven to their entrenchments after some time. On contemplating these works, he deemed them too strong and too formidably defended to be

forced. Five o'clock P. M. had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Kara Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He made towards the pacha's tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice, *Non nobis, non nobis, Domine Exercituum, sed nomini tuo da gloriam!* He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry; they drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. "Allah!" said the Tartar khan, "but the wizard is with them sure enough!" At that moment the hussars, raising their national cry of "*God for Poland!*" cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the deep ranks of the enemy. They were a gallant band; their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings—"that if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the point of their lances." The shock was rude, and for some minutes dreadful; but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of the leader, and more than all, the finger of God, routed these immense hosts; they gave way on every side, the khan was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now despairing vizir. "Canst not thou help me?" said Kara Mustapha to the brave Tartar, "then I am lost indeed!" "The Polish king is there!" replied the other; "I know him well! Did I not tell thee that all we had to do was to get away as quick as possible?" Still the vizir attempted to make a stand; in vain,—as well might he have essayed to stem the ocean tide. With tears in his eyes he embraced his sons, and followed the universal example of flight. Europe was saved! Let some extracts from the conqueror's letter on the occasion describe the rest:—

"From the Vizir's Tent, Midnight, Sept. 13.
"Only joy of my soul, charming and well-beloved Mariette!"

"God be for ever praised! He has given our nation the victory—a triumph such as past ages have never beheld. All the artillery, the whole camp of the Mussulmans, with infinite riches, are become our prey. The approaches towards the city, the fields around us, are covered with the dead infidels, and the survivors flee in consternation. Every moment our men bring in camels, mules, and sheep which belonged to the enemy, besides a multitude of prisoners. We have also a great number of deserters, mostly renegades, well equipped and

* The uniform commencement of all the king's letters to the queen, with one single exception.

mounted. The victory has been so sudden and extraordinary, that both in the city and our camp, the alarm did not all at once subside, every instant the enemy's return was dreaded. In powder and ammunition he has left us the value of a million florins.

"This very night I have witnessed a spectacle which I had long desired to see. Our baggage train set fire to the powder in several places; the explosion resembled the judgment day, but no one was hurt. On this occasion I remarked how clouds are formed in the atmosphere. But, after all, it is a bad job; there is above half a million lost.

"The vizir in his flight has abandoned every thing, all but his horse and the dress he wore. I am his heir; the greater portion of his riches is become mine.

"As I advanced with the first line, driving the vizir before me, I met one of his domestics, who conducted me to his private tents; they occupy a space equal in extent to Warsaw or Leopold. I have obtained all the decorations and ensigns usually borne before him. As to the great standard of Mahomet, which his sovereign had confided to him, I have sent it to the Holy Father by Talenti. We have also rich tents, superb equipages, and a thousand fanciful things equally fine and valuable. I have not yet seen every thing, but what I have seen is beyond comparison superior to what we found at Kotzim. Here are four or five quivers, mounted with rubies and sapphires, which alone are worth many thousands of ducats. So, my life, you cannot say to me what Tartar women say to their husbands who return without booty—"Thou art no warrior, for thou hast brought me nothing; none but the foremost in battle ever gain any thing."

After speaking of other trophies, for the detail of which we cannot afford room, he continues—

"To-day I have visited the capital; it could not have held out more than five days longer. The imperial palace is full of holes made by the balls; these immense bastions, full of crevices and half-fallen in, look frightful.

"All the troops (imperial) have done their duty well; they ascribe the victory to God and us. The moment the enemy gave way, (and the chief struggle was where I stationed myself, opposite the vizir), all the cavalry of their army rode up to me at the right wing, the centre and left having little to do; among these were the Elector of Bavaria, the Prince of Waldeck, &c. They embraced me, kissed my cheek; the generals saluted my hands and feet; soldiers and officers, on foot and horseback, exclaimed, *Ah! unser brave König!* (Ah! our brave King!) All obeyed me even better than my own soldiers. . . . The name of *saviour*, as well as embraces, has been given me. I have been in two churches, where the people kissed my hands, feet, clothes; others, at a greater distance, cried out—"Let us kiss your victorious hands!"

"To-day we follow up the pursuit into Hungary; the electors say they will accompany me."

Some other circumstances, omitted by the royal scribe, accompanied his entry into Vi-

enna. Amidst the acclamations of the countless thousands who thus hailed their saviour, not a few contrasted him with the despicable poltroon who had abandoned them, and could not avoid exclaiming, "Why is not this our king?" They followed him into the church of the Augustines, where, as the clergy were not immediately in attendance, he himself chaunted the *Te Deum*. Shortly afterwards the same service was performed in the cathedral; the King was present, his face prostrate on the steps of the altar. Then it was that a priest, adapting the words of the Gospel to the hero, read aloud, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was JOHN!" The effect was electrical on the assembled audience; there was sublimity in the application.

It is impossible to describe the transports of the Christian world, when the result of the campaign was known. Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics, caught the enthusiasm; every pulpit, "at Mentz as at Venice, in England as in Spain," resounded with the praises of the illustrious victor. At Rome the rejoicings continued a whole month. Innocent XI. bathed in tears of gratitude and joy, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix. The standard of the prophet was triumphantly borne from church to church, from convent to convent, as the most undoubted signal of the favour of God towards his people, and the success of his lieutenant.

But what was the reward the deliverer of the empire received at the hands of Leopold?

The reader's heart would be sickened quite as much as his indignation raised, were he to peruse the accounts given by the writers of the period, of the base ingratitude of the Austrian towards one who, at a great personal sacrifice, had preserved the crown on his head. He did not fulfil any one of his pledges; there was no arch-duchess for prince James; no longer any intention of guaranteeing the Polish throne to him, or of ceding Hungary. But this is not the worst; when compelled, for decency's sake, to make his acknowledgments to his preserver in person, he insulted rather than thanked him. Worse than all, he even refused to supply the Polish army with provisions or beasts of burden, though the king was going to fight his battles in Hungary. The same baseness was continued to the very close of the campaign. But ingratitude, quite as much as hypocrisy, has ever characterized the house of Austria; and of that detestable house the most detested member is Leopold.

We cannot follow this greatest of heroes through his Hungarian campaign. We can only observe that the country was conquered for the emperor; that though Sobieski sustained a momentary check from a new army of the infidels at Strigonia, October 7th, yet at the same place, five days afterwards, he gained over them a victory, which he truly called "greater than even that of Vienna." "Thanks

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be to God!" ejaculated he piously. "Hungary is free at last from the infidel yoke, after two centuries of bondage!" The impatience of his nobles to return to their fire-sides constrained him, very much to his mortification, to return with them.

What must strike the reader most deeply in contemplating the results of this astonishing campaign, is the fact that from its close Turkey ceased seriously to disquiet the central powers of Europe. She no longer dreamed of extending her conquests; her only care therefore was to act on the defensive—to preserve, if possible, the integrity of her actual dominions. To this great prince had Providence reserved the glorious task of placing bounds to the previously incessant progress of Islamism in Europe. When the torrent threatened to overwhelm the Christian nations,—when from Portugal to Muscovy all was breathless apprehension,—when the Pope himself, like his predecessors of old, trembled lest the Eternal City should become the prey of an enemy more ferocious than Goth or Hun—Sobieski fearlessly stepped forth, and amidst the blessings of countless millions, erected the bulwark of Christian freedom. From that moment the torrent began quietly to sink into its native channel. Not that the Osmanlis made no effort to recover some of the Hungarian fortresses they had lost; not that the Polish king no more took the field against them—for twice or thrice in the decline of his life, he again marched at the head of his lances; but they never again met him with confidence in their own strength, nor consequently without defeat. Generally they did not wait for his onset, but fled long before he could reach them.

Allusion has before been made to the troubled spirit of the Polish king—troubled by the turbulence and treason of his nobles. The fatal *вето* continued to be his bane;—nay, as if the glory he had acquired was too great to be enjoyed unmixed by any human being, his cares were increased tenfold after the campaign of Vienna. In the wretched constitution of the Poles, it was not enough that, when two parties disagreed on any great measure, the less successful should confederate—that is, erect the standard of civil war: *any individual gentleman*, however poor, had the power of annulling, by his simple veto, any decree he pleased, even when approved by every other member of the diet—unanimity, without a single dissentient voice, being as necessary to the passing of such a decree, as to finding a verdict by our jury. In neither case does the absurdity require exposure. There was, to be sure, a remedy for the evil, and a precious one it was. If the dissentient member were poor, he might be bribed to withdraw his opposition; and if this generally successful argument were equally ineffectual, he might be removed by assassination. Not unfrequently, when the courageous dissident lanced his veto, and made haste to quit the

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indignant assembly, he was cut down before he could mount his horse. But a more common case was, that he who thus daringly put a negative on the proceedings of a whole diet, had protectors powerful enough to screen him from the consequences, or at least rich enough to secure him a competency in some neighbouring country, until the desire of vengeance was allayed by time.

The mortifications sustained by the king on thus seeing his most patriotic measures for the good of Poland neutralized, were not the worst evil; his very person, no less than his dignity, was subject to continual insults. One called him a tyrant, even on his throne; another told him he had reigned long enough; a Paz invited him to descend and fight a duel. True it is that the sober portion of the members, who were by far the most numerous, espoused the cause of their outraged ruler, and compelled the audacious traitors to apologise; but could that poor satisfaction heal the wounds of offended majesty, or make him hopeful of a republic whose bosom was lacerated by such disgraceful scenes? In vain did he beseech, expostulate, remonstrate, threaten; in vain did he exhibit the true picture of the ruin such dissensions must bring on the country. What can be more dignified or affecting than his address, delivered with much difficulty, at the close of a stormy diet, (1688,) in reply to the accusations of *despot, destroyer of liberty, traitor, &c.* which a few of the more violent members abundantly applied to him? How prophetic its tone!

"He was well acquainted with the human heart who said, that minor sorrows will speak out, while great ones are mute. The whole world will marvel in contemplating us and our counsels. Even nature herself must be seized with astonishment: that all-bountiful parent has endowed every living thing with the instinct of self-preservation, and given to the vilest creatures arms for their own defence; but we are the only beings on earth which turn these arms against ourselves. This instinct is wrested from us—not by any superior power, or inevitable destiny—but by a voluntary delirium, by our passions, by our eagerness to destroy one another. What one day will be the melancholy surprise of posterity to see that, while elevated to such a height of glory, while the Polish name filled the whole earth, we have suffered our country to fall into the gulf of ruin?—to fall, alas! forever! For myself, I may, from time to time, have gained her battles, but I am powerless to save her. I can do no more than leave the future of my beloved land—not to destiny, for I am a Christian—but to God, the High and Mighty.

"True, it has been said—and the saying has been addressed to myself—that there was a remedy for the evils of the republic; that the king should not be the destroyer, but the restorer of the public liberty. Has he then destroyed it? Senators, that holy liberty in which I was born and nurtured, was guaranteed by

my oaths, and I am not a man to commit perjury. To maintain it has been the labour of my whole life; from my infancy the blood of all my race has inspired me with devotion to it. Let him who doubts the fact, go visit the tombs of my ancestors; let him follow the path by which they have welcomed me on to immortality. Their blood will tell him the way to the country of the Tartars, and the Wallachian deserts. From the bowels of the earth, from beneath the cold marble, he will hear a voice crying—'Learn of me how noble and sweet it is to die for one's country!' I might also invoke the memory of my father, who was four times elected to preside in this sanctuary of our laws, and who deserved the glorious name he obtained—that of the bulwark of liberty. Believe me, all this tribunitian eloquence would be better employed against those who, by their disorders, call down on our native land the terrible denunciation of the prophet, which, alas! even now I hear sounded above our heads—'Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be no more!'

"Your illustrious highnesses know that I am no believer in auguries; I do not seek after oracles; I place no reliance on dreams. It is not from auguries, but from faith, I learn that the decrees of Providence cannot fail of accomplishment. The power and justice of Him by whom the universe is governed, regulate the destiny of states: where even during the lifetime of the prince any crime is attempted with impunity—where altar is raised against altar, and strange gods followed under the very eye of the true one—there the vengeance of the Highest has already begun its work."

The monarch ended his speech, (it will be found too rhetorical, but the fault is certainly not his, but the historian Zaluski's,) by asserting his unfeigned respect for Polish liberty, and his firm resolution to maintain it unimpaired. His words deeply affected the senators, but the impression was short-lived; ere long he was doomed to undergo the same mortifications from the same quarters. He found royalty in such a country too heavy a load for an old man to bear; he ordered his chancellor to prepare the act of abdication. Instantly the voice of faction was hushed; all Poland, not excepting his very enemies, prayed him to remain at his post. All feared that if he retired from public life, there would indeed be an end to the existence of the republic. After a short struggle between his inclination and his sober judgment, he submitted to the unanimous wish of the people; for with him patriotism was second only to religion.

The lot of Sobieski in this life was doomed to be as unhappy as it was splendid. These everlasting contentions of his nobles he might have borne—with pain indeed, but at the same time with resignation—had he been blessed with domestic felicity. But his family occasioned him even greater pangs than his diet. His queen intrigued more criminally than ever; his second son, Alexander, at her instigation, laboured to alienate the hearts of

the Poles from his elder brother, Prince James, that on the death of the king the crown might fall to him; then the hatred between the elder son and the mother, and between the daughter-in-law and the mother-in-law: the everlasting quarrels that ensued from these fruitful sources, to the scandal of the court and nation, made the old man's life as painful as his crown. Sick of the court, he fled into the forests, or wandered from one castle to another, or pitched his tent wherever a beautiful valley, picturesque landscapes, the mountain torrent, or any natural object attracted his attention. Sick, too, of the world, he sought for consolation in religion and philosophy. With his intimate friends he discoursed on the nature of the soul, the justice of heaven, the wonders of another life more mysterious even than this—of a life dreaded yet affording hope eternal, and too easily obtained by the cares and sorrows of a day. There might be something of pedantry in his manner, but he was sincerely attached to letters. He not only cultivated them with assiduity himself, but recommended the study of them to others, and patronized all who excelled in them. Under his reign, distracted as it was, more books issued from the Polish press than during the two centuries preceding. He was no mean poet, and his example produced a host, if not of *good* poets, of versifiers; and the diffusion, among a fierce ignorant people, even of a *taste* for literature was something. The sciences also, astronomy especially, were cultivated with ardour.

At length the end of this great man approached. The immediate cause of his death is wrapped in mystery. He had been recommended to take a strong dose of mercury (his infirmities for some time had been neither few nor light): was it too strong for his constitution to support? So at least thought some—so even he appeared to suspect. If a deed of darkness was actually committed, the veil which covers it will not be raised in this life; the perpetrators and their motives are known only to the Omniscient. At the queen's entreaty, the prelate Zaluski visited him on his deathbed, to recommend him to make his will. "Bishop," he replied, "I am surprised that a man of your sense should argue thus. Can you expect any good from the times we live in? Look at the inundation of vice, the contagion of folly, and tell me whether you seriously believe our last wishes will be regarded. Unhappy monarch! while living, our commands are disobeyed;—dead, will they be listened to more readily?"

"On Corpus Christi day," says Zaluski—a day, which, singularly enough was the one also of his birth and election—"he accepted the sacrifice of dying, more willingly than twenty-three years preceding he had accepted that of reigning." "On that solemn day, without a murmur, he laid down his life and crown in

exchange for another life, and, as I most firmly believe, for another crown."

It is some consolation to find that his last illness brought the Poles to a sense of the blessing they were about to lose. All Warsaw flocked to the church to celebrate the double anniversary of his birth and accession—little dreaming, however, that his last hour was come—and to pray God for his restoration to health. When informed of the circumstance, he was affected, but he had no wish that their prayer should be granted. The moment he expired the sun had disappeared below the horizon, and a tempest arose, so sudden, so extraordinary, so fearful, that an eye witness could not find words to describe it.

"With this Atlas," adds the good rhetorical bishop, "in my eyes at least—may I prove a false prophet!—the republic itself has fallen. Thus we seem not so much to have lost him, as to have descended with him to the tomb. He wore the crown so as to confer more lustre on the regal dignity than he received from it. It might be truly said that our country and our glory lie in the same sepulchre with him. At least I have but too much reason to fear our power has passed away forever. The grief at this mournful intelligence is universal. The inhabitants weep as they accost one another in the street; those who are less affected are not less frightened at the fate reserved for us. What grief was ever more natural? He was, perhaps, the first king under whose reign not one drop of blood was shed in reparation of his own wrongs. He had but one fault—he was not immortal. Born for the universe, he lived only for his country. Many ages will elapse before such a present will be vouchsafed to the world:—an excellent and great man, a marvellous assemblage of the best qualities which we should not believe nature could produce in the same person unless she had once astonished the world with the prodigy!"

The bishop was but too true a prophet. John III. was the last independent prince of the country; with him ended Polish greatness. A prey, first to the Swede, then to the Russian, her first magistrate was in fact but the first of slaves. Frederick Augustus, Augustus III., and Stanislas Poniatowski reigned only at the nod of the Autocrat.

Great as were alike the talents and virtues of Sobieski, impartial biography cannot conceal his defects. No man better understood the interests of Poland, and to do him merely justice, no man ever held them dearer; but in his internal administration we find a degree of feebleness, of weakness even, not to be expected in one of his vigorous understanding. Was it that he saw the hopelessness of attempting the regeneration of Poland? This seems the more probable from the failure of his efforts to give due influence to the crown by rendering it hereditary. Yet there is little doubt that had he acted with as

much decision in the cabinet as in the field, he might have achieved something, perhaps much; and thereby have done his people more real service than by all his victories. But *non omnia possumus omnes*; the glory of a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher, is enough for one man.

The weakness of the king in private life was still more lamentable. Who but must smile with as much contempt perhaps as pity to see him bend so humbly before the imperious Maria Casimira? who but must wonder at his pitiful blindness as to the real character of that unprincipled woman? We say *unprincipled*, and we could adduce proofs enough that the epithet is but justly applied; let one suffice. When married to Sobieski, her second husband, she had been a widow three weeks. There, as in the case of Denmark's queen, the funeral baked meats might well have been served at the marriage table. What but infatuation—and infatuation, too, admitting of no excuse—must have prevented him from perceiving that a woman so ready to forget and outrage the memory of a man so strongly devoted to her as Radziwil had been, was not worthy of a second love—that instead of being the solace, she would be the curse of his existence. What wonder that she should make that existence so wretched—that she should betray the second husband as she had insulted the first—that she should pour the venom of her own breast into the bosoms of her children, and sow the seeds of the shameful dissensions which happened between Alexander and James, before the hero had lain dead twenty-four hours? May not the unhappiness of the king be traced to this first and most fatal error? “If eternal justice rule this ball,” is there not retribution in this? We dare not pronounce, but we are sure that history and biography are equal pictures of the moral justice of heaven.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

WHALE FISHERY.*

THIS is a respectable pamphlet, on a subject of considerable importance, and we gladly avail ourselves of its appearance, to lay before our readers some account of the progress and present state of the Whale Fishery. We shall, however, take a good deal wider range than is taken by the author of the pamphlet.

It is probably true, as has been sometimes contended, that the Norwegians occasionally captured the whale before any other European nation engaged in so perilous an enterprise. But the early efforts of the Norwegians were not conducted on any systematic plan, and should be regarded only in the same point of view as the fishing expeditions of the Esqui-

maux. The Biscayans were certainly the first people who prosecuted the Whale Fishery as a regular commercial pursuit. They carried it on with great vigour and success in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In 1261, a tithe was laid upon the tongues of whales imported into Bayonne, they being then a highly esteemed species of food. In 1338, Edward III. relinquished to Peter de Puyanne, a duty of £6 sterling a whale, laid on those brought into the port of Biarritz, to indemnify him for the extraordinary expenses he had incurred in fitting out a fleet for the service of his Majesty. This fact proves beyond dispute that the fishery carried on from Biarritz at the period referred to must have been very considerable indeed; and it was also prosecuted to a great extent from Cibourre, Vieux, Boucan, and subsequently from Rochelle and other places.*

The whales captured by the Biscayans, were not so large as those that are taken in the Polar seas, and are supposed to have been attracted southward in pursuit of herrings. They were not very productive of oil, but their flesh was used as an article of food, and the whalebone was applied to a variety of useful purposes, and brought a very high price.

This branch of industry ceased long since, and from the same cause that has occasioned the cessation of the Whale Fishery in many other places—the want of fish. Whether it was that the whales, from a sense of the dangers to which they exposed themselves in coming southwards, no longer left the Icy Sea, or that the breed had been nearly destroyed; certain it is, that they gradually became less numerous in the Bay of Biscay, and at length ceased almost entirely to frequent that sea. And the fishers being obliged to pursue their prey upon the banks of Newfoundland and the coasts of Iceland, the French fishery rapidly fell off.

The voyages of the Dutch and English to the Northern Ocean, in order, if possible, to discover a passage through it to India, though they failed of their main object, laid open the haunts of the whale. The companions of Barentz, who discovered Spitzbergen in 1596, and of Hudson, who soon after explored the same seas, represented to their countrymen the amazing number of whales with which they were crowded. Vessels were in consequence fitted out for the Northern Whale Fishery by the English and Dutch, the harpooners and a part of the crew being Biscayans. They did not, however, confine their efforts to a fair competition with each other as fishers. The Muscovy Company obtained a royal charter, prohibiting the ships of all other nations from fishing in the seas round Spitzbergen, on pretext of its having been first discovered by Sir Hugh Willoughby. There

* *Considerations sur la Pêche de la Balaine*, par A. de la Joukairie. Paris, 1830. 8vo.

* See *Memoire sur l'Antiquité de la Pêche de la Balaine*, par Noel, 12mo. Paris, 1795.

can, however, be no doubt that Barentz, and not Sir Hugh, was its original discoverer; though, supposing that the fact had been otherwise, the attempt to exclude other nations from the surrounding seas, on such a ground, was not one that could be tolerated. The Dutch, who were then prompt to embark in every commercial pursuit that gave any hopes of success, eagerly entered on this new career, and sent out ships fitted equally for the purposes of fishing, and of defence against the attacks of others. The Muscovy Company having attempted to vindicate its pretensions by force, several encounters took place between their ships and those of the Dutch. The conviction at length became general that there was room enough for all parties in the Northern seas; and in order to avoid the chance of coming into collision with each other, they parcelled Spitzbergen and the adjacent ocean into two districts, which were respectively assigned to the English, Dutch, Hamburgers, French, Danes, &c.

The Dutch being thus left to prosecute the fishery without having their attention diverted by hostile attacks, speedily acquired a decided superiority over all their competitors.

When the Europeans first began to prosecute the fishery on the coast of Spitzbergen, whales were every where found in vast numbers. Ignorant of the strength and stratagems of the formidable foe by whom they were now assailed, instead of betraying any symptoms of fear, they surrounded the ships and crowded all the bays. Their capture was in consequence a comparatively easy task, and many were killed which it was afterwards necessary to abandon, from the ships being already full.

While the fish were thus easily obtained, it was the practice to boil the blubber on shore in the North, and to fetch home only the oil and whalebone. And, perhaps, nothing can give a more vivid idea of the extent and importance of the Dutch fishery in the middle of the seventeenth century, than the fact that they constructed a considerable village, the houses of which were all previously prepared in Holland, on the Isle of Amsterdam, on the northern shore of Spitzbergen, to which they gave the appropriate name of *Smeerenberg*.* This was the grand rendezvous of the Dutch whale ships, and was amply provided with boilers, tanks, and every sort of apparatus required for preparing the oil and the bone. But this was not all. The whale fleets were attended by a number of provision ships, the cargoes of which were landed at *Smeerenberg*, which abounded during the busy season with well-furnished shops, good inns, &c.; so that many of the conveniences and enjoyments of Amsterdam were found within about eleven degrees of the Pole! It is particularly mentioned that the sailors and others were

every morning supplied with what a Dutchman regards as a very great luxury—*hot rolls* for breakfast. *Batavia* and *Smeerenberg* were founded nearly at the same period, and it was for a considerable time doubted whether the latter was not the most important establishment.*

During the flourishing period of the Dutch fishery, the quantity of oil made in the North was so great that it could not be carried home by the whale ships; and every year vessels were sent out in ballast to assist in importing the produce of the fishery.

But the same cause that had destroyed the fishery of the Biscayans, ruined that which was carried on in the immediate neighbourhood of Spitzbergen. Whales became gradually less common, and more and more timid and difficult to catch. They retreated first to the open seas, and then to the great banks of ice on the eastern coast of Greenland. When the site of the fishery had been thus removed to a very great distance from Spitzbergen, the most economical plan was found to be to send the blubber direct to Holland. *Smeerenberg* was in consequence totally deserted, and its position is now with difficulty discoverable.

But though very extensive, the Dutch Whale Fishery was not, during the first thirty years of its existence, very profitable. This arose from the circumstance of the right to carry it on having been conceded, in 1614, to an exclusive company. The waste inseparable from such great associations, the wastefulness and unfaithfulness of their servants, who were much more intent upon advancing their own interests than those of the Company, increased the outlays so much, that the returns, great as they were, proved little more than adequate to defray them, and the fishery was confined within far narrower limits than it would otherwise have reached. But after various prolongations of the charter of the first company, and the formation of some new ones, the trade was finally thrown open in 1642. The effects of this measure were most salutary, and afford one of the most striking examples to be met with of the advantages of free competition. Within a few years the fishery was vastly extended; and though it became progressively more and more difficult from the growing scarcity of fish, it proved, notwithstanding these disadvantages, more profitable to the private adventurers than it had ever been to the Company; and continued for above a century to be prosecuted with equal energy and success. The famous John de Witt has alluded as follows to this change in the mode of conducting the trade:—

"In this respect," says he, "it is worthy of observation that the authorized Greenland Company made heretofore little profit by their fishery, because of the great charge of setting out their ships; and that the train-oil, blubber

* From *smeeren*, to melt, and *berg*, a mountain.

* De Reste, *Histoire des Peches*, &c. tom. i. p. 42.

and whale-fins were not well made, handled, or cured; and being brought hither and put into warehouses, were not sold soon enough, nor to the Company's best advantage. Whereas now that every one equips their vessels at the cheapest rate, follow their fishing diligently, and manage all carefully, the blubber, train-oil and whale-fins are employed for so many uses in several countries, that they can sell them with that conveniency, that though *there are now fifteen ships for one that formerly sailed out of Holland on that account*, and consequently each of them could not take so many whales as heretofore; and notwithstanding the new prohibition of France and other countries to import these commodities; and though there is greater plenty of them imported by our fishers—yet these commodities are so much raised in the value above what they were whilst there was a company, that the common inhabitants do exercise that fishery with profit, to the much greater benefit of our country than when it was (under the management of a Company) carried on but by a few.¹⁰

The private ships sent by the Dutch to the Whale Fishery, were fitted out on a principle that secured the utmost economy and vigilance on the part of every one connected with them. The hull of the vessel was furnished by an individual who commonly took upon himself the office of captain, a sail-maker supplied the sails, a cooper the casks, &c. The parties engaged as adventurers in the undertaking. The cargo being brought to Holland and disposed of, each person shared in the proceeds according to his proportion of the outfit. The crew was hired on the same principle; so that every one had a motive to exert himself, to see that all unnecessary expenses were avoided, and that those that were necessary were confined within the narrowest limits. This practice had been imitated to some extent in this and some other countries, but in none has it been carried so far as in Holland. It appears to us that it might be advantageously introduced into other adventures.

When in its most flourishing state, towards the year 1680, the Dutch Whale Fishery employed about 260 ships, and 14,000 sailors.

The English Whale Fishery, like that of Holland, was originally carried on by an exclusive association. The Muscovy Company was, indeed, speedily driven from the field; but it was immediately succeeded by others that did not prove more fortunate. In 1725 the South Sea Company embarked largely in the trade, and prosecuted it for eight years, at the end of which, having lost a large sum, they gave it up. But the legislature having resolved to support the trade, granted, in 1732, a bounty of twenty shillings a ton to every ship of more than 200 tons burden engaged in it; but this premium being insufficient, it was raised, in 1749, to forty shillings a ton, when

a number of ships were fitted out, as much certainly in the intention of catching the bounty as of catching fish. Deceived by the prosperous appearance of the fishery, parliament imagined that it was firmly established, and in 1777 the bounty was reduced to thirty shillings. The effects of this reduction showed the factitious nature of the trade, the vessels engaged in it having fallen off in the course of the next five years from 105 to 39! To arrest this alarming decline the bounty was raised to its old level in 1781, and of course the trade was soon restored to its previous state of apparent prosperity. The hostilities occasioned by the American war reduced the Dutch fishery to less than half its previous amount, and gave a proportional extension to that of England. The bounty which had in consequence become very heavy, was reduced, in 1787, to thirty shillings a ton; in 1792 it was further reduced to twenty-five shillings; and in 1795 it was reduced to twenty shillings, at which sum it continued till 1824, when it ceased.

It appears from accounts given in Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*,* that the total bounties paid for the encouragement of the Whale Fishery in the interval between 1750 and 1788, amounted to no less than £1,577,935. It will be seen from the official account, which follows, and which is now published for the first time, that there are no means of furnishing any accurate account of the sums paid as bounties from the year 1789 to 1813 inclusive; but it is notwithstanding abundantly certain that the total bounties paid during the period from 1789 to 1824 considerably exceeded a million. Here then we have a sum of upwards of TWO MILLIONS AND A HALF laid out since 1750 in promoting the Whale Fishery. Now we believe that if we estimate the entire average value of the *gross* produce of the Northern Whale Fishery, (and it is to it only that the preceding statements apply,) during the last three or four years, at £375,000 a year, we shall be about the mark. But had the £2,500,000 expended in bolstering up this branch of industry been laid out as capital in any ordinary employment, it would have produced £125,000 a year of *net* profit; and deducting this sum from the above, there remains only £250,000 to replace the capital wasted and ships lost in carrying on the fishery, and to afford a *clear national profit!* Whatever, therefore, may be the value of the Whale Fishery as a nursery for seamen, it is absurd to regard it as contributing any thing to the public wealth. The remark of Dr. Franklin, that he that draws a fish out of the sea draws out a piece of silver, is ever in the mouths of those who are clamouring for bounties and protection against competition. But we apprehend that even Franklin himself, sagacious as he was, would have found it rather difficult to

* True Interest of Holland, p. 63. 8vo. ed. London, 1746.

* Vol. iii. p. 511; vol. iv. p. 130.

show how the wealth of those is to be increased who in fishing up one piece of silver are obliged to throw another of equal value into the sea. We subjoin

An Account of the Number of Ships annually fitted out in Great Britain for the Northern Whale Fishery, of the Tonnage and Crews of such Ships, and of the Bounties paid on their account from 1789 to 1824.

Years.	Ships.	Tons.	Men.	Bounties paid.
1789	161	46,599		
1790	116	33,232	4,482	
1791	116	33,906	4,520	
1792	93	26,983	3,667	
1793	82	23,487	3,210	
1794	60	16,386	2,250	
1795	44	11,748	1,691	
1796	51	13,833	1,910	
1797	60	16,371	2,265	
1798	66	18,754	2,633	
1799	67	19,360	2,683	
1800	61	17,729	2,459	
1801	64	18,568	2,544	
1802	79	23,539	3,129	
1803	95	28,608	3,806	
1804	92	28,034	3,597	
1805	91	27,570	3,636	
1806	91	27,697	3,715	
1807	There are no documents in this Office to } by which the account for these years can be rendered.			
1813				
				£. s.
1814	112	36,576	4,708	43,799 11
1815	134	43,320	5,783	41,487 14
1816	139	41,767	5,542	42,746 13
1817	135	43,548	5,768	43,461 6
1818	140	45,040	5,903	45,806 1
1819	140	45,093	6,291	43,051 8
1820	142	45,092	6,137	44,749 18
1821	140	44,864	6,074	42,164 0
1822	124	38,182	5,234	32,347 4
1823	120	37,628	4,984	32,980 2
1824	112	35,194	4,867	29,131 15

JOHN COVEY,

Reg. Gen. of Shipping.

Office of Register General of Shipping,
Custom House, London, 16th Dec. 1830.

It is not even certain whether the expenditure of £2,500,000 upon bounties would really have had the effect of establishing the Whale Fishery upon a solid foundation, but for the occupation of Holland by the French, and the consequent hostilities in which she was involved with this country. These did more to promote and consolidate the British fishery than any thing else. The war entirely annihilated that of the Dutch. And our government having wisely offered to the fishers of Holland all the immunities enjoyed by the citizens of Great Britain in the event of their settling amongst us, many availed themselves of the invitation, bringing with them their capital, industry and skill. In consequence of this signal encouragement, the Whale Fishery of England was prosecuted with greater success than at any previous period. And at the termination of the late war in 1815, there were 134 valuable ships and about 5,800 seamen engaged in the northern

fishery, and about 30 ships and 800 men in that to the south.

After peace was restored, the English capitalists and others became apprehensive lest the Dutch should engage anew with their ancient vigour and success in the Whale Fishery. But these apprehensions were without any real foundation. The Hollanders, during the twenty years they had been excluded from the sea, had lost all that practical acquaintance with the details of the fishery, for which they had long been so famous, and which is so essential to its success. The government attempted to rouse their dormant energies by the offer of considerable premiums and other advantages to those who embarked in the trade. Three companies were in consequence formed for carrying it on, one at Rotterdam, one at Harlingen, and one in South Holland. But their efforts have been very limited, and altogether unfortunate. In 1826 the company of South Holland was dissolved, while that of Harlingen despatched four ships, and that of Rotterdam two. In 1827, Rotterdam sent only one ship and Harlingen two; and in 1828 one solitary ship sailed from Holland, a feeble and last effort of the company of Harlingen!

Such has been the fate of the Dutch Whale Fishery. The attempts to revive it failed, not because the ships sent out were ill-calculated for the service, but because they were manned by unskilful seamen. In the early ages of the fishery this difficulty would have been got over, because owing to the fowness of competitors, and the scanty supply of oil and whale fins, even a small cargo brought a high price; but at present, when the fishery is prosecuted on a very large scale and at a very low rate of profit by the English, the Americans, the Hamburgers, &c. no new competitor coming into the field could expect to maintain himself unless he had nearly equal advantages. The Dutch have, therefore, done wisely in withdrawing from the trade. Any attempt to establish it by the aid of bounties and other artificial encouragements, would be one of which the ultimate success must be very doubtful, and which could lead to no really useful result. During the twenty years preceding the late French war, the fishery of Holland was gradually declining, and had, in a great measure, ceased to be profitable. It would be folly to endeavour to raise anew and at a great expense, a branch of industry that had become unproductive at a former period, when there is no ground for supposing that it would be more productive at this moment.

We have already noticed several changes of the localities in which the Whale Fishery has been carried on at different periods; within these few years another has taken place even more important. The seas between Spitzbergen and Greenland are now nearly abandoned by the whalers, who resort in preference to Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, or to the sea

which washes the coast of West Greenland. The Dutch fishers first began to frequent Davis's Straits in 1719; and as the whales had not hitherto been pursued into this vast recess, they were found in greater numbers than in the seas round Spitzbergen. From about this period it was usually resorted to by about three-tenths of the Dutch ships. It was not till a comparatively late period that Davis's Straits began to be frequented by English whalers; and even so late as 1820, when Captain Scoresby published his elaborate and valuable work on the Whale Fishery, that carried on in the Greenland seas was by far the most considerable. But within the last few years the Greenland fishery has been almost entirely deserted. The various discoveries made by the expeditions recently fitted out by government for exploring the seas and inlets to the westward of Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, have made the fishers acquainted with several new and advantageous situations for the prosecution of their business. What further revolutions the fishery may be destined to undergo, it is impossible to foresee, but there can be little doubt that the same results that have happened elsewhere will happen in Davis's Straits; and that it will be necessary to pursue the whale to new and perhaps still more inaccessible haunts.

The sea in Davis's Straits is less incommoded with field-ice than the Greenland and Spitzbergen seas, but it abounds with icebergs; and the fishery, when carried on in Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, is more dangerous, perhaps, than any that has hitherto been attempted.

The following Table gives a view of the produce of the Northern Whale Fishery, during the three years ending with 1827:

Years.	Number of Ships Despatched.	Number of Whales Captured.	Quantity of Oil.	Quantity of Whalebone.
			<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>
1825	110	501	6,597	360
1826	94	510	7,087	390
1827	88	11,155	13,179	732

It appears from this and the previous table, that the number of ships sent out has declined nearly a half since 1820. The bounty was repealed in 1824, and the ships fitted out have since fallen off in the ratio of 112 to 88 or 90. This is a sufficient proof of the insecure foundation on which the trade had previously rested.

The Whale Fishery has for a lengthened period partaken more of the nature of a gambling adventure than of a regular industrious pursuit. Sometimes the ships do not get half a cargo, and sometimes they come home *clean*. The risk of shipwreck is also very considera-

ble. It appears from Mr. Scoresby's tables, (vol. ii. p. 131.) that of 586 ships sent to the north during the four years ending with 1817, eight were lost. This period was, however, uncommonly free from disaster. It would seem, too, that the risk of shipwreck is greater in Davis's Straits than in the seas to the east of Greenland. In 1819, of sixty-three ships sent to Davis's Straits, no fewer than ten were lost; in 1821, out of seventy-nine ships, eleven were lost; and in 1822, out of sixty ships, seven were lost. But the last season has, in this respect, been the most disastrous. Of eighty-seven ships that sailed for Davis's Straits, no less than eighteen, or twenty-two per cent. of the whole, have been totally lost; twenty-four returned *clean*, or without having caught a single fish; and of the remainder not one had a full cargo, only one or two being *half fished*! If we estimate the value of the ships cast away, including the outfit, at £7,000 each, the loss from shipwreck only will be £126,000. It seems very doubtful whether, in the present critical state of the fishery, it will easily recover from so dreadful a blow.

Of the ninety-one ships fitted out in 1830, four only were for Greenland.

We have already seen that, as a source of national wealth, the Whale Fishery is of exceedingly little importance. Neither does it seem to be of so much consequence as a nursery for seamen as is commonly supposed.

The number of those employed in the northern fishery does not exceed 4,500; and it may be doubted whether the casualties to which they are exposed do not, in a public point of view, more than balance the increased skill and hardihood they acquire from being engaged in so perilous an occupation.

There seems no reason to apprehend any deficiency in the supply of oil from a falling-off in the fishery. The fish oil imported in 1829, amounted to 10,672 tons. But, at present, about half this quantity of olive oil is annually imported; and as olive oil is loaded with a duty of £8: 8s. a ton, it is obvious that if this duty were reduced, as it ought to be, to £3 or £4 a ton, the increased quantity imported would go far to balance any falling-off in the supply of train oil. When a coarser species is required, rape and linseed oil may be advantageously substituted for that of the whale; and that such would be the case, no one can doubt, were the prohibitory duty of £39: 18s. a ton, with which it is loaded, reduced to a reasonable amount, that is, to less than a *tenth* of its present magnitude. Tallow may also be applied to several purposes, to the exclusion of train oil. Although, therefore, the Whale Fishery should decline, we need not fear that any material injury will thence arise to the industry of the country. And it would be most impolitic to attempt to bolster it up, either by resorting to the exploded system of bounties, or by laying heavy duties on

the oils or tallow imported from other countries.

The South Sea Fishery was not prosecuted by the English till about the beginning of the American war. And as the Americans had already entered on it with vigour and success, four American harpooners were sent out in each vessel. In 1791, seventy-five whale ships were sent to the South Sea, but the number has not been so great since. In 1829 only thirty-one ships were sent out, of the burden of 10,997 tons, and carrying 937 men. The *Cachalot*, or spermaceti whale, is particularly abundant in the neighbourhood of the Spice Islands; and Mr. Crawford, in his valuable work on the Eastern Archipelago, (vol. iii. p. 447.) has entered into some details to show that the fishery carried on there is of greater importance than the spice trade. Unluckily, however, the statements on which Mr. Crawford has founded his comparisons are entirely erroneous, neither the ships nor the men employed amounting to more than a fifth or sixth part of what he has represented.

For a lengthened period the Americans have prosecuted the Whale Fishery with greater vigour and success than, perhaps, any other people. They commenced it in 1690, and for about fifty years found an ample supply of fish on their own shores. But the whale having abandoned them, the American navigators entered with extraordinary ardour into the fisheries carried on in the northern and southern oceans. From 1771 to 1775, Massachusetts employed annually 183 vessels, carrying 13,820 tons, in the former, and 121 vessels, carrying 14,026 tons in the latter. Mr. Burke, in his famous speech on American affairs in 1774, adverted to this wonderful display of daring enterprise as follows:

"As to the wealth," said he, "which the colonists have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought these acquisitions of value, for they seemed to excite your envy, and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the New England people carry on the Whale Fishery. While we follow them among the trembling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's and Davis's Straits: while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold; that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and too romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place for their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both poles. We learn that while some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run

the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea, but what is vexed with their fisheries. No climate, that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people; a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood."

The unfortunate war that broke out soon after this speech was delivered, checked for a while the progress of the fishery; but it was resumed with renewed vigour as soon as peace was restored. The American fishery has been principally carried on from Nantucket and New Bedford in Massachusetts; and, for a considerable time past, the ships have mostly resorted to the southern seas. "Although," says Mr. Pitkin, "Great Britain has, at various times, given large bounties to her ships employed in this fishery, yet the whalers of Nantucket and New Bedford, unprotected and unsupported by any thing but their own industry and enterprise, have generally been able to meet their competitors in a foreign market."

France, which preceded the other nations of Europe in the Whale Fishery, can hardly be said, for many years past, to have had any share in it. In 1784, Louis XVI. endeavoured to revive it. With this view he fitted out six ships at Dunkirk on his own account, which were furnished with harpooners and a number of experienced seamen, brought at a great expense from Nantucket. The adventure was more successful than could have been reasonably expected, considering the auspices under which it was carried on. Several private individuals followed the example of his Majesty, and in 1790 France had about forty ships employed in the fishery. The revolutionary war destroyed every vestige of this rising trade. Since the peace the government has made great efforts for its renewal, but hitherto without success; and it is singular, that with the exception of an American house established at Dunkirk, hardly any one has thought of sending out a ship. But there is no reason to think that this will be any longer the case. The French government issued in December, 1829, an ordonnance which cannot fail to render fishing adventures lucrative, even though no fish should be taken. By this law a bounty of 90 francs a ton is given on every vessel fitted out for the Northern fishery; and not satisfied with this, they give a double bounty or premium, of 180 francs (£7:2s.) a ton to every ship fitted out for the fishery that goes beyond—the sixtieth degree of north latitude! Every one, except those who framed this precious regulation, knows that it is idle to attempt fishing in the Greenland seas under the 70th degree of latitude, and that even in Da-

* Commerce of the United States, ed. p. 46.

vis's Straits the whalers must go beyond the 62d degree. If, therefore, any vessel really thinks of fishing, were it only to give the crew a little exercise or amusement, she must go beyond the 60th degree, and become entitled to the high bounty. And in point of fact such is the *wisdom* of the French government, and such their zeal to promote this branch of industry, that a ship of 400 tons, fitted out on pretence of fishing, which should make a summer excursion to the seas round Iceland, would, although she never struck a harpoon, be entitled to a bounty of £2,800! Instead, therefore, of there being only *seven* whale ships in France, as was the case in 1829, we shall be surprised if ministers have not to congratulate the chambers on this number being increased to 700 before the end of the present year. We are quite sure that, were our government to offer such a bounty, we should not have 90, but 9,000 ships engaged in the trade! Mr. Sadler and Lord Bexley cannot but be gratified at seeing that the mercantile system, though sapped on all sides, and tottering to its fall in England, should be so well bolstered up, and so vigorous in France.

M. de la Jonkaire, though, like all good Frenchmen, an admirer of bounties and prohibitions, suspects that the existing law, however excellent in spirit, requires *modification*, and that ships may be fitted out not so much to catch the whale as the bounty.

"Perhaps," says he, "we may even accuse the ordinance of December last of extravagant liberality; for, after all, bounties are only a tax levied on *all* the members of the community, for the benefit of a *few*; it is a privilege which should only be granted on the score of great public utility, and the burden of it should always be lightened as much as possible. Now, it follows from the last ordinance, that a vessel of 500 tons obtains a bounty of 90,000 francs, (£3,600) for a voyage of four or five months: this is not merely giving encouragement to the fishery, but actually paying all its expenses. Let us not deceive ourselves; the advantage which this branch of industry is likely to derive from it is only illusory; it is certain that speculators will send their vessels for the sole purpose of catching the bounty, and not of catching the whales; if they even return *clean*, the voyage will be a profitable one. There is no doubt whatever that this measure will send a number of vessels to sea, but it is not so certain that it will form whale-fishers. The fictitious impulse which it will give to this branch of commerce will soon be extinguished, without having been productive of any durable fruits."

—p. 44.

Hamburgh, Altona, and other ports on the Elbe, carry on the Whale Fishery with considerable success. They usually send from fifty to sixty ships to the North. In 1818, Gluckstadt sent eighteen ships; while France, with her vast population and her system of bounties, only sent five!

From the Metropolitan.

THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY.

THE influence which the name of Abernethy has with the public at large, is such as to have always created an eagerness to know what he ate and drank himself, and what he generally recommended, as if all classes of persons, all modes of life, and all constitutions required to be nourished upon the same plan. The absurdity of this notion has been well pointed out by Dr. Paris in his *Treatise upon Diet*, in which this learned physician accommodates his precepts to individual circumstances, without laying down a general rule. The public are apt to run after systems of diet as they do after *cures*, and religiously abstain from proscribed dishes and drinks, or adhere tenaciously to such as have received the stamp of approbation from some distinguished medical writer; so that any great medical authority may find it as easy to expel a certain article of diet from common use, or introduce another, as Swift did, by virtue of his name, to persuade the people that an expected eclipse of the moon was put off by order of the Dean of St. Patrick! We know an instance of Christmas turkeys and sausages having been peremptorily forbidden to enter the house again after the appearance of Sir Anthony Carlisle's imbecile book upon diet and old age; and the savoury little side-dish of minced veal, long a favourite with the lady of the house, was ordered to be discontinued, until the period arrived when she had no teeth to masticate more solid substances. At this moment the public are deceived by supposing that a certain biscuit, abhorrent to our olfactory and gustatory senses was the favourite breakfast and luncheon of Mr. Abernethy, whose name it bears, because the honest baker who invented it was called Abernethy, as many of our northern neighbours are. We venture to affirm, no such *trash* ever entered the worthy professor's stomach, and we know that what are called *tops* and *bottoms* were his choice, sometimes soaked in tea or eaten dry. Those therefore who have eaten "Abernethy biscuits" more upon principle than inclination, had better follow the example of a good old lady of our acquaintance who took a year or two's supply of 'Scott's Pills' over again, because during that period she discovered, from the result of an action at law, that she had been taking, not the *real* 'Scott's Pills,' but sundry boxes full of a forged and spurious source of digestion in imitation of the true Scott. The fact is, that Mr. Abernethy is a man of common sense, with all his eccentricities and enthusiasm when upon his *hobby*, and usually fed like other people, though perhaps a little more cautiously than the generality. He used to enforce his precepts for the benefit of those who were invalids, and such as exceeded in diet, and pointed out that

which we all must acknowledge to be true, that the indulgence in luxurious living is a common vice, leads to disorders of health, and tends more or less to shorten the duration of human life.

Few persons in the history of modern medicine have enjoyed so widely spread a reputation as the subject of this brief memoir. In his own profession as a surgeon, he was estimated most highly, on account of his long and ardent devotion to his art, which he strove to improve wherever doubts and difficulties offered themselves. His views of surgery were perfectly philosophical, although marked by a character which seemed to waver between evidences of great genius and eccentricity, almost amounting at times to a manner bordering upon a minor degree of mental insanity. Great, however, as was his enthusiasm upon his favourite topics, he was in reality a safe and judicious practitioner, whenever his mind could be brought to bear upon a case. His practice was never characterized by rashness of treatment, or experimental resources, but it was too frequently, perhaps, prejudiced by one prevailing theory. This theory he adopted by a constant habit of referring disorders to some constitutional derangement, arising from impaired or vitiated digestion; and the manner in which he sometimes sought to relieve a local affection, by attacking the bowels gave a ludicrous air to his practice, and frequently impressed the patient with a want of confidence in his skill and knowledge.

As a physiologist, his views of life were rational and philosophical. He was a great admirer of John Hunter, and opposed every effort that was attempted to establish those doctrines of materialism which emanated from the French school of the last century.

Mr. Abernethy was one of the best examples of the absurdity of separating the practice of surgery from physic by any determinate bounds. He showed in his different publications that the limits of surgery were not confined to the external parts of the body, and that when these were affected, the constitution suffered more or less, either in cause or effect. He showed that while the eye of the surgeon was upon the local disease, it must also be directed generally to the whole internal system.

As a lecturer in anatomy and surgery, Mr. Abernethy was interesting, instructive, clear, and amusing, but never eloquent. His manner was peculiar, abrupt, and conversational; and often when he indulged in episodes and anecdotes, he convulsed his class with laughter, especially when he used to enforce his descriptions by earnest gesticulation. Frequently while lecturing, he would descend from his high stool, on which he sat with his legs dangling like a child, to exhibit to his class some peculiar attitudes and movements illustrative of the results of different casualties and disorders; so that a stranger coming in, un-

acquainted with the lecturer's topics, might easily have supposed him to be an actor entertaining his audience with a monologue after the manner of Mathews or Yates. This disposition indeed gave rise to a joke among his pupils of "*Abernethy at Home*," whenever he lectured upon any special subject. In relating a case, he was seen at times to be quite fatigued with the contortions into which he threw his body and limbs; and the stories he would tell of his consultations, with the dialogue between his patient and himself, were theatrical and comic to the greatest degree.

At one period of his popularity and zenith as a lecturer upon the subject of the disorders of health, his pupils regarded his doctrines with such devotion as implicitly to practise the precepts they contained with respect to rigid abstinence in diet. And when *blue pill* was sure to be referred to in every lecture, and in every case, the pupils were known to carry it about them, spread it upon bread instead of butter, smear their tongues with it, or swallow a pill occasionally.

In his own adoption of the system he recommended, he at one time was very rigid, and has been known to go home to dinner about eleven or twelve o'clock; and a friend calling upon him after he had dined, once found him extended upon the rug before the fire, rolling himself backwards and forwards to promote digestion. He was also once met pacing up and down the street without any apparent object, which he explained by saying that he was endeavouring to get rid of his *irritability*. This term did not refer to that moral state of the mind which we consider as commonly belonging to temper, but arose from a theory he entertained relative to *muscular irritability*, which he supposed either to be in excess or otherwise, as bodies become positively or negatively electrified; and he considered that repose could not be enjoyed until the irritability was exhausted or diminished by bodily exercise—an universal sensation thus philosophically explained.

Mr. Abernethy, however, although amiable and good natured, with strong feelings, possessed an irritable temper, which made him very petulant and impatient at times with his patients and medical men who applied to him for his opinion and advice on cases. When one of the latter asked him once whether he did not think that some plan which he suggested would answer, the only reply he could obtain was, "Aye, aye, put a little salt on a bird's tail and you'll be sure to catch him." When consulted on a case by the ordinary medical attendant, he would frequently pace the room to and fro with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and *whistle* all the time, and not say a word, but to tell the practitioner to go home and read his book. "*Read my book*" was a very frequent reply to his patients also, and he could seldom be pre-

vailed upon to prescribe or give an opinion if the case was one which appeared to depend upon improper dieting. A country farmer of immense weight came from a distance to consult him, and having given an account of his daily meals, which showed no small degree of addiction to animal food, Mr. Abernethy said, Go away, sir, I won't attempt to prescribe for such a *kog*."

He was particular in not being disturbed during meals; and a gentleman having called after dinner, he went into the passage, put his hands upon the gentleman's shoulders, and turned him out of doors. He would never permit his patients to talk to him much, and often not at all; and he desired them to hold their tongues and listen to him, while he gave a sort of clinical lecture upon the subject of the consultation. A loquacious lady having called to consult him, he could not succeed in silencing her without resorting to the following expedient: "Put out your tongue, Madam." The lady complied.—"Now keep it there, till I have done talking." Another lady brought her daughter to him one day, but he refused to hear her or to prescribe, advising her to make the girl take exercise. When the guinea was put into his hand, he recalled the mother and said, "Here, take a shilling back, and buy a *skipping-rope* for your daughter as you go along." He kept his pills in a bag, and used to dole them out to his patients, and on doing so to a lady who stepped out of a coronetted carriage to consult him, she declared they made her sick, and she could never take a pill. "Not take a pill! what a *fool* you must be," was the courteous and conciliatory reply to the countess. When the late Duke of York consulted him, he stood whistling with his hands in his pockets, and the Duke said, "I suppose you know who I am." The uncourtly reply was, "Suppose I do—what of that?" His pithy advice was, "Cut off the *supplies*, as the Duke of Wellington did in his campaigns, and the enemy will leave the citadel." When he was consulted for lameness following disease or accidents, he seldom either listened to the patient, or made any inquiries, but would walk about the room imitating the gait peculiar to different injuries, for the general instruction of the patient. A gentleman consulted him for an ulcerated throat, and, on asking him to look into it, he swore at him, and demanded how he dared to suppose that he would allow him to blow his stinking foul breath in his face! A gentleman who could not succeed in making Mr. Abernethy listen to a narration of his case, and having had a violent altercation with him on the subject, called next day, and, as soon as he was admitted, he locked the door and put the key into his pocket, and took out a loaded pistol. The professor, alarmed, asked if he meant to rob or murder him. The patient, however, said he merely wished him to listen to his case, which he had better submit to, or

he would keep him a prisoner till he chose to relent. The patient and the surgeon afterwards became most friendly towards each other, although a great many oaths passed before peace was established between them.

This eccentricity of manner lasted through life, and lost Mr. Abernethy several thousands a year perhaps. But those who knew him were fully aware that it was characteristic of a little impatient feeling, which only required management; and the apothecaries, who took patients to consult him, were in the habit of cautioning them against telling long stories of their complaints. An old lady, who was naturally inclined to be prosy, once sent for him, and began by saying that her complaints commenced when she was *three years old*, and wished him to listen to the detail of them from that early period. The professor, however, rose abruptly and left the house, telling the old lady to read his book—page so and so, and there she would find directions for old ladies to manage their health.

It must be confessed, Mr. Abernethy, although a gentleman in appearance, manner, and education, sometimes wanted that courtesy and worldly deportment which is considered so essential to the medical practitioner. He possessed none of the "*suaviter in modo*," but much of the eccentricity of a man of genius, which he undoubtedly was. His writings must always be read by the profession to which he belonged, with advantage; although, in his great work upon his *hobby*, his theory is perhaps pushed to a greater extent than is admissible in practice. His rules for dieting and general living should be read universally; for they are assuredly calculated to prolong life and secure health, although few perhaps would be disposed to comply with them rigidly. When some one observed to Mr. Abernethy himself that he appeared to live much like other people, and by no means to be bound by his own rules,—the professor replied, that he wished to act according to his own precepts, but he had "*such a devil of an appetite*," that he could not do so.

Mr. Abernethy had a great aversion to any hint being thrown out that he *cured* a patient of complaint. Whenever an observation to this effect was made, he would say, "I never cured any body." The meaning of this is perfectly obvious. His system was extremely wise and rational, although as he expressed himself to ignorant persons, it was not calculated to excite confidence. He despised all the humbug of the profession, and its arts to deceive and mislead patients and their friends, and always told the plain truth without reserve. He knew that the term *cure* is inapplicable, and only fit to be used by quacks, who gain their livelihood by what they call cures, which they promise the patient to effect. Mr. Abernethy felt that nature was only to be *seconded* in her efforts, by an art which is derived from scientific principles and knowledge,

and that it is not the physician or surgeon who cures, but *nature*, whom the practitioner assists by art. Weak-minded persons are apt to run after cures, and thus nostrums and quacks are in vogue, as if the living human system was as immutable in its properties as a piece of machinery, and could be remedied when it went wrong as the watchmaker repairs the watch with certainty, or the coachmaker mends the coach. No one appreciated more highly the value of medicine as a science than Mr. Abernethy, but he knew that it depended upon observation and a deep knowledge of the laws and phenomena of vital action, and that it was not a mere affair of guess and hazard in its application, nor of a certain tendency as to its effects.

This disposition of mind led the philosopher to disregard prescribing for his patients, frequently, as he had less faith in the prescription than in the general system to be adopted by the patient in his habits and diet. He has been known accordingly, when asked if he did not intend to prescribe, to disappoint the patient by saying, "Oh, if you *wisht* it, I'll prescribe for you, certainly." Instead of asking a number of questions as to symptoms, &c. he usually contented himself with a general dissertation, or lecture and advice as to the management of the constitution, to which local treatment was always a secondary consideration with him altogether. When patients related long accounts of their sufferings, and expected the healing remedy, perhaps, without contemplating any personal sacrifices of their indulgences, or alteration of favourite habits, he often cut short their narratives by putting his fore-finger on the pit of their stomachs, and observing, "It's all *there*, Sir;" and the never-failing pill and draught, with rigid restrictions as to diet, and injunctions as to exercise invariably followed, although perhaps rarely attended to; for persons in general would rather submit to even nauseous medicine than abandon sensual gratifications, or diminish their worldly pleasures and pursuits.

Mr. Abernethy's great example, which he delighted to quote and enforce, was the celebrated Venetian nobleman, Cornaro, who, at forty years of age, being emaciated and enfeebled by luxurious living, changed his constitution, from adopting measured abstinence, in such a manner as to live in health and vigour to somewhere above ninety, declaring constantly that old age was the happiest period of life. Hence our philosopher's book upon the disorders of health, is really valuable although his maxims and precepts are too rigid perhaps for flesh-loving sinners, who enjoy mental and bodily strength, and thus yield fearlessly and unconsciously of danger to the temptations which surround them.

From the *Athenæum*.

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT woke the buried sound that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore?
—Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
And not the lightning's fire—
But sunlight's touch—the kind—the warm—
This woke the mystic lyre!
This, this, awoke the lyre!

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
Their music forth on life,
Like a sweet voice, prevailing o'er
The sounds of torrent strife?
—Oh! not the conflict midst the throng,
Not e'en the triumph's hour;—
Love is the gifted and the strong
To wake that music's power!
His breath awakes that power!

From the *Tatler*.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

GATHER him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay
Beneath the verdure of the plain
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death;
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part:
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held a mighty heart,
That strong arm—Ah! 'tis strengthless now:
Spare them,—each mouldering fragment spare
Of God's own image; let them rest
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

From the *Englishman's Magazine*.

FRENCH COLONIZATION OF ALGIERS.

THE coast of Algiers is not 140 leagues from Toulon and Marseilles; a passage which a fleet of ships may accomplish in a week, a single merchant vessel in three days, a ship of war in fifty hours, and a steam-vessel in less than thirty-six. To France, the state of Algiers will not be a distant conquest, but a home colony; another France, and a source of incalculable benefit to the mother-country.

The old and thickly peopled countries of Europe, like ancient Greece and Rome, require a vent for the excess of population and activity created by a long period of civilization; and this relief should be sought by a regulated and continuous stream of emigration to fertile and thinly-peopled countries.

Political economists may assert, in well rounded periods, that France ought to maintain twice her present numbers; but it is obvious to practical men and common sense,

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that any great increase of population could not be sustained without much injury to a large and industrious portion of society; nor, indeed, without some arbitrary interference with the rights of property.

National improvement is necessarily slow; France cannot even now beneficially employ the numbers and the talent she contains; while each successive year brings forward many thousands of young men, educated, ardent, and enterprising; seeking eagerly for employment, and finding none, because all trades and professions are already occupied by numbers, whose competition is rapidly reducing their profits to a rate incompatible with adequate and permanent support. Official appointments are every where sought with increasing avidity, and the want of a more masculine occupation compels many active young men to embrace the idle alternative of shop-keeping, most departments of which could be as well or better filled by women and girls. The learned professions superabound with youthful candidates, who, while waiting for employment, are obliged to lean upon their friends for support. For some years past manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, have ceased to yield a fair remuneration for the capital and incessant labour bestowed upon them; while the supply of home and foreign produce and manufactures often exceeds the demand, and renders the return of rents and profits precarious and inadequate. The new multitudes seeking beneficial employment are every where repulsed, and the consequence is, a general friction and uneasiness throughout the frame-work of society. Such is the state, not only of France, but of England, Germany, and the Netherlands. This immense surplus of population and active industry, imperiously demands employment at home, or the means of passage and establishment abroad. The expense of conveying considerable numbers to distant colonies, is an insuperable bar to any effectual relief, and the old colonies of France are remote and inconsiderable; while the coast of Barbary, with a healthful climate, a rich soil, and a slender population, is at her gates, and offers inexhaustible resources. That magnificent country, which extends from the Atlantic to the Nile, was the most productive portion of the Roman empire, and abounded with flourishing cities, from which, so late as the fourth century, 400 bishops were delegated to the councils of Africa.

The portion of Barbary called Algiers, possesses a surface of 19,000 square leagues; an extent at least equal to that of Italy; but with a soil and climate permitting a rapid succession of crops, and equal to the support of twice the population of Italy. The inhabitants do not exceed 2,500,000, who have long been oppressed and plundered by a handful of Turks, and their subordinate Moorish soldiery. The dominant Turkish force at Al-

giers has not, for a long period, exceeded 12,000 men, but has of late declined to six or seven thousand, who, under the command of the Dey's lieutenants, made an annual excursion in three detachments to plunder, under the name of an annual contribution, the oppressed inhabitants of the interior.

The climate of Algiers, and of Barbary in general, is soft and salubrious. In July and August only, is the temperature oppressively warm, and even then often moderated by northern breezes. There are few diseases peculiar to Barbary; it is rarely visited by the plague, which is not indigenous, but imported by Greek and Turkish vessels from the Levant. The substitution of enlightened quarantine regulations for the blind fatalism of the Mahometans, would, doubtless, exclude the plague altogether; while European habits of cleanliness would banish reptiles and vermin from the houses, and the advance of agriculture and civilization would exterminate the beasts of prey in the interior, as it has destroyed the wolves of Great Britain, and the panthers and rattle-snakes of New York and Pennsylvania.

A happy combination of warmth and humidity, gives a wonderful degree of size and vigour to the vegetable productions of this favoured region. Wheat, barley, and Indian corn are abundant. The prickly pear abounds in all directions; and while the tree forms an impenetrable hedge, the fruit is nutritious and palatable. Vines attain a prodigious height, and run from tree to tree, forming beautiful arbours; near the root the stem is sometimes as thick as a middle sized olive tree. Pomegranates, are three times the size of those in Italy; excellent oranges, figs, and chestnuts ripen in great quantities; melons, cucumbers, cabbages, lettuces, and other vegetables abound. Olive trees are so numerous and productive, that the export of oil alone would be a source of national wealth. The sugar cane flourishes greatly; indigo and cotton would thrive abundantly; the oak, the cedar, the cypress, and the palm tree, attain prodigious size. Near the coast are woods of cork trees, and the acacias yield a valuable gum. In general the soil of Barbary is deep, rich, and well watered by the numerous streams which run through the beautiful valleys of the Atlas chain of mountains, to the Mediterranean, and which afford abundant means of irrigation. The plain behind the city of Algiers is a continuous and extensive garden, containing above 10,000 farms and vineyards. The white rose bushes are singularly abundant, and yield the valuable essence of otto of roses.

The useful animals are camels, buffaloes, sheep, cows, goats, horses, asses, and mules; while boars and many other species of game are abundant. The bees deposit large quantities of honey in the rocks and trees; sea and river fish and turtles abound.

The art of mining is little understood, but there are stores of iron, copper, lead, tin, sulphur, gypsum, lime-stone, fine clays, and prodigious quantities of rock and sea salt.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

GERMAN MANNERS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

WRITERS of memoirs are too apt to assume that their materials will be interesting to posterity in proportion as they are new or important to themselves. Hence they fill their diaries with notices of public events, with detailed accounts of their own conduct on occasions of ceremony, "the battles, sieges, fortunes that they have passed;" while they glide rapidly and silently over their domestic habits and feelings, employments and amusements. The effect of this mistake is chiefly felt, when, at the distance of centuries, habits and manners have undergone a complete revolution, and that which was familiar and common-place with the writer, gradually over-spread with the dust and weather-stains of antiquity, has become to the reader a matter of doubt, curiosity and conjecture. When we look back to some name which has survived the influence of time, and endeavour from the bare and meagre memorials of his conduct on public occasions to realize to ourselves the portrait of the man as a whole, how much do we regret the absence of those little details and still-life accompaniments, without which the picture wears so shadowy and unreal an aspect; how anxious do we feel to be informed how this man of courts and battle-fields looked, when, throwing aside the holiday garb of his public appearance, he resumed the quiet undress of every-day existence—what were his loves and enjoyments, his amusements, his friendships, his prejudices—whether he rose late or early, prosed much in conversation, drank "not wisely, but too well," and paid his debts regularly, or not at all. Nay, at the distance of a century or two, even his wardrobe becomes a matter in which we are interested, as tending to the completeness and coherency of the picture which is presented to the mind's eye; and we feel indebted to the antiquarian who takes the trouble, by recovering from the state-paper office, his tailor's accounts (probably unpaid), to inform us whether he wore a pea-green slashed doublet or an orange tawney. The Spectator and Tatler, for instance, are already acquiring in this way an interest which at first they did not possess; as correct

and lively sketches of these little peculiarities of dress, manners and customs, for which we should search in vain in more elaborate productions of the day, and which, though only removed from us by a century, have already begun to assume an antiquarian dignity in our eyes. Montaigne's gossip about his tastes and personal habits, impertinent as it may have appeared to his contemporaries, is now to us among the most interesting portions of his desultory essays. What would we not give for a minute description of a day at Tusculum with Cicero, or a faithful record of one of Caesar's youthful days of mingled business and revelry, philosophy and folly! How delightful would it be, if, instead of having to collect our ideas of the mysteries of the Roman toilette and domestic economy from such works as Bottiger's Sabini, and Meiners, we could, in some unexplored recess in Pompeii or Herculaneum, come suddenly upon a genuine number of the Diurnalia, or Augustan Gazette, with its medley of scandal, advertisements, fashionable departures from Rome for Baie or the Campagna, Patrician alliances in high life by special license of the Pontifex Maximus, gallantries of "an august personage," the new pantomime by Pylades or his rival Bathyllus,[†] or the last interesting gastronomical arrival of Rutupian oysters fresh from Britain! Hence it is that Pliny's Letters, formal as they are, and the Noctes of Aulus Gellius, are interesting from the glimpses they afford into the private life of the time. Hence also such a work as Pepy's Memoirs, with all its details of eating and drinking, his deep meditations on new suits, even amidst the horrors of the plague of London, his minute descriptions of masquerades and junketing parties of all kinds, partly from its spirit of perfect *naïveté* and candour, partly from the graphic truth with which it delineates scenes of which we find elsewhere but scattered and imperfect notices, possesses for the present age an interest which few modern memoirs, though dealing with more stirring periods and events of greater public importance, can hope to obtain.

What Pepy's work is to the time of Charles II. these Memoirs of Hans von Schweinichen are to the private life of the Germans in the sixteenth century. His life falls within a period when the vast change in manners and the habits of society, produced by the discoveries in science and strange revolutions of empire and opinion which the first half of the sixteenth century witnessed, give a peculiar interest to these sketches of "The Loves, Pleasures and Life of the Germans," (as the editor styles this auto-biography): while the open-heartedness of the narrator; his love of good eating, and still more of good drinking; and his admiration of fine dresses, in which he ri-

* *Lioben, Lust, und Leben der Deutschen des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts in den begebenheiten des Schlesienschen Ritters*, Hans von Schweinichen, *von ihm selbst ausgesetzt*. (The Loves, Pleasures, and Life of the Germans of the Sixteenth Century, in the Adventures of the Silesian Knight, Hans von Schweinichen, narrated by himself.) Breslau. 1823. 3 vols. 12mo.

* Tacit. Annal. i. 54.

† Juvenal, iv. 141.

vals Pepys himself; his frugality in his own case, with his liberality towards his prodigal and bankrupt master, impart an amusing personal and individual interest to these antiquarian or political details.

At the time when our knight commences his auto-biography, the internal feuds and dissensions of Germany had, under the rising ascendancy of the House of Austria, been in some measure composed; the usurpation of the nobles considerably checked; the rights of the citizen recognised; the police of the country protected by standing armies against the recurrence of anarchy or the dominion of "Faustrecht;" the peasant, though still a vassal, beginning to sleep within his cottage and beneath his vine-tree in peace, safe from the sudden invasion of the robber-chiefs, who now no longer secure in their mountain fortresses, since the discovery of gunpowder, were gradually endeavouring to procure by industry and the cultivation of the soil the means of subsistence, which they had formerly drawn from robbery and violence. Intelligence was rapidly diffusing itself with the increase of printing; the sciences, the productions, the wealth and literature of other countries were finding their way into this vast empire. In religion, the long-established dominion of Rome, consecrated as it seemed by immemorial possession and early prejudices, had been every where shaken to its foundations, and in many places trampled in the dust, by the energy of Luther. The spell which had fettered inquiry in matters of faith was dissolved, and those principles which had at first been asserted in the discussion of religious questions were speedily transferred to secular affairs and the political relations of the ruler and the subject. In politics, the dawn of popular institutions and unity among the German body becomes perceptible; in manners, an increase of extravagance and pomp, a gradual desertion of the baronial castle for the court, and a relaxation in the stiffness of ceremonial forms. In morals the good effects of the change of things was, perhaps, more problematical. The admirers of the good old times might say with some truth, that with the rudeness of the feudal system and its fantastic usages, much which was really worthy and valuable in it had been swept away; that artifice had too often succeeded to open violence, and deceitful smoothness to rough sincerity of demeanour; calculation and manœuvring to straightforward simplicity and self-devotion. The Belial of feud and warfare had only been replaced by the Mammon of trade and avarice, and Germany, in her new state of existence, looked as if a turbulent army had suddenly marched off her soil, and left their deserted camp as a market-place for pedlars and sutlers to cheat and wrangle in.

Life, in short, had already begun to assume its prosaic aspect, and the reader who opens these memoirs of the sixteenth century in the

hope of finding them gilded by any of the lingering glories of chivalry, will soon be disenchanting. Even here, and at this early period, he will be able to trace the increasing preponderance of "the needful" over the beautiful; the dawn of a national debt, the maturity of pawn-broking and cent per cent., and the rapid advance of those days when no mail is used but his Majesty's, and the wandering knight with his lance and palfrey gives way to the commercial traveller with his gig and pattern-card. Indeed, in one art, of which we moderns are a little too apt to claim the sole credit of invention—we mean the art of raising the wind, or living at the expense of our neighbours—we doubt very much whether any thing of importance could be added to the discoveries of Duke Henry of Liegnitz, the honoured master of our Silesian knight. "*Quærenda pecunia primum est*" was his motto, and that of all connected with him, to his dying day, and in this line, his fertility of invention, boundless assurance, and easy condescension towards his victims, render these memoirs a most interesting contribution to the philosophy of "Tick," and valuable as a practical guide to the art even in the nineteenth century. Not that our hero, however, amidst this system of swindling and money-making, is altogether deficient in some of the better features of the times of chivalry: he is no fire-eater, no doubt, and looks attentively at both sides of his coin before he parts with it; but something of the true heart and devotion of Gotz and Sickingen, of Scharlin and Rothenhahn, he inherits and displays in the steadiness of his adherence to his ruined and even selfish master Duke Henry, and in that "constant service of the antique world" with which he devotes his purse and his personal labours to one who in many cases repays them with the characteristic ingratitude of the prodigal.

Hans's parents were Protestants, both of noble families in Silesia; and young Schweinichen, who was born in 1552, was educated till his ninth year at his paternal castle of Merkschutz, his time being divided between his studies at the village school, and the pastoral, though somewhat peculiar employment for the heir of two noble houses, with sixteen quarterings (which he takes care to set forth at length), of herding geese at home.* Sometimes this labour was varied by searching for eggs in the stables and among the corn, on which occasions his mother used to reward him, when successful, with a few copper coins. At the age of twelve he was transferred to Liegnitz, where the old duke Frederick III. was at that time detained in custody on account of his debts, in a species of imprisonment within the rules of court. Succeeding an extravagant father, he had increased to an enormous extent the debts of the state, till at last he had been deposed by the authority of

* Vol. i. p. 26.

the emperor, and the dukedom transferred to his son Henry, he being burdened, however, with the maintenance of his father and his family, and with the discharge, as far as practicable, of his debts. Henry—"of thriftless father thriftless son"—instead of paying off any part of these, soon made matters, as we shall afterwards see, much worse. It was while the old duke was residing in *custodia* at Liegnitz that young Schweinichen was introduced to him, and where he became the companion and fellow-student of the young Duke Henry. Here he found the advantage of a small allowance of pocket money, which his father had made him. Young as he was, he soon contrived to discover that his tutor at court was a great admirer of the fair sex, and by enabling him to gratify his tastes in this way by a few of the silver groschen he had been allowed for the purchase of books, he escaped with only two floggings during his incumbency. At court he acted as page, and afterwards as cellar-master, a situation which seems to have been by no means a sinecure, for the duke generally refused to go to bed when tipsy, and Hans was obliged on such occasions to carry him thither, and sleep in the room with him. From this situation, however, such as it was, he was removed for a time in consequence of having been employed as the unconscious instrument in circulating a pasquil against the duke, and restored again to his old haunts, though not exactly his old Arcadian occupations and ornithological pursuits at Merkschütz.

Two traits in his character here began to develop themselves, at first sight a little inconsistent, but which Hans throughout contrived to reconcile wonderfully with each other. The first is a strong regard for what is commonly called the main-chance, which manifests itself in a most careful annual enumeration of the prices of corn and grain, and regular entries of every disbursement made by himself, from tavern-bills to knightly entertainments, travelling expenses, wedding and funeral charges—a practice which he continues to his death. The other is a fancy for dress worthy of Pepps or Sir Piercie Shafton himself. He dwells with the delight of a lover on a fustian suit and silk barret-cap, given him by his father, when he went to school at Goldberg, and a long dangling white feather, which was the gift of his mother; as also on another dress-suit with one leg yellow and the other black, in which he exhibited on a journey to Lublin, in which he accompanied the court. Sometimes the two propensities to which we have alluded are mixed up together in rather a singular manner, and rounded off with a pious sentiment. "This year," observes he, after his mother's death, which happened when he was sixteen, "my allowance from my father was eleven thalers

sixteen silver groschen, and I was dressed in mourning. God give me good fortune and happiness in time to come. Amen. This year the grain was sold at the following prices," &c.

All these affectionate reminiscences of the departed glories of his wardrobe, and the frequent attendances at wedding feasts, for which he had exchanged his care of the geese, it may be imagined are symptomatic of an early disposition on the part of Hans to recommend himself to the fair sex, and accordingly he seems to have been a practised gallant and almost indispensable guest at all the dances and merry-makings in the neighbourhood of Goldberg. One of his chief favourites was Catherine, the daughter of old Albert Bock, who used to drink to him in Latin, and Hans was very glad to find he was able to answer her in the same language, the only good result, it would appear, of his Goldberg education, or his studies under the amorous pedagogue of Liegnitz. In the course of a few years more we find him more seriously involved in a love passage with a lady of Swabia, whom he had encountered, as usual, at a wedding, but this connexion was broken off by the unlucky accident of the lady proving a mother before she could become a wife. Next year, however, he dates as the commencement of his first serious attachment, of which he speaks with a degree of mystery. "This year," says he, "I experienced for the first time what love was, having fallen in love with a maiden so that I could not sleep. But I never had the boldness to disclose it, when and whereupon I conclude that first love is deepest. This year has flown by without my being aware of it."

It would, perhaps, have been well, if Hans had not resorted to other modes of making time fly, but "*sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*." And his drinking powers, which afterwards commanded the admiration of his cotemporaries, began about this time to be developed. The practice of drinking to excess, always the vice of the northern nations, had not, among other abuses, been much affected by the Reformation. On the contrary, sovereigns prided themselves on maintaining at their court some fellow, often a fool, or dwarf, who would undertake to challenge and lay under the table in fair combat any stranger whom the court might think it hospitable to place in that horizontal position. Hans's coup d'essai in the art took place on one occasion, when his father had invited some young men of the neighbourhood to accompany him to a wedding, and, like that of the Cid, it was a "*coup de maître*."

"Among the party," says he, "was Caspar Ecke von Tscheswitz, a young hot blood; and with him I entered the lists at the wine. As I was unaccustomed to it, and drank freely, it was not long before I was under the table, and so drunk that I could neither walk, nor stand, nor speak, but was carried away like a dead

man. I slept two nights and two days on end, till every one thought I would die. But, God be praised, matters turned out better. And since then I have learned not only how to drink, but have got a tolerable assurance that it would be no easy matter for any one to intoxicate me, and since then I have continued the practice stoutly, whether for my health and happiness, I shall mention in another place."

We cannot perceive from his Memoirs that either his health or his peace of mind suffered materially from this habit, though it occasionally placed him in situations which were comic enough. On one occasion at Gustrow, in Mecklenburg, where he had been carousing with his companions, the servant being rather dilatory in bringing a torch, the whole party appear to have fallen down stairs. Hans was no where to be found, but next morning he was discovered, like a second Regulus, in an empty wine-cask, which lay conveniently at the bottom of the stairs to receive him, and in which he had passed the night in a state of insensibility. The only moral, however, which he seems to deduce from this catastrophe is, that master and servant ought not to get drunk at the same time, for he blames nobody but the servant, who was not sufficiently sober to light them down. Some years afterwards, he performed a remarkable feat in this way at Fellensberg, when on a visit along with his master the duke to the court of Nassau, and where his character as a potent drinker soon came to be known, Hans having, of course, taken good care that it should not be hid under a bushel. On this occasion, he twice drank off the welcome cup, containing three quarts of wine, and left a poor courtier, who had been rash enough to do him reason in a similar draught, utterly extinguished on the floor. And, indeed, until the gout and the infirmities of old age diminished his exhaustive powers, he seems to have been regarded on all hands as a most successful and formidable toper.

But there were better traits in the character of the young Hans than drinking and merry-making; namely, his dutiful affection to his father and mother, of whom he never speaks but with devoted attachment and real feeling. His mother died suddenly, during his absence with his father in Poland.

"There came," says he, "intelligence to my father and myself, as we were on the way, that if my father wished to see his dear wife, and I my dear mother again alive, we must make all speed, for there was no hope of her life. Which was a sad and evil message to my father, and to me particularly, for I knew I was her beloved Hans. And though we would gladly have hurried on, it could not be done on account of the robbers who were lying in wait for the duke's party, and would willingly have plundered the silver waggons; so with grief of heart were we compelled to remain with the rest till we reached Kalisch. From thence we

travelled night and day, and reached home on the 13th of May, 1569, about five in the evening, after an absence of eleven weeks. But when we came into the court at Merkschutz, my father and I learned the melancholy news that my dear mother had died on the 2d of May, and had been buried in the church at Merkschutz the Sunday before we arrived, which was no joyful return to us. I would rather that the Poles had slain me outright than have experienced the sore heart's griefs on my home coming. Nor was it less heart-breaking to my dear father, but was the means of shortening his life. But when I began to reflect thereafter that I was a man and subject to grief, and that it was God's good will and providence that my dear mother should be taken from the world during my absence, I resigned her, and with grief and sorrow and childish tears, put on my mourning, lamenting this year not merely with my outward garb, but with Christian mourning of heart and countenance, staying as much at home as possible."

In 1573, being now twenty-one, he followed in the suite of the young dukes, Henry and Frederick, to Mecklenburgh; and, in 1574, we find him dividing his time pretty much between the court and his paternal mansion. Whether these visits to the court were owing to the good looks of the ladies or not, he professes himself unable to say, but from the animated description which he gives of the garden of the court at Liegnitz at this time, there is little doubt they had a large share in the matter. He is almost betrayed into poetry when describing the goodness of the vines, the sweetness of the music, the gaiety of the dances, the beauty of the women, and the grace and condescension of the court.

"There was no sorrow or mourning. Nothing but delight and joy. If I had been to fall from Heaven on any spot on earth, it would have been among the ladies at Liegnitz I would have lighted, for there were daily sports of riding, running at the ring, dancing, and other pastimes, very pleasing to the young folks, of whom I was one."

It must be admitted, however, that Hans's proceedings with regard to the fair sex were very peculiar, and the more so when we consider the extreme animation and interest with which he always approaches the subject. In most of his youthful attachments, we find him proceeding with the greatest possible fire and vivacity for a time, but the moment he sees that matters are coming to a point, he cools, perceives that Heaven has determined otherwise, and, with the most perfect sang froid, lets the matter drop. This is very amusingly displayed in an affair about this time with the youthful daughter of Simon Promnitz. The first hint of the liaison occurs in an entry made by Hans in his journal, on occasion of his receiving an invitation from the young lady's mother to be present at her servant's wedding. "I saw plainly," says Hans, "that the invitation was not on account of the maid

but the mistress, her daughter Jungfer Hede." He went notwithstanding, and shortly after we find the business in full train.

"The young lady was only about fourteen years old, and had a fortune of 10,000 rix thalers, which the duke would willingly have assigned to me. I had no dislike to the maiden. She was fond of eating sugar, which I bought for her at different times, and once to the extent of two dollars at a time. I might have been easily induced to marry her, for my father would have liked the connexion, and her guardians were in favour of it."

The Frau Kittlitz was no doubt endeavoured to injure her by some calumnious reports as to her personal habits, her inability to cook, and so forth, but these do not seem materially to have influenced him, for he had sense enough to see that these observations were dictated by mere envy, the lady Kittlitz having a daughter of her own for whom she wished to secure him. Still he keeps dawdling on for about two years, merely remarking that both he and his intended were very young. It seemed, however, as if matters would now be brought to a point, for a certain Nickel Geisler, an old bachelor, whom he describes as looking more like a Jew than a nobleman, about this time came forward as a suitor to the young lady. His pretensions being sanctioned by her mother and guardians, she sent privately for Hans, and communicated to him her distress. One would have thought there would now have been an end of his irresolution, but Hans told her, with much gravity, that he felt persuaded it was not the will of Heaven that he should marry for three years to come; that she might consult her own wishes, and either take the old Jew or leave him, but that if she intended to wait for him (Hans) she must do so for three years at least. "This answer," as might be expected, "pleased her not much." She turned from him weeping, and told him she would wait for him as long as he wished. To this appeal Hans made no reply.

Meantime Geisler laid his proposals before the duke, who thinking the match between Hans and the young lady a very eligible one, and willing to give him an opportunity of redeeming the time before it was too late, sent him a message by his chamberlain, that this was the day when the bridal wreath was to be given to the lady, and that both she and the duke wished that Hans should slip in and lay hold of the wreath before old Geisler. This advice again threw Hans into a state of perplexity.

"I was so agitated," says he, "that I broke out into a cold sweat. I could not answer, but remained for a time speechless, for I felt as if I should say no, but could determine upon nothing. Till at last, while I was endeavouring to decide, a voice seemed to whisper in my ear—Take not the wreath; take not the wreath. And so I started up, and said, that I thanked

his highness for the favour, but my affairs suited not with marriage. When I had said this, I felt my heart suddenly quite light and joyful, from which I concluded that it was not the will of God, for otherwise there was no impediment on the face of the earth. The maiden was young and beautiful, gentle and rich, and would willingly have taken me; while I, on the other hand, was in the very flower of my age, and at that very time of life best suited for marriage, according to the proverb, four years before beard-cutting and four years after is the time to marry. But God is all-powerful, what he wills not comes not to pass. In this way the marriage was put off, which I have never had occasion to repent. And so ended my second courtship, from which I gather that it was not the will of God."

And so ended also his third, for in the course of a few pages more we find him uttering the same sentiment of resignation on the termination of another brief liaison with the daughter of the lady of Kittlitz.

Meantime his master, Duke Henry's pecuniary embarrassments had increased to such a height that he was obliged to commence a system of begging, swindling, and free quarters in all corners of Germany, which he pursued steadily from 1572 to 1576. In this wandering and disreputable life, Hans was his constant companion, and the person on whom the obnoxious duty of raising the supplies very often devolved. Henry kept moving with his whole suite from town to town, borrowing on all hands, from princes of the empire, nobles, ladies, abbots, nuns, peasants, Jews, dwarfs; from any one, in short, who, decoyed by his plausible manners, would either lend or make him a present of any sum, however small. Twice, in the course of these rambles, he was arrested for debt, at Cologne and at Emmerich, till at last, after increasing his debts to an extent which made those of his father appear a mere cypher, and spending, among the rest, about half the patrimony of poor Hans, who continued to supply his extravagance to the last, he was deposed by the Emperor in 1576, and the dukedom given to his younger brother Frederick.

To Hans himself, still in the flower of youth, and with a natural love of rambling and adventure, this life of alternate beggary and splendour, to-day feasting with counts of the empire, or enjoying the splendid hospitality of the Fuggers of Augsburg, (then among the most distinguished merchants in Europe) to-morrow pawning jewels and even dresses, to raise the necessary funds for travelling or subsistence; with its risks and dangers, its rapid changes of scene and society, was not without considerable attraction. In 1576 he attended Henry into Poland, to the throne of which the duke had at that time some pretensions; and the account which our biographer gives of their visit to Cracow, affords no bad specimen of the general character of their proceedings. Among their other

revels, Duke Henry was invited to the house of the voivode, Peter Parovskyn, whose interest he was anxious to secure, in order to further his views upon the throne. The banquet was a splendid one, and the health of the duke repeatedly drunk as king of Poland, the guests attesting the sincerity of their allegiance by breaking their glasses on their heads. Dancing succeeded, and when the party broke up, so freely had the duke indulged, that he was under the necessity of being supported on his horse by two of his attendants, as he rode home. When Hans, who had charge of the duke's wardrobe, came to undress him as usual, he perceived, to his consternation, that a jewel and chain of the value of 17,000 rix-dollars, and a purse containing 100 florins, were both gone. It was in vain to put any question to his grace; he was in no condition to answer; while Hans himself, who had ably seconded his master at the supper table, was just as little prepared to follow out the examination. No remedy remained but to go to bed, and endeavour to sleep off his intoxication. "Drunk as I was, however," said he, "I slept but little." When with the morning cool reflection came, all the information the duke could give as to the missing articles was, that during the dance he had given the chain to one person to hold, and the purse to another; but to whom he had totally forgotten. Hans was in despair, and went out to take counsel with his comrades. In going out he met his father, who, to his great relief, told him that as they were leaving the banquet the night before, a Pole had put into his hands a purse containing 100 florins, which he supposed must be the duke's, and so it proved to be. This raised Hans's spirits, but still the more important article was missing. But in about an hour came another Pole inquiring for the duke's chamberlain, and produced the chain and jewel perfectly safe. "Thus," says Hans, "our mourning was turned into joy." Hans rewarded his honesty cheaply enough by taking him to his lodgings, drinking with him, and finally presenting him with a donation of ten florins, which he received with much gratitude. "I must say," he observes, "these were as honest Poles as one would wish to meet with.—Thanks be to God, who helped me out of this scrape!"

In Augsburg, to which the duke and his lust-like troop of attendants next removed, he contrived to levy some of his heaviest contributions. He gambled daily, a practice which then appears to have been carried to great excess, and, being well-versed in the mysteries of the dice-box, generally won, frequently to the extent of 200 or 300 florins daily. Hans himself following, *passibus aquis*, also gained 300 florins on one occasion, at a sitting. At this time, the riches of the citizens of Augsburg rivalled those of the Venetian nobility during the best days of her commerce. The well-known merchant, Fugger of Augsburg, on

whose purse Hans, on behalf of the duke, seems to have made a very determined attack, though without success, portioned his daughter with 200,000 rix dollars. He entertained the duke in the most sumptuous manner, but on pretext that he had made large advances for the King of Spain, declined his proposal for a loan of 4000 dollars. The only present which he was disposed to make him, namely, a ship of glass, cunningly wrought by some Venetian artist, was broken by the awkwardness of Hans, as he was placing it upon the table. Having failed with Fugger, he next tried his powers of persuasion on the town council, and wonderful to say, succeeded in obtaining from them a loan of 1000 dollars, on the duke's acknowledgment, for a year, and without interest. The force of spunging could no further go. The whole of this sum was applied in satisfying the landlord's bill, who had already become clamorous for payment. This supply, however, enabled the duke for some time longer to protract his career of dissipation at Augsburg. Some particulars which Hans gives as to a ball at which he was present are curious. He had been invited to the marriage of a nobleman of the place, and the duke, who felt anxious to get admission into the party, prevailed upon Hans to take him with him as his servant. "I know not how it was, however," adds Hans, "but the servant managed to get so tipsy, I was obliged to lead him away." The duke having before night slept off his intoxication, sent a message boldly to the bridegroom, to say he would be happy to make one of his party in the evening, and the bridegroom, much flattered by the proposal, immediately sent a carriage to conduct his Highness to the banquet.

"In Augsburg, it is the custom at dances that two persons, dressed in long red cloaks trimmed with white ermine, begin the dance, and no one is allowed to begin till they have set the example, and performed the figure. When they turn, the others who dance must do the same, and when they embrace each other in the dance, the dancers do the same. And these persons are often bribed before-hand by the young men to embrace each other pretty frequently, that they may have an opportunity of doing the same with their partners. I have done so myself, and for half-a-dollar have procured many a pleasant hug in the course of the dance. My former servant was now again become my lord and master. When I saw him, I asked his grace how he had come thither? He answered, that he came there because he knew there were to be many fair dames there who had a mind to me, and that he was afraid of me, and wished to prevent my being entrapped! And truly I must confess that, in all my life-time, I never looked on fairer ladies than these, for they were seventy in all; all dressed in white damask to please the bride, and covered all over with chains and jewels. And the hall large and handsome, sparkling with gold and silver, so that one might have taken

it for the true paradise, or the kingdom of heaven. I was very joyous; for, as I said, the ladies were fair, and choice, courteous and kind in talk. In the evening, I attended a rich maiden of the house of Herberg home to her father's house; it was said her father's fortune exceeded two tons of gold. I was received by him as if I had been a count, and nobly treated; stayed two hours and enjoyed myself. Then her father, as was the custom in the place, conveyed me home to my lodging in a coach, attended with torches. . . . I often wished such a life might last for many years."

But these golden times in Augsburg could not last long. The worthy citizens began to get tired of the expensive amusement of entertaining this brainless prodigal duke; his supplies from the gaming table became less frequent; and with all Hans's exertions in the finance department, the funds began to fail. On one occasion Hans was obliged to sell a chain which his father had given him, for sixty-five dollars, which the duke with consummate effrontery pocketed, and even refused Hans the loan of six dollars of his own money, a piece of ingratitude which naturally vexed him much. Matters at last came to a crisis when they reached Cologne. Here the duke had contrived to run up a bill of about one thousand dollars, and the host, like his brother of Augsburg, became clamorous for payment. Two weeks did Hans continue to put him off on some pretext or other; but at last it became obvious that no alternative remained but payment or imprisonment. Hans's former success with the town council of Augsburg suggested to his master the plan of trying his eloquence upon the magistracy of Cologne, and accordingly, he received full powers to treat with them for a loan of ten thousand dollars. Hans was received by them with all imaginable respect, and delivered in presence of the council, a long oration, to which in all probability they listened with the more patience, that, like Yorick, with the Franciscan, they had predetermined not to lend him a single sou. He was conducted back under a guard of honour, and informed that the council would send a written answer in a few days. Accordingly, in due time, appeared the envoys of the town council, who took their revenge upon Hans in a speech as long and as hypocritically respectful as his own, bestowing many compliments upon his eloquence, but concluding with the information that the council were under the necessity of absolutely refusing the loan, but had sent his grace a present of two hundred florins. This composition Henry had the meanness to accept.

In the midst of these delicate distresses arrived the astounding intelligence (15th April, 1576) that the dukedom had been taken from him and given to his brother Frederick, the fourth of that name. And now mine host, despairing of payment by means of negotiation, took the step of laying an arrest to the ex-

tent of his bill, which had mounted up to 2354 dollars, on the horses and furniture of the duke, all of which were immediately inventoried and taken possession of by the officers under form of law. It was in vain that Hans endeavoured to soften the obdurate creditor; it was in vain that the duke pleaded his privilege as an electoral prince of the empire. The electoral chamber of Cologne replied that their jurisdiction entitled them to arrest even the goods of the emperor himself: though, in consideration of the Duke's rank, his person should remain untouched. Accordingly, the horses and carriages of the duke were sold to the extent of the debt; and so ended their compulsory sojourn in Cologne, the latter part of which had been rendered more disagreeable by the prevalence of a destructive pestilence. Hans's only precaution was a very simple one. He believed, he says, it was impossible he should die of the disease. He contented himself with taking a little vinegar and dry toast every morning,—which he followed up by liberal allowances of liquor in the evening.

At Emmerich, to which the duke removed in the course of his rambles, Hans records an odd adventure with a spirit or monster of some kind who haunted their lodgings, and who seems to have had many of the propensities and playful gambols of our own Robin Goodfellow:—

"Two nights before," says he, "a spirit or goblin had washed all the rooms, put the house to rights, and made the beds. On the third night, the creature came to my bed; it had a club, such as dwarfs generally bear, and it shook its wings over my head. When I awoke and saw it, I was terrified, and was about to call out, but his grace being asleep, I let it alone, and recommended myself to God. As there were lights in the chamber, I saw that the creature retired into a corner of the room and laughed. In the morning I told the duke, who would not believe me. The next night, being a little drunk, I was asleep; so the creature came to Heilung, who lay beside me in bed. He cried out, 'O help me, holy Virgin!'—Though I heard him cry out very well, I let him alone and said nothing. Then the goblin came to my side, and laughed loudly, and vanished, but so that I wist not where it disappeared.

"In the morning I told the maids in the house, and advised them to keep the ghost away, or else he would probably suffer for his visits. When they heard this they were glad that I had seen him; they told me I must be very lucky since he came to me first; and that I must do nothing to him, for as long as he appeared I and my master should be fortunate. When I heard this I was well content.

"After this, when the cook one day left her cooking pots and things unwashed, in the morning they were all found cleaned and polished. They told me I should give him something to drink, the which I did, and usually laid out for him milk or beer, mixed with honey

and sugar. He would come to it when he thought proper, nodding with his head to me as I lay in bed, and drink to me, which I have often seen. And as long as the goblin continued to appear, the duke and all of us enjoyed good luck and prosperity. Nor did I after the first time, feel any terror, except once, which was the last time I saw him. His grace having risen early to write, told me to strike a light and waken the page who made his lemonade for him. The pages slept in the chamber above the duke's, to which the ascent was by a winding stair. When I had got about half up stairs, the monster met me so suddenly that I was dreadfully terrified, and knew not what to do. He went by me so close that I touched him; then began to laugh, and said, 'Thou knowest not thy fortune, but thou wilt soon know how it shall fare with thee.' After this he was seen of none, and since his disappearance little luck fell to the share of my master and myself."

The following gentle passage of arms, which also took place at Emmerich, is more original than chivalrous:

"The duke had a Captain Grotticken in his service, who talked as if he would eat up all mankind. One evening he had a quarrel with a Netherlander, and each challenged the other. I parted them that night, but next morning came the Netherlander to call out Grotticken. Grotticken, who had a wooden leg, unloosed it softly in bed, and kept the Netherlander engaged in conversation till he thought he had got him within his reach, and then rising up in bed, he smote the Netherlander with the wooden leg over the neck, and laid him flat on the ground. He got up, however, shortly, and made the best of his way out; and so ended the scuffle, for he did not challenge him again."

At Emmerich a second arrest of the duke's goods and chattels took place; and now, unable any longer to keep off the evil day, the duke decamped one morning, leaving on the table a note for Hans, in which he concluded, "I will not pillow my head in idleness. Money, with God's help, I will have, that we may get out of this vile country, and away from this people. And so good-morrow, dear Hans.—Henry."

"Thus said the duke—thus did the duke infer;" and Hans, adopting his example and advice, immediately set about raising five hundred dollars, on pledge, from a Jew named Humpel, a feat which he successfully accomplished. Another contribution of one hundred from an old maid, in whose house he had lived, enabled him finally to make an honourable retreat from Emmerich.

It is needless to pursue farther, with any minuteness, this life of swindling and extravagance, of profusion and beggary; for enough has been already done to show sufficiently the nature of the school in which Hans passed his early life. It says a great deal for his natural good sense and good feeling, that when he abandons his wandering habits, returns to his paternal castle and marries, he seems never to

have relapsed into his former free and easy habits, or to have thought for an instant of wandering beyond his confine. On his return, indeed, he had at first a good deal on his hands. His father was dead, his fortune almost ruined, his family depending on him for support, so that when he revisited his home, in 1577, after an absence of two years and a half, he says, that "much as he had wished for his return, he at first longed as eagerly to be gone again." His time was now passed between the court of Liegnitz, where he retained his situation of Hofmeister, and occasional visits to Schweinichen, where matters were managed by his brother. In his concluding reflections on the year 1578, he observes, "I have been obliged this year, as becomes a young man, to bestir myself in my employment, have had but few days of idleness, and truly eaten my bread in the sweat of my brow. And though I have met with many annoyances, and bitter winds have blown upon me, I have not heeded them, but let them blow over. I have done my duty, and not left undone what I knew to be right."

His steadiness was perhaps secured by another event which now took place. With all his irresolution in matters matrimonial, the time was drawing near when the inconstant was to be fixed. The young lady of Schellendorf had long been a favourite with him, but in his usual vacillating way he had kept wavering and manœuvring for years, without coming to the point, notwithstanding many invitations from the young lady's mother, who at last began to think the case was hopeless. Hans, however, was really in earnest this time. "I went," says he, "to Hertsdorf, where I stayed two days and courted the young lady. I meant very truly by her, and was right sorry to part. She told me not to marry till I came again, and so I departed in God's name. The young lady's mother had told her not to set her heart on me: that I was a courtier and would deceive her, and that I would set off, and no one could tell when I might return again. But the young lady would not be persuaded nor guided, but remained firm." Her firmness, Hans tells us, was rewarded, for their marriage shortly afterwards took place with great pomp, the whole court assisting at the nuptials. A very accurate bill of fare is added by Hans, as a sort of "piece justificative," relative to the magnificence and expense of the entertainment.

We must now make rather a sudden transition from this scene of gaiety to one of gloom; from the wedding tables to the "funeral baked meats," which some years afterwards were destined to adorn the board at Schweinichen. When we next present our Swabian knight to our readers, the fire of youth is nearly extinct, the last relics of its follies, saving an occasional potation, are gone; he is become a farmer, and a peace-maker in his neighbourhood; one by one, old friends and relations have dropped

off, and he begins to feel somewhat solitary in his pilgrimage through life, gout and other ailments, the legitimate offspring of those carousals which had once crowned him with glory, are beginning to break down his strong frame, when they are suddenly followed by a more serious and irreparable blow, in the death of his wife. There is so much good feeling and natural pathos in his account of her loss, which took place in 1601, that we cannot better conclude than by some extracts from his journal descriptive of that event. She had been ill for nearly a year before, and although constantly attended by two physicians, "which," as Hans observes, "cost me a deal of money in medicines," gradually grew worse.

"When she perceived that her time in this world could not be long, she thought of me as her true husband; and to prove the truth of her love to me, directed her and my confidential friend, the Counsellor Antony Scholtz, to make her testament, wherein she left me all her effects, except twenty Hungarian florins, which were to be sent after her death to her sister, Frau Hese Manschwitz; which testament she then, as soon as it was ready, with great eagerness and joy deposited in the Chancery. Next day she, with much piety, received the sacrament in her own chamber. After these Christian duties were performed, she said to me, 'Now I have finished what I have to do in this world. Let God call me when he pleases, he will find me ready, his will is mine.' . . . As her swelling became greater, she said to me, 'Dear heart, you see my stay in this world cannot be much longer, but bear it with patience. We have lived long in love and truth with each other, have borne many cares and much grief and want together, and still the greatest sorrow remains for you to bear my loss. As for me, my sorrows will be over. I have borne many an annoyance quietly that I might not make you angry. So when God shall take me from the world, do not repine nor grieve loudly, that God in heaven may not be offended; but mourn and lament for me like a Christian, not like a heathen, and think that we shall meet again at the last day in greater joy than here. Lay me in the earth honourably, but without pomp, and bury me within the church, that you also may be beside me.' How deeply I felt in my heart all these heartbreaking words all good men will readily believe; they penetrated through marrow and bones, through heart and soul. All this I promised, with weeping eyes and sad heart, to perform. . . . As the disease continued to increase, notwithstanding the assiduity of the physicians, and all my exertions, my dear wife became weaker and weaker, and several times her speech failed her. On the 14th she said to me, 'My dear heart, how sad is parting! Now that the time is come in earnest, I pray of you again, as I did before, that when God shall call you too away, you will cause yourself to be laid beside me. And now God bless you, and keep you well in body and soul, and guide you hereafter to eternal life, as I hope in his grace it shall soon be with me. And observe, when night and day divide, will be the hour of

my departure to my heavenly Father. If I am unable to speak, pray beside me, and make the 23d Psalm, "the Lord's my Shepherd," be sung to me. I would die with it in my ears. And now I pray you change my place, and lay my bed under the window"—which was done. This last speech of my dear wife sank sorrowfully into my heart, and with heartbreaking grief did I thus receive her blessing. After this she spoke nothing but a few words, and about midnight fell into a state of complete weakness, from which, however, she was a little revived by applications of different kinds, and lay still the whole night. Next morning was Palm Sunday, and Herr Merten, the curate, came over to her, prayed beside her, and comforted her, and asked her if she was willing to die when her hour should come. Thereon she lifted up her hands and said yes. She spoke no more, but during the prayer she made signs that she prayed too; after this she said nothing to me or others, but lay still with her eyes closed till one o'clock, when, without a struggle, she died, here in Liegnitz, in my house, in the upper chamber, and near the window looking into the street. The deep grief and desolation which this separation left in my heart, as it would have burst with sorrow, I cannot express, but will leave it to every honest mind to imagine. After this breach in my house of mourning, I had the corpse dressed in her grave clothes, which she had caused my sister to make during her lifetime, covered with a dark cloak and decently veiled, and placed on a table till the coffin should be prepared. It was afterwards placed in a well-pitched coffin, and lights burned for three days and nights round it, while I attired myself in mourning. A sorrowful Palm Sunday and a heart-breaking martyr's week has this been to me. I had lived twenty years and five weeks in peaceful and contented marriage with my dear wife, who now sleeps in God; while at home and in health, I can say we had never for a single night slept apart, nor gone to rest but in peace and kindness with each other, and thus these twenty years had seemed to me but a brief time. Much sorrow, much anxiety and suffering had we borne together; three children she had brought to me alive into the world, though God has taken them all again. And during these twenty years she has manifested to me all love and truth, and tended me in my many sicknesses with a care for which in this world I cannot recompense her, but God will reward her richly for it in another."

With this touching picture we shall take our leave of the honest-hearted old Swabian knight, who survived his wife fifteen years. In the Church of St. John, at Liegnitz, a square stone, on which is sculptured a rude effigy of the deceased in armour, with a sword in his hand, and over which his dusty banner still waves, commemorates his death on the 23d of August, 1616.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE LIBRARIES OF CELEBRATED LITERARY MEN.

Who does not know the Robertson of our times? The elegant, the eloquent, the pro-

found M——h. Who, that has ever heard him in the senate, can cease to remember the chastened vigour of his style, and the arrangement of his argumentative forces, with ardent admiration? But every general feeling is concentrated into affectionate approbation when this polished orator is viewed at his own hospitable board, or in the recesses of his withdrawing room, whither the best and the most select society in London, and only such, has admittance. There, whilst conscious of the inspiring presence of him who has been termed a moving library, rival wits, each full of himself, forget, in the arts of display, those of conversation; whilst ——'s brilliant and piercing eyes illuminate a countenance, over which the storms of sixty-two northern winters have played; whilst H——m, cased in a breastplate of conceit, the fit representative of his own dull volumes, bothers plain-minded people with learned dissertations, and obstructs a lady's boudoir table with antiquarian vellum; whilst the travelled C——t, the fair she of that name, and the gloomy, but expressive physiognomy of L——t, divide the attention of those who have time to think of aught but themselves—the calm, but not inanimate presiding genius of the assembly, benignant without flattery, fluent without volubility, and conversant without loquaciousness, sheds over the scene that dignity, which superior cultivation alone can impart to the congregated mass of human individuals.

Conscious of this beloved presence, inferior wits are moderated, if not tranquillized, whilst characters of a stronger stamp are incited to temporary exertions. It was after an assemblage of this nature, that I was conducted by a loitering friend, to view the classic apartment in which the historical, philosophical, legal, and political resources of the host were gleaned from the deepest sources. I passed through a suite of small, but neatly furnished drawing-rooms, inclosed in a drapery of crimson cloth, which partly concealed a door, and entered a spacious apartment, the walls of which were completely occupied with bookshelves. I will not say that the leafy tenants of these compartments had been undisturbed in the arrangement to which they had originally been subjected:—they were much in the same order as a set of ninepins after an attack by a skilful urchin. They were, however, of the learned livery: dingy calf-skin, and plain Russia, formed the chief exterior of the ponderous folios; but even the little books looked learned, and the whole prospect was condemnatory to any hope of an easy lounge over volumes too profound for skimming, each separate one representing to the beholder as much condensed learning and hard matter as would make a modern reader run mad. One plain, easy chair, sedulously placed apart from the seat of study, a large substantial table, laden with selections from the various shelves, an useful, massive, well-furnished inkstand, and

a large fire-screen, were the principal objects in the secluded apartment.

It was evident that the room was appropriated to one individual, and to one purpose. Retirement was here the obvious accompaniment of literature. No needless ornaments were thrown around to remind the stranger of the haunts of genius; no lures to entrap the recollections of the visitant into the thought of him who governed these precincts. The room was evidently for *himself*, and not for the display of his pursuits to the curious, but vulgar eye.

I passed, a few days afterwards, into the library of a certain fashionable novelist, and would-be poet;—a writer, who might rest his fame upon one well-known production, but who disperses it to the winds by successive failures. He is, or wishes to be, of the supreme *bon-ton*; in his habits, bating the licentiousness of Charles's favourite, he is the Buckingham of his day: witty, refined, and susceptible of good impressions, his understanding hath yet somewhat of the Slender in it;—and is, comparing it to that of the first mentioned person, as Moselle to Hock. His fame, like that of the Rochester, Roscommon, and Villiers' school, is ephemeral, and, indeed, more certainly so than theirs, because the rank of those men, the time in which they lived, and their connexion with royalty, have redeemed them from oblivion, from which their talents merely would not have rescued them. I will rather compare him with the Charles Johnstone of modern times, the unblushing author of *Chrysal*;—a shameless production, but yet, perhaps, less likely to sap the root of every noble sentiment than works of less grossness, but displaying a more total indifference to elevated notions of virtue. Indifference, did I say? Nay, sarcasm is, in our days, the meed of honest enthusiasm, and railleury its constant assailant. But to return from my digression. I soon found that I was realizing my youthful, fairy dreams of elegance, combined with literature. The living spirit of Pelham seemed to pervade the apartment. A taste, critical almost to frivolity, seemed to pervade the whole; it would have been exquisite, had it been the costly *sanctum* of a *bas bleu*. I have rarely seen any thing more ingeniously beautiful than the carved oak table, massive, yet, with exquisite and minute decorations, framed after the taste of our ancestors, but with an expense, probably, that would have made a commoner of former days expire. The bookshelves are also of carved oak, each division wreathed with a pattern of *or molu*, and containing works, no doubt, of value, within, and of prodigious finery without, being each and severally, in their accoutrements, dandies of the first order. The room was ranged with bronze busts of the first quality, whilst, in illustration of the sentiment which reigned over this literary Elysium, Voltaire played a conspicuous part

among the mighty dead. I almost fancied in the speaking resemblance of him, a more than usual sneer, as if he wondered to find himself in company with Literature in her full dress, and surrounded with exuberance of tasteful display, which had made Ferney appear as a desert in comparison. Much would this gifted personification of Milton's Sin have wondered, could he have been alive to analyse the contents of even one richly laden table in that apartment;—the little water-bowl—I am not conversant with technical terms—of Sevre china—*parmé*, as the French would say, with flowers, of tints scarcely inferior to the matchless hues of nature;—the curiously wrought inkstand—even the carved paper-cutter, and the various devices to shorten labour and display ingenuity, would have impressed the witty Frenchman with a notion that those dames, the *Belles Lettres*, here repose on beds of roses, and confer their favours only when they are met with all “appliances and means to boot.”

I may be wrong in my calculations—but it seems to me that what is effectually called inspiration, that is to say, ardour in literary pursuits, guided by good taste, is not to be found in hotbeds of luxury, where the mind must necessarily be distracted by diverting objects, from its great purpose. True, will the advocate of refinement say, but it is a fact that Haydn never composed but in full dress, and with a certain diamond ring on his finger, and may not the same peculiarity attach to other mortals? But I contend, that an undue estimation of externals, although excused by the example of many eminent men, either proves a weak mind, or renders it so. Go to the humble bench at Shottery, where Shakspeare wooed his Anne Hathaway, and, in the chastening simplicity of that scene, wonder not that brighter muses than that village maid, shed light and glory over his path. Reflect on the simplicity which characterizes all *truly* great minds, and which in them, even in the highest stations, and in the most voluptuous courts, triumphs over the seductions of luxury. Decoration and display are the propensities of vulgar minds, and whether they be found in the brass-garnished villa of a Birmingham manufacturer, in the cottage *ornée* of a London citizen, “redolent of joy” and heat from Cheapside, or, in the Macadamized region of May-Fair, among the admired of all beholders, are at once equally obnoxious to real refinement, and allied to that grossest of all worldly spirits, ostentation.

From the Athenæum.

SOME REMARKS ON THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF SHAKSPEARE, AND ON THE TRADITIONS OF HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

Professor Porson's opinion of Shakspeare was, that of all writers, ancient or modern, *Museum*.—Vol. XIX.

there was not one whose genius was to be compared to his, except, perhaps, Homer—of whom, when and where he was born, or whether he was the sole author of the immortal poems attributed to him, are still points of controversy. Of Shakspeare, who lived at an interval of nearly three thousand years, it is remarkable that of his personal history almost as little is known.

Rowe, his first biographer, says the character of Shakspeare is best seen in his writings. This is true of his genius; but his individual character, or even the bias of his mind to particular opinions, will be there sought for in vain; and none have been transmitted to us by his contemporaries, except scanty generalities by Ben Jonson, and individual remarks by Hemminge and Cordall, in the preface to their edition of his Plays.

John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, is variously represented: whether he was a glover, a butcher, or a dealer in wool, or all by turns, is very doubtful; and whether he was a ruined tradesman in the year 1586, and so destitute that, when a distress issued to seize his goods, he had no goods to seize, seems not to be more certain, although apparently supported upon documentary evidence. One fact, not sufficiently noticed, clouds this statement with suspicion: he died in the year 1601, and in 1596 he memorialized the Earl Marshal for a grant of arms, and had the grant allowed in 1599, when the fees of office were then, as to the relative value of money, the same as they are now, and could not have been obtained at a less expense than what would be an equivalent to fifty pounds of our money, exclusive of the present stamp-duty. On the coat of arms itself, as regards the respectability of Mr. John Shakspeare, it is also to be remarked that he had a motto assigned to him, *Non sanz droict*, in old French, and a falcon displayed for a crest, which, in the reign of Elizabeth, indicated some rank as a gentleman. I pass over the statement in the memorial in the Herald's College, that his great-grandfather, for his faithful and approved service to Henry VII., was rewarded with a grant of lands and tenements; as those who contend for the inferiority of his birth and station, consider that as a mere fiction of office; which is rejecting written and contemporaneous testimony for conjecture beyond the ordinary bounds of credence.

All the facts known of Shakspeare, from contemporary authority, are—“He was honest, and of an open and free nature, and an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions;”^{*} and “that his mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that he scarce ever made a blot in his papers.”[†] This is all we

* Ben Jonson's “Discoveries.”

† Preface to the first folio edition of Shakspeare's Plays. 1623.

know of his personal history, except what can be gleaned from parish registers.

He was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, April 23, 1564, and married a farmer's daughter, whose name was Anne Hathaway, when he was little more than eighteen years old, and had three children, two daughters and a son. He left Stratford and went to London, where he became a player, and wrote for the stage; and, after acquiring a small independence, he retired to Stratford, and died there in 1616, on the 23d of April, the anniversary of his birth.

Of his three children, his two youngest, a son and a daughter, were twins: the son died in his youth. The eldest daughter, whose name was Susanna, married a Dr. Hall, and died in 1649, leaving one daughter, born in February, 1608. His youngest daughter, Judith, married a Mr. Quiney, by whom she had three sons, all of whom died before their mother, leaving no issue. She died in 1662. The only daughter of Mrs. Susanna Hall, whose name was Elizabeth, was twice married, first to a person of the name of Nashe, and after his death, to a Sir John Barnard, but left no issue by either husband; and upon her death, which happened in February, 1670, Shakspeare's descendants became extinct.

All these persons, together with Mrs. Hart, Shakspeare's sister, who lived thirty years after him, were capable of giving some details of his individual habits and character, but not one word is recorded on their authority; and Rowe, who first wrote his life at nearly a century after his death, has quoted none of them for any of his facts. Betterton, who was born nineteen years after Shakspeare's death, is referred to by him as the authority "for the most considerable of the passages relating to his life." But we have no evidence that Betterton ever received any account of him from his descendants; on the contrary, the probability is that he never did, or Rowe would have stated that fact, to give weight and authenticity to vague and improbable tales. Betterton appears to have been the Garrick of his day, and doubtless heard the current stories of his time; but story-telling, and even conversation, as my Lord Coke says, is slippery and uncertain, and no reliance can be placed on such authority. The stories of deer-stealing, and of his leaving Stratford to avoid a criminal prosecution, or persecution, (for it is doubtful which) or of his holding horses at the door of the theatre for subsistence, if not mere fables, are unworthy of credit.

A controversy has been sustained among literary men, whether Ben Jonson was unenvious of Shakspeare's superior genius: Malone says "he persecuted his memory with clumsy sarcasm and restless malignity;" while Mr. Gifford contends that he was wholly without envy; and facts are adduced to support their respective opinions. This,

however, seems to be clear on Ben Jonson's own showing, that the players had a greater admiration of Shakspeare than he had, and that they thought him not entirely free from a disposition to undervalue his genius; for when he said he wished Shakspeare had blotted a thousand lines, Ben Jonson says, "they thought it a malevolent speech." And when he relates a ridiculous observation of Shakspeare's, he says, "There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned;" which betrays a frigid feeling. And his recording, for the information of posterity, that he had small Latin, and less Greek, seems not to bespeak that warmth which professes "to honour his memory as much as any on this side idolatry."

R. D.

From the Metropolitan.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Here is a day! an English day in February!—rain, snow, wind—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each!—Horrible climate!—Wretched beings who are heirs to it!—Lapland is a perpetual Paradise to it—Siberia an eternal summer! . . . Why should I stay here and die? for die I must—Who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say that they do *live* in such a country? They don't; and they know they don't.—It is not life, nor is it death—it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no term to express. But I see the horrid distinction too palpably, and sink, sink hourly under the knowledge!

"I'll go out.—I cannot catch more than fifty entirely English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without.—Yes, I'll go out; for I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, who pretends to cheerfulness—the impostor!—Cheerfulness in the city!—Preposterous lie!—and comes here grinning, chuckling, and erowing out his good-humour, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man!—That Johnson, too, threatened he would call—Heaven avert such an infliction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French poodle, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma!—And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—poet, pah!—That's a puppy—one of the sore-throat-catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neck-cloth incompatible! He'll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if he was apostrophising the nursery-maid over the way. Thank heaven, I hate every affectation most heartily!—

"I must go out; for, only listen a moment to those Miss Thompsons, next door, beating

Rossini to death with wires!—and he deserves the martyrdom;—that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of this country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century. And there's that Betty, below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell (*Domestic Cookery*, p. 18), that "Maida should be hung up for one day at least." If I stay at home, I shall be bored again with that rhubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings, he means, in fewer seconds; and looking at my tongue—What's my tongue to him, the quack!—as Figaro sings, "Let him look to his own."

'Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in.—More wind!—There's a gust! A Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it!—More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a country! what a clime!—Good heavens! there's a gust!—Ha! ha! ha! the chimney-pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11!—and the fox which surmounted the chimney at No. 9, is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8!—Whew!—well-flown pigeon!—well-run fox!—Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping-stones!—That slow gentleman with the umbrella!—the whole is about his head!—down he goes!—he is killed!—Murder!—no, up he gets again!—away goes his umbrella!—and now his hat!—a steeple-chase is sedentary to his pursuit!—they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella, and gentleman!—two to one on the hat!—no takers?—O lachrymose laughter! melancholy mirth! . . .

'Mrs. Fondleman, if any thing should happen to me in my absence—Why do you smile, Madam?—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter.'

'La, Sir! are you out of your senses?'

'Suppose I am, Madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birth-right to be so, if I choose?—Not a word more, but give me my parabolous, cloak, and umbrella, and let me go, for go I will. . . . It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when Nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has rendered us. . . . Fish! pah! poh! rain, sleet, and snow. Merry England!—but no matter—out I will go. No, I will not have a coach—a hearse would be more german to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me, Madam, I am determined. . . .

'Well, here I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel-house of cheer-

fulness!—What a walk I have had! Walk? wade, I should have said. And what a frightful series of faces I have met all along the road!—and all, I am happy to say, to all appearance as miserable and unhappy as myself—all climate-struck, winter-wretched, English-happy! . . . But I am wet, weary, and hungry—where shall I dry myself?—where dine myself? Psha! what is the use of drying or dining either? *Tedet me vita!* . . .

'What have we here? "The Marlborough Head." Another glorious cut-throat's fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land and three amphibious!—I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads hung out for signs? Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out-of-door honours with the Blue Boars and Red Lions of less naval and military publicans. "Horses taken into bait"—aye, and asses too—I'll enter . . . Curse the bell-rope!—woven of cobweb, I suppose, that it may be added as another item to the bill. Waiter!

[Enter Boots.] "Zur."

"What a brute! in a smock-frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling his halfpence—a head like a hedgehog—a mere mandrake in top-boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury-plain of cheek; the entire being a personification of that elegant compound word *char-bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one!—Have you any thing to eat?"

"Zur?"

'Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master.'

'Ize noa measter, Zur.'

'What have you then? who is your keeper?'

"Missuz."

'Well, send in the Sycorax. What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me into!—fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils!—dark, dismal, black-wainscotted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what matter!—can it be more dreary than my mind? No. Then here will I take "mine ease in mine inn." . . . Curses on that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its look to hint that it could sustain the weight of the wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it; how busy it is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity!—Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares at me like the eye of an Ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my tread; and the cricket shrills under the hearth-stone!—and that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age!—how the plush-coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy-bush metamorphosed into a wig!—I cannot bear this!—Waiter! waiter!—[Enter the Landlady.]—What, in the name of all that is monu-

mental, have we here? The Whole Duty of Man, in one volume, *tall copy—neat*. I never beheld such a woman till now!—six feet two, I should think, in her slippers!—Respected be the memory of the late landlord of the Marlborough Head! If he subdued such an Eve as this, he was a greater conqueror than him whose sign he once lived under.

"What is your pleasure, Sir?" curtesying respectfully.

(I stand up—and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist.) "Mrs. — Mrs. —"

"Furlong, Sir, at your command."

"Furlong!—mile, exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and, pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!"

"Certainly, Sir." (I follow like a minnow in the wake of a leviathan!)

Aye, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [*Exit Landlady.*] I have an antipathy to tall women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; and as a lover of the picturesque, I shall patronise her. Now, if I was not sick of this working-day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for about one-half of Mrs. Furlong, twenty *poles* or so. She has blue eyes—fair hair—a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome, and somewhat of the lady in her widow's weeds: 'Fore heaven! I've seen worse women!—Then her voice is soft and low—"an excellent thing in woman." And this is a snug inn too;—a comfortable room this—carpeted, clean, and cosy—a view of watery Venice, in oil, over the fire-place, and Before Marriage and After Marriage, in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides, as they should be. . . . Ha! the chops already!—and very nice they look!—a shalot too!—Really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart—no very impregnable fortress—are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry. . . . Ha! this looks well—pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, madam."

"Sir, you are very good."

"Quite the contrary.—A good-sized husband to you!" (Mrs. Furlong smiles, shows a very good set of teeth, and curtsies.)

"Ah, Sir, you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health, Sir—for you do not look very well."

'She has spoken this with such a pitying tenderness of tone, that it has gone through my heart, and would, had it been iron!—What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken, and an unusual moisture come into my eyes? One touching word of sympathy?—Am I then again accessible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections—pity and human kindness? Yes—then I live again!—Oh! honey in the mouth,

music to the ear, a cordial to the heart, is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man! Mrs. Furlong is called away, and I am spared from making a fool of myself in her presence. Ah, Mary, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings; but for some of these thou *must* answer!—Thou wert my first hope and earliest disappointment! What I am thy little faith has made me; what I should have been—but no matter—I feel how desolate a wretch I am, how changed from all I was and ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee! Behold me here, a broken-spirited man with furrowing cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes, and agony at my heart! Behold me an unsocial man, suspected by the world and suspecting the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it, and would have benefited it! But I have done with it now—I loathe it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature—uncharitable in thought, if not in speech—unforgetful of slight offences—revengeful of deep ones—jealous of looks—watchful of words?—I that was gentle, tender of others, to myself severe; forgiving, incapable of anger, open-minded, suspicionless!—But why should I anatomise myself? I give my heart to the vultures among men—let them glut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite!"

"Did you call, Sir?"

"No, Madam; but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy thought."

"A melancholy thought!—Lud, Sir, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy!—Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the most cheerful of us; but to the over-anxious, and those who groan under its cares, death were happier than such life!—The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day,—Sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself as to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again."

"And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Dodsley in dimity?—*Nunc dimittis*, then, be my ditty! Pardon my expressions, Madam—the insolence of humbled pride. I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Furlong—have, apparently, right views of life; now tell me,—what is the end of it?"

"Death, I should think, Sir."

"A pertinent answer, Madam; but you are on the wrong premises."

"I am on my own."

"Indeed—I am happy to hear it; and if I was a widow-watcher, I should make a note of that fact. I meant, Madam,—what is the design, the intention, the moving motive of life?"

"Happiness here and in another and a better world."

"Yes, Madam; but our happiness here—what an uncertain good it is—a hope never in our own hands, but always in those of others! And what do they merit, who, entrusted with so precious a trust for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?"

"The same unhappiness at the hands of others."

"What if you would not, if you might, whiten one hair of their heads with sorrow who have silvered the whole of yours—what do they merit?"

"They do not merit so much mercy."—
(She leaves the room.)

"A negro has a soul, your honour!" said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. "My uncle Toby ran through in his memory all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the Christian conclusion,—that a negro had a soul. And why not an innkeeper—especially if a woman?—My prejudice is to let against that abused class of hosts and hostesses: to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only of the Bath road: they may not require souls, as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman "with a tall man's height," humbly stationed beside one of the highways of life—and stunned and distracted with the stir and bustle of the goers to and comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity, in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun shut up from the world in a convent! There is *indeed* a soul of goodness in things evil!—an inborn grace which the world cannot give, and cannot take away!—Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, so much safer placed to preserve their freshness and native worth, have altogether lost and live without?—One half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an ill name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the tone of his depravity with a due sense of its decorum—its keeping, and colour, and costume.—When will the world learn better? Oh thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought—Prejudice,—grow not in any path of mine, for I will trample thee down to the earth which thou disgracest and must defile!—But "Thinking is an idle waste of thought." Waiter."

"Zur."

"What, Cyclops again! But that's a prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house?"

"Missus have, I daur to say, Zur."

"Bring it then, my good fellow. A change

of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers."

"Here be one, Zur."

"Aye, this will do—nothing so well. Joseph Andrews! Good, good! Blessings be on thee, inimitable Fielding!—for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, and many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be fathoms five in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye!—World, I bid you good den!—for here will I forget you as you are, and re-peruse you as you were. . . Ah! I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious yet very happy boy,—any book was a treasure, but a stolen perusal of one like this was a pleasure beyond all price and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred:—mistaken zeal! If discovered in my hands it was snatched away; and if it escaped the fiery ordeal it was well. But who shall control the strong desires of youth!—I remember, too, the candle secretly purchased out of my limited penny of pocket-money; the early stealing to bed; the stealthy lighting of the "flaming minister" to my midnight vigil; the unseen and undisturbed reading of this very book deep into the hours of night; and the late waking and pallid look, the effects of my untimely watching. I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor Parson Adams, the thin wainscot betrayed me: I remember, ere I had breathed thrice, the sound of a stealing foot heard approaching my bed-room door—the light out in an instant—the book thrust deep down under the bed-clothes, and how I was heard snoring so somnolently, that I should have deceived Somnus himself."

"Ecod, you did'um capital!"

"Eh? what!—what have you been eaves-dropping at my elbow all this time, you Titus Oates of a traitor?"

"Yeez, Zur—you didn't tell I to go."

"Go, bring in candles and a pint of sherry—let down the blinds—heap the fire—and don't disturb me till I disturb you."

"Yeez, Zur. . . ."

"Vanish, then, good bottle imp!—And now for Joseph Andrews."

"Capital! excellent! inimitable and immortal Fielding! and thy bones lie unhonoured in an alien's grave, and not a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and delighter of mankind!—Well, there is no accounting for the negligence of nations."

"Who knocks? Come in."

"Do you mean to sleep here to night, Sir?"

"Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse."

"I thought you did, as it is so late."

'So late! how late?'

'Eleven, Sir.'

'Impossible! Have I been reading so long?'

'It is very true, Sir.'

'And what kind of night is it?'

'Starry and frosty, and the moon is rising.'

'What in England? Then let me have my bill, for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon.'

'La, Sir, it is ten miles to town, and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!'

'How long did they stop him, Mrs. Furlong?'

'Long enough to rob him of his watch and ten pounds, I assure you.'

'Well, as I have no watch, and only five, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Tow-wouse, Madam—I could not be in better hands.'

'I am glad to see you so merry, Sir.'

'Merry, Madam! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me that I should look grave. I have learnt, since that I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile-stones; that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those communicative monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and four at night following supper; a severe one, by twenty ditto, in two portions or potions, washed down by three pints of sherry, and kept down by two mutton chops and shalots, and two volumes of Joseph Andrews,—a prescription of more virtue than all which have been written from old Paracelsus's days to Dr. Paris's.'

'Well, Sir, you certainly are not the gentleman you came in, and I am glad to see it. Here is your bill, and if you will run the risks of the road at this late hour, I can only wish you safe home, and a long continuance of your present good spirits.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Furlong, thank you! And if I come this way again, I shall certainly, as the poet says,

"Stop at the widow's to drink!"

So good night, Madam. Once more good night * * * Blessings be on every foot of Mrs. Furlong, that best of physicians; for SHE HAS CURED ME OF MYSELF!'

From the *Athenæum*.

JOANNA BAILLIE.*

JOANNA BAILLIE holds that rank amongst our elder modern authors, and her poetry is so connected with that reawakening of our literature which took place about the commencement of the present century, that whatever she writes, however slight, or however unequal to the works which made her fame,

has a peculiar claim to respectful attention. Of Joanna Baillie's intellectual strength, of her profound knowledge of the workings of passion, rendered more extraordinary by the placidity with which she herself delineates them—of Joanna Baillie's genius and language, which are both so essentially old-English, deep, sound, vigorous, unfeigned, and unadulterated—we are proud to express our admiration. It would afford a subject for a long and not uninteresting article, to point out the striking difference in the mind and writings of the literary women of thirty and forty years ago, and the literary women of the present time: those who have not perused their writings in connexion, will hardly believe how great is the difference;—what a commentary the perusal affords on the entire change that has obtained in habits, manners, feelings, education, tastes, and life! Amongst the elders—with Joanna Baillie at their head, as regards mind—the distinguishing features are nerve, simplicity, vigour, continuity, unambitious earnestness, and good English. We find also elaborate and skilfully-developed plots. Amongst our distinguished women of later date, we find accomplishment, grace, brilliancy, sentiment, scenery poetically sketched, and character actually handled; talent in all shapes and ways, but not so much that can claim the name of genius. There is nothing of what we have called continuity. Writing little but detached tales or novels, which, however clever, are only volumes of episodes, separate scenes, and striking characters, most of them unconnected with the main business of the book—it is as *sketchers*, whether for vivacity or pathos, nature or art; as *sketchers*, whether of the country, the town, or the heart, of life or of manners, that our gifted women are now chiefly distinguished. In the female poetry too of the present day, fascinating tenderness, brilliancy of fancy, and beauty of feeling, stand in the place of sustained loftiness of imagination, and compact artist-like diction. Our elder literary women were, in the spirit of their intellect, more essentially masculine; our younger ones are integrally feminine—women of fashionable as well as studious life, women generally, who not only write books but abound in elegant accomplishments.

We have not, and are not likely to have at present, another Mary Wolstencroft, (we merely speak of her as having exhibited grasp of mind,) another Mrs. Inchbald, another Mrs. Radcliffe—Joanna Baillie is their only representative; adding, to the power of mind which they possessed, that dignified play of fancy, that amplitude of calm, bold thought, and that "accomplishment of verse" which they possessed not. Modern imaginative literature in England owes much to her "Plays on the Passions;" perhaps more than to any other publication except "Percy's Reliques;" at all events, our greatest poets, who were

* The Nature and Dignity of Christ. By Joanna Baillie. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

young when her plays appeared, have nearly all borne testimony to the advantage and delight with which they perused them. With all this, the name of Joanna Baillie is not buzzed and blazoned about as very inferior names are; her works do not attain the honour of calf and gold in libraries where inferior works shine; poetical readers of strong sensibility and uncultivated taste do not dote upon "Basil," or quote from "Ethwald;" and we never, by any chance, saw a line of hers transcribed in an album! One or two of her Shaksperian snatches of song have been set to music; but, (to quote the words of an able critic,) "The celebrity of Joanna Baillie has been of a most peculiar nature; her fame has had about it a peculiar purity. It has been the unparticipated treasure of the world of taste and intellect." We know that with this illustrious authoress there is a noble carelessness of praise, partly consequent on her years, her standing in society, and her having simply written at the instigation of her own genius; obeying the voice from the shrine, and not the command of the outer-court worshippers: but still, we feel vexed to see women of later date, and, however gifted, every way inferior to Joanna Baillie, written about, and likenessed, and lithographed, before her—the senior and superior of all.

These casual remarks will prove that we appreciate Joanna Baillie; we can, therefore, with better grace express our regret that she has just published the little work, the name of which heads this notice. It is controversial, and controversy is best left to learned divines—certainly better left alone by ladies.

From the Athenæum.

HENRI GREGOIRE, LATE BISHOP OF BLOIS.

THIS distinguished ecclesiastic died on the 28th of May. He is known in this country chiefly by his admirable "Histoire des Sectes Religieuses;" but in his own by a long and active career, which placed him among the most celebrated men of his age. We learn from *Le Globe* that he was born in the year 1750, at Vetro, near Luneville. Having taken orders at an early age, he was appointed to the curacy of Embermenil, and, while exercising his pastoral functions in that retired situation, found leisure to cultivate his taste for literature and the sciences. The first fruits of his study were an "Eloge de la Poésie," for which he was rewarded with the prize granted by the Academy of Nancy, and some time after, an "Essai sur l'amélioration politique, physique, et morale des Juifs;" in which he advocated those principles of toleration which it was the object of his life to establish. It was impossible that a man like him, thus in love with freedom, as one of the best aids of religion and morality, and possessed

of ability to advocate it with success, should remain inactive amid the scenes which were now agitating France. Among the few ecclesiastics, therefore, who joined themselves to the Tiers-Etat, he appeared with the earliest, and was the first to take the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy. The earnestness and eloquence with which he expounded the reasons which induced him to pursue this course, and his known character for piety, gave immense weight to his example, and numbers of the clergy rendered a conscientious assent to his arguments. But he had committed, in the eye of the church at large, an offence never to be pardoned or forgotten, and he suffered the effects of its rancour up to the last moments of his life.

The high estimation, however, in which he was held by the constitutionalists, obtained him the signal honour of being elected, at the same time, to the bishoprics of La Sarthe and Loir-et-Cher. Circumstances induced him to choose the latter, and neither he nor his people had reason to repent the union thus formed between them. As the representative of the department in the *Assemblée Constituante*, he urgently insisted on the necessity of a "Déclaration des Devoirs," as well as a "Déclaration des Droits;" and in the celebrated nocturnal session of the 4th August, 1789, he as warmly argued in favour of the Jews and negroes, and on all those measures which he deemed necessary to the perfection of civil liberty. His feelings on these subjects carried him to the extreme of republicanism; and in one of his speeches on the suppression of royalty, he declared that the "history of kings was the martyrology of nations." True, however, to his principles as a Christian, as well as to those which he advocated as a patriot, he refused his assent to the execution of the unfortunate king, whose deposition he regarded as essential to the prosperity of his country. In every exercise of his public functions, whether in the Convention or in the Committee of Public Instruction, he preserved the same consistency between his love of freedom and his devotion to the faith, of which he was a humble and faithful teacher. It is for this, more than for his works, excellent as they are, that Gregoire deserves the homage both of the present and of future ages; and biography furnishes few, if any, passages more interesting than that which details his noble resistance to the fanatic or licentious worshippers of reason. When called upon to follow the example of Gobel, the weak and apostatizing Archbishop of Paris, he firmly answered, in full assembly, "A Catholic by conviction and in sentiment, and a priest by choice, I have been elected a bishop by the people; but it is neither of them nor of you that I hold my commission. I have consented to bear the mitre of episcopacy when it was surrounded with thorns; I was tormented to accept it: I am now tormented to agree to an

abdication which shall never be drawn from me. I act in conformity with the principles which are dear to me, and which I defy you to make me contradict. I have endeavoured to do good in my diocese; I remain a bishop that I may do so still. I demand religious freedom."

In 1801, after encountering considerable opposition from those who hated his piety, he was elected a member of the *Sénat Conservateur*, but his firm adherence to the republican principles which he had from the first espoused, rendered him obnoxious to the party then rising into power, and, with only two colleagues to support him, he opposed the establishment of the Imperial government, and stood forth singly and unaided, to resist the renewal of titles of nobility. Inspired by the same spirit, he protested against Napoleon's divorce, and on the return of the Bourbons, freely exhorted them to remember that their throne would only be tenable by their establishing a constitutional pact. But neither the emperor nor the restored family valued, as they ought, the wisdom and integrity of this excellent man. In 1819 he was chosen representative of the department of Isère, but means were taken to annul the election, and the last fifteen years of his life were spent in the pursuits in which both his learning and the natural habits of his mind enabled him to engage with certainty of success. His "History of Religious Sects," is replete with valuable information and useful remark; and it was the concluding volume of this admirable and extensive work which occupied the last moments of his active life. But though thus peaceably employed, and long retired as he had been from the world, his love of universal toleration, and his advocacy of freedom, were not forgotten by the less enlightened portion of his church. Anxious, as he found death approaching, to partake in the ordinances of religion, to which he had uniformly evinced the most steady attachment, he desired the curate of the parish to administer to him the last sacraments of the Roman church: but the archbishop of Paris sent to inform him that they could not be granted him unless he consented to retract his civic oath to the Constituent. This Gregoire refused to do; and the archbishop, at his death, denied the rites of sepulture to his remains. Happily for the honour of the French clergy, there are many of them who would blush to share in the notions of their primate. The civil authorities, therefore, having opened the church of the *Abbaye-au-Bois* to the funeral procession, four priests immediately performed the ceremony, and with a pathos and solemnity, it is said, which deeply moved the numerous persons present on the occasion. But for this act of piety they have since been all four excommunicated!

The best and most intelligent men of France speak with mingled respect and affec-

tion on the character of Gregoire. Lafayette visited, in his dying moments, this his old and consistent associate. His character and actions equally merit the admiration in which they are held by his countrymen, and we should rejoice to see his life written at full by some person qualified by learning and piety, as well as love of freedom, to do justice to such a subject.

From the *Edinburg Literary Journal*.

DEATH OF PETRONIUS ARBITER.

He died as he had lived; voluptuousness,
E'en at that hour, was trembling on his cheek;
The throbbing stream of life grew less and less,
As doth the morning dew when sunbeams break:

No groan, but sighs like those of burning love
Barely involuntarily heaved his breast,
And, like a dying zephyr in a grove
Of fragrant shrubs, he softly sunk to rest;
And Nymphs and Cupids wept because that he
Who loved them, and so sweetly sung their

praise,
Had fainted in the trance-like ecstasy
Of death, from which no one his head might
raise;

Venus on her immortal bosom bore
His spirit to the bow'rs beyond the Elysian
shore.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

THE LOVED ONE'S SLUMBER.

THE struggling beams of winter's sun

Were fading in the cloudy west,

While silently, beloved one,

I hung enamour'd o'er thy rest.

Faint, and more faint breathed forth the sighs,

Which told my heart the hopes of thine,

While dreamily those rebel eyes

Strove yet to turn and answer mine.

Vain strife! soon fading, ray by ray,

The wearied eyelids closed above,

And dark the shadowy lashes lay,

To curtain out thy looks of love;

Died on thy tongue, by slumber chained,

The music of thy voice's tone,

And languidly thy hand remain'd,

Unpress'd, unpressing, in mine own.

I watch'd, I bless'd thee; but my name

No longer forced those lips to part,

And slow the measured breathings came

From that so lately throbbing heart;

Timid I bent—but fear'd to break

The charm that sooth'd thine early woes,

And would have kiss'd—yet dared not wake

The statue smile of thy repose.

Oh! how I loved thee then! to me,

What was there in the earth or sky—

In rushing stream or spreading tree—

In arbour's perfum'd canopy?

What was there in the wanton wing

Of Summer's incense-laden breeze—

What was there in the smile of Spring—

In all that wont my heart to please—

To match that wintry hour when light

(Too light to break thy sleep profound)

The sun shower floated, pure and white,

And mantled o'er the frozen ground:

Chill though the night-blast whistled round,
 Dark though the mists of evening fell,
 I only heard thy breathing sound,
 I only felt I loved thee well!
 And since that hour, hath never dream
 Of pleasure fill'd my eager breast
 (All joyous though my world may seem)
 Like that of watching o'er thy rest!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

PRESENT STATE OF EGYPT.*

THIS is the most recent, and by far the most satisfactory account we have seen of the present condition of Egypt, under the administration of its celebrated ruler, Mehemed Ali. The author is, or rather *was*, an intelligent, laborious, and, above all, an honest-minded French officer of artillery, who, having been brought up in the school of La Fere, entered the Imperial Guard as an officer, made some campaigns, was present at the *funerals* of Waterloo, as the editor quaintly styles that memorable defeat, and subsequently left the service, like many more, from a feeling of disappointment and wounded national pride. He then turned his eyes to foreign countries where he might seek his fortune, and the then growing reputation of Mehemed Ali decided his choice. He went to Egypt, was recommended to the Pacha by the French consul, M. Drovetti, and taken into his service as Director of the Staff Corps, and Chief Instructor of the Military College, which was then being formed. M. Planat remained in Egypt five years, till 1828, when he obtained leave to return to France for a short time, to see his friends and reneate his European ideas, with the view of returning to Egypt with new information which might be useful to his adopted country. A sudden illness, however, put an end to his career in the very prime of life: and his letters, written with all the frankness of friendly correspondence to Count de Laborde, have now been published in their original state. We like them all the better for this, notwithstanding a certain want of arrangement, owing to the writer having treated of subjects as they occurred to him at the moment, without any regard to priority of dates. The confusion arising from this deficiency we shall, however, endeavour to remove, so as to render the history of Mehemed Ali's administration intelligible to our readers. In the work, as it now stands, the account of the reforms effected in that country is intermixed with other matters, such as the wars against the Wahabees, the Nubians, and the Greeks so as to perplex the attention of the reader.

* *Histoire de la Regeneration de l'Egypte; Lettres écrites du Caire a M. le Comte Alexandre de Laborde, Membre de la Chambre des Deputes.* Par Jules Planat, ancien officier de l'artillerie de la Garde Imperiale, et chef d'etat-major au service du Viceroy d'Egypte. 8vo. Paris, 1830.

The establishment of the Nizam jedid or regularly organized force, by Sultan Selim, which cost that monarch his life, had left a deep impression on the mind of many an intelligent Turk, and among others on that of Mehemed Ali, Pacha of Egypt. The recollection of the French and English armies, and their campaigns in that country, was still fresh in the memory of the people, and Mehemed understood the advantage to be derived from discipline and tactics against hordes of irregular Asiatics. Mehemed had been successful, more through artifice than force, in ridding himself of the Mamelukes; he was now the peaceful possessor of Egypt, but he knew that the Porte watched him with a jealous eye. The latter had, by a stroke of its wonted policy, commissioned him to carry on the war in the Hedjaz, against the heretical Wahabees, who had profaned the sanctuaries of Mekka and Medina. Mehemed Ali accepted the commission, and retook the holy cities; but after this the war lingered on in the old Ottoman style, year after year, without any definitive success, until at last Tousoun Pacha, Mehemed's son, who commanded the army in Arabia, concluded a kind of truce with the Wahabee chieftain, Abdalla Saoud, during which both parties prepared themselves for a fresh struggle. It was about this time, July, 1815, that Mehemed Ali issued new regulations for the army, and enjoined the troops of Ismayl Pacha, his other son, to exercise after the European manner. The soldiers murmured, and called him Pacha of the Giaours, and the officers not being better disposed towards their new duties, a mutiny ensued. Mehemed, attended by Abdim Bey, took shelter in the citadel. Cairo was the scene of anarchy and plunder; and although the Viceroy succeeded in restoring order, it was with the understanding that the obnoxious regulations should be abandoned. Tousoun Pacha having just then returned to Egypt, where he died suddenly of the plague, Mehemed prepared a fresh expedition into Hedjaz, in September, 1816, which he entrusted to Ibrahim Pacha, whom M. Planat styles his *adoptee* son. The Albanian troops, who had, as usual, stood prominent in the recent mutiny, formed part of the force sent to Arabia on this occasion. Ibrahim carried on the war with spirit, though with great loss, until 1818, when he penetrated to Deraayah, the strong hold of the Wahabees, and took prisoner Abdalla Saoud, who was sent to Constantinople, where he was barbarously put to death. Ibrahim afterwards returned to Egypt, leaving the remainder of his army to protect Mekka, Medina, and Djedda.

Mehemed Ali now bethought himself of another expedition into Sennaar, where gold mines were reported to exist, and in which he might employ the greater part of his remaining irregular troops, who he saw would always be an obstacle to his favourite plan of

the Nizam. The army for Sennaar left Cairo in June, 1820, under the command of Ismayl Pacha. It consisted of about 4000 men, Turks and Arabs. They overran Dongola, met with a spirited opposition from the Sheygya Arabs, and at last penetrated into the country of Sennaar. M. Caillaud accompanied this expedition, and his narrative has been given in No. IV. of this Journal,* as well as an account of the disastrous events which followed, namely, the destruction of Ismayl Pacha and his suite, who were burnt to death by the Arabs of Shendy. At the news of this catastrophe, the Defterdar Bey, who had arrived from Egypt with reinforcements, and was then occupied in the conquest of Kordofan, a dependency of the kingdom of Darfoor, hastened down to Sennaar to assume the command of the army, and after taking a dreadful revenge for the death of Ismayl, he established himself by terror in the new conquests, where he remained till the year 1824, when he was relieved by the regular troops which had been formed in Egypt in the mean time. After the departure of the last body of irregulars under the Defterdar, Mehemed Ali ordered the formation of a camp for the instruction of the officers whom he destined for the command of the new levies. He began by sending his own Mamelukes or body guards and attendants, and those of the principal officers of the state. He engaged as instructor, Colonel Seve, formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, who had been recommended to him by M. Drovetti, the French Consul General. The camp was finally established at Assouan, on the furthest limits of Upper Egypt. That position was chosen in order to suit the constitutions of the blacks, who had been taken prisoners by the army of Sennaar, and who were now formed into regular battalions. To these were added, gradually, a number of fellahs or Egyptian Arabs, who either enlisted voluntarily, or were levied by the caches or chiefs of villages. A body of 4000 men was thus soon collected. Colonel Seve was assisted by several other French officers, who acted under his direction. The greatest difficulty was with the Turks or Mamelukes. Accustomed to a life of indolence and ease, these proud Osmanlees—seeing themselves obliged to give up their sumptuous dresses and their fine horses, to renounce the pleasures of Cairo, and to undergo hours of drilling on the sand in a sequestered corner on the borders of the desert—murmured loudly swore at the Christians, and threw down their heavy muskets. Seve swore at them some big French oaths in return. The Turks soon learned to repeat his oaths, without understanding their meaning; they laughed, and by degrees cast off their sulkiness.

Seve went through his difficult task with great judgment and perseverance. He stu-

died the different dispositions of his pupils; he talked to them in broken Turkish, laughed at their rich saddles and bridles, and told them how a handful of French infantry had defeated their numerous and brilliant Mameluke cavalry. With the more refractory he was strict and severe, knowing he was supported by the authority of the Viceroy. Once on the occasion of a platoon firing, a ball whistled past his ear. Without noticing this, "You are a set of awkward fellows," cried he—"prime and load again—present—fire!" No ball was heard to whistle this time. This trait of coolness and self-command, won him those proud hearts. They became more familiar, courted his company, and by degrees forgot their prejudices. Several of his grown-up pupils became really attached to him.

A French medical officer, Mr. Dussap, set up a military hospital. Another Frenchman organized the arsenal at Cairo, established a foundry for cannon, an armoury and other accessories. Saltpetre pits and gunpowder mills were also formed.

The camp of instruction was now removed northwards, nearer Cairo. This was effected gradually, out of consideration for the black recruits, who, coming from a latitude of 11 or 12°, would have felt the climate of Middle Egypt too cold for them. In 1823, the camp was established at Nekheli, near Syout. It was there that our author, lately arrived from France, saw Colonel Seve. He met there also the minister at war, Mohammed Bey, an intelligent old man. The latter questioned him about the news of Europe, and the occupation of Spain by the French army under the Duke of Angouleme. He seemed, however, to take but a very faint interest in all this. A Turk cannot understand the object of an invasion without the intention of permanent conquest. As for Seve, "he lived entirely after the oriental fashion; kept three women, natives of Abyssinia, by one of whom he had children; had fine horses, numerous domestics, and kept open table. He thus spent all the handsome salary the Viceroy allowed him."—p. 34.

Ibrahim Pacha, although nominally at the head of the army, was undergoing his exercise like the rest, acquiring the theory of field manœuvres, and giving to all the example of discipline and subordination. The character of this chief is described to be stern and impetuous, though easily appeased, brave and persevering, regardless of obstacles, and not without occasional sparks of generosity and high-mindedness. Short and thickset, his appearance has nothing agreeable; he looks a hardy and rude soldier.

At the end of 1823, the new Egyptian army already consisted of six regiments of five battalions, at 800 men for each battalion. The organization of the battalions was modelled after that of the French army. The regiments were numbered, and received their co-

lours of white silk, with verses of the Koran in gold, and the cypher of Mehemed Ali. The soldiers wore jackets of red stuff, with trowsers very full as far as the calf of the leg, then fitting close down to the ankle; a leather strap round the waist, and a cap instead of the turban. The arms and accoutrements were of French manufacture. About the same time the first field manœuvres took place in the presence of the Viceroy, of the French and English Consul Generals, and of other strangers. Colonel Seve had laid down the plan and order of the manœuvres, and Ibrahim Pacha commanded the execution, which went off to the general satisfaction, and to the great exultation of the Viceroy, who received the compliments of his European guests.

The time had now arrived for trying this newly created army, which had cost so much pains, and see how it would behave in actual service. On the 5th January, 1824, the first regiment, 4000 strong, marched from the camp on the route to Sennaar, to relieve the irregulars of the Defterdar. These troops halted at Assouan, where their colonel, Osman Bey, joined them at the end of February. Just as the regiment was going to advance beyond the Cataracts, a formidable insurrection broke out in their rear. A sheik, who had the reputation of being a prophet, was at the head of the movement: 30,000 fellahs, or peasants, had assembled in the neighbourhood of Esne, giving out that Mehemed Ali was dead, and from Esne to Thebes, the whole country was in revolt. Osman Bey, leaving the fifth battalion at Assouan, marched with the other four back to Esne; but the spirit of revolt spread among his men, and 700 of them deserted. This was a most critical moment, on which the fate of the new institutions, nay, even of Egypt itself, depended. Osman Bey assembled his troops, made them take the oath of fidelity, and having secured his position at Esne and relieved the irregular cavalry, which had been surrounded by the insurgents, he sent messengers to the Viceroy to inform him of the state of affairs. Meantime a conspiracy had been hatched in the fifth battalion, left at Assouan, the object of which was to murder their officers and join the rebels. It was discovered in time; the soldiers were turned out without their arms, and, being questioned by the officers, denounced the leaders of the plot, who were immediately confined. The battalion then returned to its duty, and even attacked a convoy of boats manned by their own comrades, who were descending the Nile to join the rebels. This attack took place at the island of Philæ; the convoy was burnt, and most of the mutineers lost their lives. After this, the fifth battalion marched back to Esne, to join the head-quarters of the regiment. Meantime the Viceroy had sent two more battalions from the camp to attack the insurgents, while Os-

man Bey and the cavalry were fighting them on the other side. The peasants were cut to pieces by the regulars; 7,000 of them remained on the field, many were taken prisoners, and the rest dispersed. The Viceroy had given orders to execute, without appeal, all soldiers found among the rebels: forty-five of them were shot on the banks of the Nile. Order being restored, the first regiment resumed its march in the month of June for Sennaar.

Osman Bey, following the course of the Nile, arrived at Dongola, and from thence, in September, at Cartoom, at the confluence of the White and Blue Rivers, where he established his head-quarters and built barracks: by degrees, the place became the centre of the commerce with Abyssinia and other parts of the interior. He sent two battalions into Kordofan, as far as the frontiers of Darfoor. The Defterdar being thus relieved, he returned into Egypt with his irregulars, the greater part of whom being Albanians, were sent off to the island of Candia.

Another regiment, the second, commanded by Mohamed Bey, was sent, about the same time, and on a similar errand, into Hedjaz. They embarked at Kossier for Djedda. Achmet, Pacha of Djedda, under the authority of the Viceroy of Egypt, joined the expedition with some irregular cavalry, and provisions for forty days. The army marched in the latter end of 1824, and after halting a fortnight at Mekka, moved forward into the interior, first in an eastern direction, over the steep Jibel Cara to Raifa, which is represented as a fertile country, abounding in provisions. The line of march then inclined to the south-east, until they came, in another fortnight, to the village of Bakra, about 150 leagues from Djedda. From thence the army marched direct south, and on the 25th day's march from Mekka, they first spied out the Wahabees crowning the hills of Macheit. Their number might be from 10 to 12,000. The Egyptian army consisted of 5,000 regular infantry, some irregular cavalry, and several field-pieces. It seems that the Wahabees had heard of the arrival of the new troops from the Mekka travellers who traded with the interior, and had watched from their hiding-places some detachments of the advanced guard. Having been accustomed, in their former wars with the Osmanlees, to the sight of a superb cavalry, richly dressed and caparisoned, and shining with arms of every sort, they conceived but a poor idea of these humble infantry soldiers, marching quietly in files, dressed in coarse red stuff, and with a *long nail*, as they called it, at the end of their muskets. They rushed down, therefore, from their position, thinking of surrounding the Egyptians, who poured upon them a well-directed fire from both ranks. Surprised and daunted by the thick shower of balls which continued to fall upon them, the Wahabees

ran back to their hills, pursued by the grenadiers and light companies, who hunted them through their fastnesses, and obliged them at last to abandon their position and retire precipitately into the interior towards Hedjile, where it was impossible for the Egyptians, encumbered as they were with baggage, to attempt to follow them. This was the first action fought by the Egyptian Nizam, or regulars. When the news reached Cairo, Mehemed Ali bounced from his divan with joy. The Colonel, Mohamed Bey, behaved gallantly on this occasion; he was, however, assisted by the French Captain Daumergue, one of the instructors, who had followed the expedition.

The Wahabees now learnt better to appreciate the new levies, and a war of outposts was carried on, in which prisoners being taken on both sides, the two armies became better acquainted with each other's strength. Another sharp engagement took place at Mehala, about two days' journey west of Macheit, where a body of Wahabees intrenched in a village were driven out of it by the infantry, and might have been all taken, had the cavalry charged in time. Mr. Vigoureux, another French instructor, repeatedly urged the commanding officer to execute a charge, but in vain. The Wahabees lost, however, about 1,500 men on the field, and the Egyptians also sustained a considerable loss. It is recorded, in honour to the former, that their chief offered a double reward to those of his men who should bring in a prisoner alive, while Achmet, Pacha of Djedda, in the old Turkish spirit, gave merely a price for each head brought to the camp. At last the Egyptian army, having dispersed the Wahabees, returned towards the coast of the Red Sea, and encamped at Konfudah, lat. 19 degrees. Thence they marched again to the south along the sea-coast to Hachache, near Cape Djezan, whence they struck eastward into Yemen, and at last returned to Djedda, where they encamped, and from whence the regiment returned to Egypt, being relieved by the ninth regiment, in November, 1826, having lost in two years 1400 men upon a strength of 4,800, partly by the enemy and partly by disease. The regiment was well received by the Viceroy, who bestowed promotions on all the ranks. The men received a silver medal, and the privilege of wearing round their heads the small silk shawl striped green and yellow, worn by the Wahabees, with the ends hanging out from beneath their caps. This distinguishes the second regiment from the rest of the army. Mehemed Ali entrusted them also with the garrison of Cairo, "where," observes our author, "military posts are established, and guard-duty is performed the same as at Paris. The city is perfectly safe by night as well as day. Every serjeant is a sort of petty magistrate in police matters, and performs the duties of this new office with justice, tempered with mildness."

We must now retrace our steps, in order to observe the progress of Mehemed Ali's Egyptian administration, which we have lost sight of awhile, in order to follow his newly-created troops into distant regions. The Porte had been for some time urging the Viceroy to send his contingent to the war against the Greeks, and Mehemed Ali felt that he could no longer elude the orders of the Sultan consistently with his professions of allegiance. In the spring of 1824, he ordered, therefore, his four remaining regiments, 16,000 men in all, to prepare for embarkation, taking care, however, to direct the formation of three more regiments out of the depots of the former and the numerous recruits that flocked to the camp. About this time Colonel Seve formally embraced Islamism, and assumed the name and title of Solymen Bey, and the command of the 6th regiment, one of those destined for the Morea. As this occurrence made some sensation at the time in Christian Europe, it being the only recent instance of a Christian officer having publicly apostatized, we shall give the circumstances of the case from the narrative of our author, who was then on the spot.

Seve had completed his task; an army of 24,000 men was formed chiefly through his exertions. The Viceroy had assured him of his protection and of an independence for life, but rank in his army it was out of his power to give him; he could not place a Christian officer in command over Osmanlees. He had given him at one time the temporary command of a battalion of blacks, but it was under the plea of instructing them, and even this had caused strong murmurs. In point of fact, Seve was only a *talangi* (instructor) attached to the army, but in a civil capacity; but, as he was a most valuable officer, he was given to understand that if he would but go through the formality of becoming a Mussulman, he should immediately be made a Bey, and have the actual command of a regiment of 4,000 men, with handsome appointments, and a new career would thus open before him. Seve was ambitious; he was thirty-six years of age; fancying he had nothing more to expect in Europe, he took the awful and irretrievable step: in June, 1824, he made profession of Islamism, and went through the necessary rites. We can hardly trust ourselves with any reflections on this painful subject. The attempt at an apology by M. Planat, dictated, we doubt not, by kind feelings towards a countryman and brother officer, is weak indeed; it reduces itself to this—that Seve was already a mere nominal Christian, one of that numerous class, particularly numerous in his age and country, who are quite indifferent about religious belief, and are satisfied with the easy admission of a Supreme Being, and, M. Planat adds, "of a future life." But, we would ask, what can be the object of a future life, unless it be to award us punishment or reward, ac-

cording to our deserts? Our indulgent casuist observes that "religion does not consist in the rites and ceremonies of an outward form of worship." But is there nothing else that distinguishes Christianity from Mahomedanism besides rites and outward forms? Are there no positive dogmas, no imperious duties which draw an impassable line between the Koran and the Gospel? "In the Koran," says M. Planat, "we find, *leaving apart the Prophet, however, (!) the same God, Creator, and Ruler of the Universe, just and merciful*; therefore, M. Seve, in changing his religious practices, did not change his God." Alas! such is the logic, such are the arguments which, we say it not in scorn but in sorrow, too often pass current among our neighbours on the other side of the channel.

One of the most remarkable characters in Egypt, next to the Viceroy himself, is the Major General Osman Bey Nouredin. He was sent in early youth to Europe by Mehemmed Ali, to finish his education; he spent several years in France and Italy, learned the languages of those countries, and made himself acquainted with European literature. On his return to Egypt he translated into Turkish the French army regulations and manuals of exercise and manœuvres, which were adopted by the new troops. In 1821, he founded the elementary school of arts and sciences of Caser-el-ain, at Cairo, where about six hundred boys, Turks and Arabs, under 18 years of age, are taught Turkish, Arabic, and Italian, drawing, arithmetic and geometry, and the infantry exercise. From this school the pupils proceed to the higher schools or into the civil administrations.

In May, 1825, a military college was instituted for the instruction of officers in the scientific branches of their profession. A general staff corps was appointed at the same time, and Osman Bey was placed at the head of it with the rank of Major General. Our author, M. Planat, was engaged as director, or chief instructor, in the college, having other French and Italian professors under him. The students were taken from among the colonels, adjutants, and captains. The course of studies consisted of arithmetic, geometry, and drawing, the French language, the theory of infantry movements, and the study and practice of artillery, fortifications, topography, and ground surveying. The difficulties at first were considerable, the Turks being haughty and unmanageable; as the technical words were not to be found in the Turkish language, Osman Bey composed them with the assistance of the Arabic. As figure drawing was repugnant to their religious ideas, Osman Bey used a stratagem; he left on the school table a volume of Lavater's Physiognomy; the students looked at the plates and wondered, and began to ask questions like boys, such as why this head had only one eye? Then one of them was

made to stand in the same position, &c. Thus, by degrees, they became interested, and of them one day ventured to draw a head; his companions feared he had committed himself; but the Major General praised the attempt; the rest imitated the example, and a regular school of drawing was at last formed, though this branch of instruction was not officially included in the course.

The camp of instruction, with the college and staff, was now established near the village of Kangha, about four leagues north of Cairo, on the road to Syria, and on the verge of the desert. It is a plain of a firm sandy soil, above the level of the inundations of the Nile, and the climate is dry and healthy, though exposed to the *kamsin*, or hot south wind which carries with it clouds of fine dust. A depot (*nakhilê*) was also formed, as a sort of preparatory school for officers of infantry, in which 500 young men are organized into a battalion, and hence are promoted to commissions in the regular regiments as vacancies occur.

All these establishments and their accessories have by degrees given rise to the village of Dgiand Abad, which looks like a little European town in the rear of the camp. There are pretty houses with gardens, plantations of mulberry trees, wells supplied from the Nile by hydraulic machines, &c. At a distance of a mile and a half to the left of the camp, near the village of Abu-zabel, a large square building with an ample court in the middle was fixed upon as a military hospital. Dr. Clot, a French physician, was placed at the head of the medical department. He caused the old ruinous building to be pulled down and another built with the materials. Each side of the square contains eight dormitories, or wards, with forty beds each, and separated by wide corridors well aired. The building has no upper story, and the floor is raised four feet above the ground, which is very dry. In the middle of the spacious court are the dispensary, the baths, the kitchen, and a school of anatomy and dissecting room. The last was a great stumbling block to Mussulmans, and it required all the doctor's perseverance, in which he was powerfully seconded by Mehemmed Ali, to carry the point. Religious prejudices were strong against the practice of dissection, and it has been thought prudent to keep it concealed from the people, every pupil binding himself by an oath not to divulge its secrets. One hundred young Arabs who had received some education (the Turks look down upon any pursuit which is not essentially military) were admitted as students, an uniform was given them, and after three years' practice they were eligible to the appointment of assistant surgeons in the army. The records of Arabian literature were ransacked to demonstrate that medicine was

once in high favour among the believers; Abou Sana, whom we call commonly Avicenna, was extolled as the greatest light of the science, the study of anatomy was shown to be absolutely necessary in order to know the mechanism of the human frame, and at last prejudice was overcome. Lecturers on pathology, on chemistry, pharmacy, and botany were appointed, besides which the young men attended at the beds of the sick, and the surgical operations. This is, perhaps, the most useful establishment in all Egypt, and may be considered as a wonderful novelty in a Turkish country. The chief physician has about 1000 francs per month; the assistants and professors, all Europeans, have about 300. Another hospital has since been formed at Alexandria. A council of health is established at Cairo, composed of the Viceroy's protomedico, the chief physician of Abuzabel, and two inspectors.

A commission of civil engineers for the superintendence of roads, bridges, and buildings, under the direction of M. Coste, has also been instituted with fifty pupils, many of whom have since completed their instructions. Some of these have compiled a *cadastre*, or new division of Egypt, in 16 departments, subdivided into districts and cantons, after the French model.

We must now pause, and give a general glance at all this creation effected by one man in the brief space of ten years. Those who have any idea of what Egypt was at the beginning of the present century,* a scene of anarchy, civil warfare, and barbarism, a country distracted between a lawless militia, and more lawless Osmanlee retainers of the Porte; those who know what the greater part of the vast Ottoman empire is even to this day, will be best able to appreciate the benefits of Mehemed Ali's administration. The regeneration of Egypt is far more complete than that which has been brought about by Sultan Mahmood in European Turkey, as the protected situation of the former country, and the character of its population are more favourable to the attempt. But here some misgivings force themselves upon our minds. Will these institutions of Mehemed Ali take root in the soil, or will they end with the now nearly spun-out thread of his useful life? The interest we take in Egyptian affairs must depend mainly upon the solution of the above question, for if the whole structure is again to crumble into the dust in a few years, and the chaos of old Ottoman misrule to resume its sway, then the pageant is not worthy of arresting our attention. Is there any thing so radically vicious in Mahomedan society as to prevent justice, order,

humanity, and education from ever growing and thriving in it? Our author gives no opinion on the subject, but he points out an essential defect in the foundations of the new system. There are two castes, or rather races, in Egypt, the Osmanlees and the Arabs, or Fellahs, cultivators of the soil; the former are the masters, they constitute the government, they furnish the officers, civil and military; the latter are subjects, little better than slaves. From both these the new system has dangers to apprehend.

"The Turks," says M. Planat, "have a certain outward show of politeness mixed with dignity. They are hospitable, tolerant and good humoured, provided you do not talk to them about books and methods; grave and close in matters of business, but noisy in their amusements and extremely capricious; you must either do and talk as they do, or avoid them. Those who have arrived at middle age without having partaken of modern information, are very tenacious of their opinions; the least contradiction irritates them, their habit of commanding slaves cannot be rooted out of them; they are not, however, deficient in intelligence, but their indolence and effeminate mode of living have almost incapacitated them for mental exertion. The demonstrations they have now witnessed with their own eyes of the superior science of Europeans, have made them sensible of the emptiness of their former ignorant contempt of Christians; they feel that all their boasting, their fine horses and trappings, their shining Damascus blades, even their personal bravery, for brave they unquestionably are when roused, are insufficient to keep their ground among other nations. But it is a grievous mortification at forty years and upwards to have to begin a new life full of difficulty and labour, to submit, like boys, to a severe discipline, to give up cherished illusions, to renounce the incense of flattery, and cast off habits of long-assumed, and till now unquestioned superiority. What! submit to the same laws and regulations as their slaves! Such being the pupils we had to form, we were rejoiced when, after a few weeks of instruction, in which a certain management and tact were required, we found some of them enter, as it were, a new sphere of ideas, a new chord of their minds had been struck, they felt emulation, they began to court the instructors and the books they had before loathed. I have been surprised at times at the rapidity of the change, and at the zeal of application which succeeded their former apathy."—p. 70, &c.

On the other hand, the mass of the subject people, with the exception of a few Copts in the cities, are of Arab descent, hardy, laborious, frugal, and persevering, quick at learning, accustomed for ages to obey, and yet disliking the Turks, their masters; they have been easily induced to submit to the new discipline, and make excellent soldiers; they are brave, agile, careless of privations, marching barefooted if necessary, sleeping on the ground; they have easily divested

* Ali Bey visited Egypt in 1807, and saw Mehemed Ali, and he gives a dismal account of the state of the country, the insubordination of the soldiery, and the weakness of the government.

themselves of old prejudices, which with them are not as with the Turks, united with the enjoyments of command and luxury. In their intercourse with the European officers, they exhibited none of the jealousy and pride of the Osmanlees. "The difference of religion," says M. Planat, "could hardly be said to draw a line between us and them. Why then," adds he, "not communicate the chief impulse of the reform to this nation?" For a very simple reason, we would venture to answer, because Mehemed Ali, his friends and councillors, are Osmanlees, and as such do not wish to expose their empire to the chances of a revolution. For this reason no Arab officer is raised at present above the rank of a lieutenant. "Then," observes M. Planat, "the system of regeneration is established on a false base;" not more so, we think, than any other plan of regeneration begun by masters, for the latter cannot be expected to cut their own throats in order to please theorists. Peter the Great did not begin by emancipating his serfs, and those of his nobility; had he done so there would have been an end of Russian reform. Our author afterwards recollects himself, observing "that the intention of the sovereign must be to effect regeneration by steps and gradations, whilst a fusion of the two races will probably take place in the mean time; these Turks" adds he, "seem to feel and understand, as if by instinct, that which in Europe is looked upon as a great secret of statesmanship." Were Egypt to be effectually detached from the Ottoman empire, and the Osmanlees not recruited from the Levant, we think their race would become extinct, and the Arabs would effect their independence. We have heard it stated as a remarkable fact, that the marriages of the Turks in Egypt are mostly barren.

We find M. Planat returning frequently to the subject of the Arabs. He appears to have been less of a theorist than many of his countrymen, and rather a sensible practical man, such as the better order of Napoleon's officers certainly were. Moreover, he seems to have had no preposterous ambition, no transcendent opinion of his own merits, but to have been satisfied with the kindness and hospitality he had experienced in a strange land, sincerely

attached to his superiors, and zealous for the improvement of that fine country which he had learned to consider as his own. That he was by no means deficient in warm feeling, we find a proof in the account he gives of the Egyptian mode of recruiting and its enormous abuses.

"At the epoch of the expedition to the Morea, the Viceroy ordered the formation of three more regiments to replace those that were sent away. Orders were given to the *cachefs*, or heads of villages, to furnish recruits; 12,000 men were wanted, and the number sent to the camp of Kangha was 48,000! of which 36,000 were, after the inspection, sent back to their homes, having thus lost, many of them, forty days, and been dragged like felons, pinioned two by two, with ropes and heavy pieces of wood hanging from their necks. The roads were covered with these poor wretches, some with hardly a rag round their loins, extenuated with hunger and fatigue, driven by horsemen inured to this kind of service, and followed by the wives, children and old men, whose number arrived at the camp was above 20,000! In many cases the whole family came, and the house and field were abandoned."—p. 75, &c.

The management of the recruiting is left to the petty local authorities, Arabs themselves, who being uncontrolled, give full scope to their avarice, partialities and passions; numbers of families are thus ruined, while others have never furnished a recruit since the formation of the Nizam. The men rejected one year are often sent again the next, even when found defective or cripple; these poor *Fellahs* are so used to arbitrary oppression that they appear quite resigned to it, but many families leave the country in despair in order to avoid further vexations.

The intelligent Turks acknowledge the enormity of these abuses, but plead as their excuse, that the Arabs, with their proverbial cunning and trickery, would contrive to evade any plan of registry that might lead to a proper repartition of the conscription, and that every one of them endeavours to shift the burthen from his own shoulders to those of his neighbour. But as it appears that there is already a registry for the *miri*, or land-tax and house-tax, it would be an easy matter to ascertain at least the number of families. And if the sheiks do not act equitably, why not establish a municipal council in each village or district, composed of the *notables*, to whom all communal affairs should be referred? The most difficult task in forming a regular levy would be to ascertain the ages of individuals. There is, says M. Planat, hardly a Turk or Egyptian who knows the exact date of his birth or marriage; this uncertainty might be remedied in the next generation by issuing a regulation to the imams to keep henceforth a register of the circumcisions; and as to the present grown-up young men, they might be registered in classes of five years, from fifteen to twenty, and from twenty to twenty-five, out

* For an army of 50,000 men which Mehemed Ali now has, about three thousand officers were required. These were to be sought for among the Turks, the retainers of the pasha, boys, and other great people, their Mamalukes, bodyguards, pipe bearers, pages, writers, clerks, &c. This class being exhausted, any Osmanlee or Albanian petty officer of the old establishment, topgees or cannoniers, were taken, men accustomed to a life of alternate licentious indolence and violence and plunder. From such elements it is easy to conceive that the formation of the officers gave much more trouble than that of the men. Even to the last, M. Planat observes, that the officers, although with many honourable exceptions, are still the weaker part of the Egyptian army.

of which the number of recruits wanted might be drawn by lottery. After the latter period they ought to be exempted from serving, while at present there are men evidently past forty who have been enlisted. These regulations would produce another advantage, as young men, knowing their liability to the conscription, would not contract precocious marriages as they do at present, which tend to deteriorate the race. "If," our author concludes, "you talk to a Turk of rank about these matters, he will readily admit the justice of your arguments, but if you press upon him the necessity of bestirring himself and making a beginning, you will find the usual resistance of apathy; *baccalum!* 'we will see!' is his motto."

There are, as we have already noticed, other materials besides the Fellahs, at the disposal of the Viceroy of Egypt for recruiting his army. These are the blacks from the interior, which his possessions of Sennaar and Kordofan enable him to draw to Egypt. This is a new and important feature of the Nizam. These blacks have been tried, have made distant campaigns, and are now mixed indiscriminately in the regiment with the Fellahs; though they are not so quick in learning their exercise as the Arabs, they are more intrepid, more faithful, and less disposed to desertion. They retain much of the pride of the savage, and his contempt for bodily pain and death. But the change of climate and of diet, and the fits of despondency to which they are subject, produce great mortality among them in the field. They answer better when assembled in stationary colonies, of which there is one at Heliopolis in Middle Egypt, which is in a thriving state.

M. Planat seems to have been persuaded that regeneration in the Ottoman empire must begin by the army, and be carried on through its instrumentality. However averse we may justly feel in Europe to a regeneration by the bayonet and effected by military instructors, we can be brought to believe that this is the only chance of regenerating Turkey, and indeed recent facts seem to prove it. The Koran, unlike the Gospel, was ushered in by the sword,—by the sword it has been supported and spread, and we fear that any reform in accordance with that code must, in some degree, partake of the same spirit. The formation of a regular and disciplined army, subject to the central government, furnishes the only possible means of checking the local tyranny of the pachas, beys and agas, of making these petty despots amenable to the general laws of the empire, of protecting the life and property of the subject, and, lastly, of instilling into the minds of all the first wholesome principle of universal justice, of certain duties and restrictions from which great and small must not swerve; no trifling point gained towards civilization. Till now, it is notorious that justice did not exist in Turkey, that every thing could be obtained, and every law evaded by force or

money, and that the poor wretch who had neither, could no more appeal to right against power than fight the Sultan himself. The very idea of such an appeal was regarded as absurd, and ridiculous; and the dreadful moral effects of this universal unbelief in justice are now conspicuous, the powerful believe in nothing, and the weak seek consolation in fatalism throughout the empire, as a last mental refuge from overwhelming oppression.

A curious episode, related by our author, comes here opportunely to exhibit in its true colours the old system of Ottoman government, which still prevails over a great part of the empire. In 1822, Abdalla, pacha of Acre, having bribed the emir of the Druses, a singular race of mountaineers, who inhabit the chain of Mount Lebanon, unrolled a forged firman, in which the Sultan was made to bestow on him the pachalick of Damascus, then held by Dervia Pacha. He then marched against Damascus, followed by his auxiliaries, but after ravaging the country, he was stopped by real firmans from the Porte, in which he was denounced as a rebel, and five pachas, including those of Damascus and Aleppo, were ordered to surround him and send his head to Stamboul. Abdalla, abandoned by the Druses, whose emir fled to Egypt, shut himself up in his fortress of Acre, and there braved the five pachas who had encamped under its wall with 9,000 irregulars. No one in their army understood the process of making approaches, the shot from their cannon passed over the ramparts without doing any damage to the garrison. Abdalla triumphed, and laughed at his enemies, the town was well supplied by sea, and this curious siege lasted ten months, to the great scandal of the whole empire. At last Mehemed Ali undertook the part of mediator, and obtained the pardon of Abdalla, on condition of his paying 60,000 purses to the Sultan; the emir Bechir returned to his mountain capital, Dair el Kamar, and the five pachas retreated home. This Abdalla was celebrated for his art in squeezing his subjects. One of his financial measures consisted in sending to those who were possessed of money goods from the government stores, such as corn, salt, and especially soap, to which he affixed an exorbitant price, which the forced purchaser was obliged to pay directly in cash. One of his threats when angry was to say to the object of his displeasure—"Take care I don't send you some of my soap!" Abdalla's soaps were the terror of Syria.—p. 52, &c.

We must now advert more particularly to an important epoch of Mehemed Ali's reign, namely, his expedition to the Morea, which has drawn upon him considerable obloquy. M. Planat gives a full account of the whole of these transactions. He entertains no doubt that Mehemed Ali, although at first not very eager to put himself forward, when once engaged in the war, acted sincerely in support of the empire, and of this we have felt through-

out convinced. The cause of the Sultan, however objectionable it might appear in Europe, was that of the Osmanlees in general; and Mehemed Ali was too clear-sighted not to perceive that when an external attack was aimed at the head, all the limbs were interested in averting the blow: for the Turks already expected, and the event proved how truly, a war with Russia; and, indeed, at one time they imagined that a secret league of the Christian powers had been entered into for the destruction of the Crescent.

It was in July, 1824, that the Egyptian fleet, consisting of sixty-three ships of war, sailed, escorting 100 transports of all nations, with 16,000 regular infantry on board, four companies of sappers, field-pieces and heavy ordnance, and 700 cavalry, the whole under the command of Ibrahim Pacha. After being joined off Samos by the fleet of the Captain Pacha, they were attacked by the Greeks under Canaris, who set fire to a Turkish frigate. The Ottomans then bore away, and Ibrahim having collected his vessels together put back into Rhodes. Thence he sailed again, and anchored in Modon Bay, in February, 1825. Immediately on his landing, Ibrahim marched with a body of chosen men to relieve Coron, which was besieged by the Greeks. The latter retired on his approach. He next turned himself against Navarino. On the 23d of March he sent 8000 men, with a battering train, to invest the place, and two days after he followed himself. The Greeks made several attempts to relieve it, but were always repelled with great loss. On the 7th of May, Ibrahim resolved to storm the fortress of Old Navarino, the taking of which would facilitate the reduction of the town of New Navarino. For this purpose it was necessary to dislodge the Greeks from an island or rock from which they annoyed the besiegers. Ibrahim sent orders to Modon, to Solymen Bey (Seve), to embark with two battalions of the sixth regiment, and attack the island by sea. The latter effected a landing, and carried the Greek redoubts at the point of the bayonet. About 100 Greeks escaped by swimming on board their ships. In this attack Solymen Bey received a sabre wound, and it was, we believe, on the same day, that some Italian refugees, one of whom was the Piedmontese, Count Santa Rosa, who had joined the Greeks, met a glorious death. In the night of the 12th of May, another attempt at relief was made by the Greeks from the interior, combined with a sortie from the garrison, both of which were repulsed by the Egyptians with great slaughter. The next day the garrison of Old Navarino surrendered on condition of having their lives spared, and being sent to some other part of the country, which they should name. The same conditions were granted three days after to the garrison of New Navarino; and Ibrahim, having given to his soldiers the spoils of the place, returned to Modon. He then

went into the interior, defeated Pietro Bey of Maina, and other chiefs, and occupied Tripolitza. He marched next upon Napoli di Romania, which he might, perhaps, have entered by escalade in the first moment of alarm of the Greeks. However, he satisfied himself with destroying Argos and the olive plantations in the plain, and returned to Tripolitza. He now sent parties of his men into the fields to reap the harvests which had been abandoned by the Greeks, and to secure and repair the corn mills. After many skirmishes the harvest was secured, and provisions for the army for eight months were brought into Tripolitza, besides a large booty and numbers of prisoners. Thus ended the campaign of 1825, which was most disastrous to the Greeks, who retained now in the Morea only Napoli and Monembasia, or Malvasia.

From the journal of this war, which M. Planat has derived from authentic sources, it appears clearly that the Greeks confined themselves to a partisan or guerrilla warfare, and could not stand in the field against the Egyptians. The Arab soldiers fought bravely, and the whole management of the army appears to have been conducted with regularity and skill. Great devastations were committed by Ibrahim, especially in the fertile plain of Argos, although remonstrated against by one of the European officers who had accompanied his army. Yet fewer acts of personal cruelty were perpetrated than in the former wars carried on by the Ottomans, and the prisoners' lives were generally spared.

The campaign of the following year (1826) is memorable for the catastrophe of Missolonghi. Ibrahim, joined by the Seraskier, Redschid Pacha, invested the place. The history of the siege is well known; the two outposts of Anatolico and Vassilladi were first taken by force, and the garrisons spared by Ibrahim and sent to Arta. Missolonghi was now closely pressed. The Greeks asked to be allowed to evacuate the place with arms and baggage, which was refused. They then, after having undermined part of the town, as a last resource of despair, determined to try and cut their way, sword in hand, through the besiegers' lines. They formed themselves into three columns; the first passed with only the loss of eleven men; the second lost thirty, but made its way through also; the third column, which was more encumbered with women and children, could not succeed, as the Egyptian troops were now pouring in to the defence of their lines. The unhappy Greeks were driven back into the town, which the besiegers entered along with them. A dreadful scene of slaughter now ensued. The Greeks fought from the windows and behind the walls for four hours. Several families having retired into the houses undermined, blew themselves up, with many of their enemies. The remainder were taken, and all those found with arms in their hands were put to death. Missolonghi

was nothing but a vast heap of ruins and dead bodies of Christians and Mussulmans, all mixed together.

Before the siege of Missolonghi, Mehemed Ali had sent two more regiments, 8000 strong, to reinforce Ibrahim's army in the Morea. In the year following (1827) the Porte conferred on the Viceroy the command of the Ottoman fleet, coupled with the onerous charge of repairing and provisioning it. Mehemed Ali had in the mean time assiduously attended to the improvement of his own Egyptian navy, both in the *matériel* and in point of discipline. He had several frigates and corvettes built at Marseilles, Leghorn, and Genoa. He also engaged several French naval officers in his service. A Board of Admiralty was established at Alexandria. The sailors are Arabs, and "they," says M. Planat, "rival ours in intelligence and skill. But the officers, like those in the army, are inferior to the men; whilst with the Greeks it is quite the reverse; they have good officers, but bad soldiers."—p. 211. The Major General Osman Bey, already mentioned, was also actively employed in organizing the navy. Indeed this Osman seems to be a universal man, and to have a hand in every thing. He translated the regulations of the French navy, from which he compiled a code for the Egyptian. He came, however, to an article in the former where, in case of some particular offences, disgrace and cashiering are the punishments awarded to the officer. "This will not answer here," shrewdly observed Osman; "our people have not such sensitiveness of honour; many would, perhaps, be glad to get out of the service at so cheap a rate. We must threaten them with degradation, and when that fails with the *bastinado*." But then it must be observed, that the Egyptian officers, like the sailors, were in fact little better than slaves, pressed into the service, and governed chiefly by fear. The young men of the rising generation, being brought up under the present institutions, will probably be a different race of beings.

Mehemed Ali formed a naval school on board a corvette of one hundred young men. French naval officers acted as instructors, and afterwards as masters and masters' mates on board the fleet. The direction of this establishment was given to Hassan Bey Kouprouli, an old friend and companion of the Viceroy. The end of this man afforded a singular and rare instance of suicide in an Osmanlee. He had fallen under the Viceroy's disgrace on some charge of irregularity in his accounts, and been threatened in full divan to be brought before a court-martial. On his return on board his corvette, which was moored in the old harbour of Alexandria, he sent on shore under different pretences the pupils and their instructors; and to those who still loitered behind, he declared that unless they went away immediately they were dead men. Shortly after he fired his pistol into the powder store, and thus blew

himself up. Eleven men, who had not understood or disregarded his orders, perished along with him!

The dock-yard of Alexandria was put in order. The confusion which previously existed in every department of the navy is incredible; the guns on board the ships were without proper carriages, some were found stowed in the holds; shot of all dimensions were heaped together; no inventory was kept of the ordnance or ammunition; the exhalations from the stagnant water, the filth of the decks, were enough to engender diseases. These things were altered; the old officers were exercised in the working of the ships, whilst the young ones were studying navigation; Arab boatmen were formed into battalions, and exercised as sailors, gunners and marines; and an Egyptian navy has at last been created, very different from the old Ottoman fleet. On the occasion of the sailing of a division with a convoy for the Morea, in the latter end of 1826, Osman Bey ordered a general salute of all the Egyptian ships, which was returned by the European men of war at anchor. He then assembled the captains and commanders, and led them to a large hall, where the Viceroy was seated, and from which there is a fine prospect of the old harbour. Osman Bey made them swear upon their honour to fulfil their duty, to seek for the enemy, and to fight him when met. He expatiated upon the national spirit which ought to animate them in the contest, and declared to them, that in future, promotions and distinctions would be bestowed upon merit alone; whilst those who should fail in their duties, disobey the new regulations, injure or disgrace their master's service, would be punished with the utmost rigour of the newly enacted laws. Osman spoke warmly and feelingly; his emotion communicated itself to his rude auditors, who perhaps for the first time felt the force of an appeal to their dignity as men. The Viceroy, Mehemed Ali, was seen to wipe his eyes several times.—p. 173.

On the 17th June, 1827, a Greek fleet of small vessels, with the frigate *Hellas*, having Lord Cochrane on board, appeared off Alexandria. In the night the Greeks directed three fire-ships against the Egyptian fleet, which was moored in the old harbour. The brig *Tigranes* alone caught fire, and was destroyed. Next day part of the Egyptian fleet, notwithstanding contrary winds, succeeded in putting to sea. The Viceroy, who happened to be at Alexandria, went about in his yacht giving orders, encouraging, and hastening the preparations. The batteries of the forts were put in readiness, a battalion of regulars was encamped at Figuiers point. The whole scene is represented by M. Planat as having been extremely animated. In the evening the whole fleet got under weigh, and the Viceroy's yacht in the midst of it. The Greeks meantime stood off. Mehemed Ali having given his final instructions to the admiral Moharrem Bey, his

son-in-law, to follow the Greeks, and bring them to action if possible, returned on shore. The fleet steered towards Rhodes, without, however, coming up with the enemy, and returned on the 29th to the harbour of Alexandria. Thus ended this alarm, which, however, as Osman Bey observed, had the good effect of keeping the Egyptians more on their guard since.

On the 5th of August, in consequence of orders from the Sultan, the combined Turkish and Egyptian fleet sailed for the Morea with the 10th regiment, to reinforce Ibrahim. The fleet consisted of two seventy-fours, several frigates and corvettes, besides smaller ships, in all seventy-five sail, and in the best condition. This was the fleet that was afterwards partly destroyed at Navarino. The brigs and schooners were furnished with twenty-four long oars, by means of which they could proceed at the rate of two miles an hour in case of calm, a contingency frequent in those seas. On the same day an event occurred, ominous to vulgar minds. Mohamed Bey, minister at war, a man devoted to the improvements of his country, and who might be considered Mehemed Ali's right arm, died of a violent disease. He had predicted his death the year before, and had a handsome monument raised for himself in the midst of plantations watered by fountains, by the side of the tomb of an old friend, whose death he constantly regretted. This was to the Viceroy a serious loss. Mohamed Bey was enthusiastically attached to his master, and often used to express his sincere admiration for a man who had done so much, although he had only learned to write at fifty years of age! He was proud to serve him, and only regretted that he should not be able to serve him long. In the most critical times he had by his decision and firmness saved his master's power, and we need not add his life, for in such cases the two words are synonymous in Turkey. He cleared Egypt of the remains of the Mamelukes; those who escaped were finally obliged to emigrate for ever beyond the cataracts. While Mehemed Ali was with the army in Arabia, in 1813, Latif Pacha came from Constantinople, secretly provided with a firman appointing him Pacha of Egypt, and succeeded in gaining the support of a strong party. Mohamed Bey, who was then minister of the interior in his master's absence, feigned to enter into Latif's views, and thus drew the latter to expose publicly his intentions, when Mohamed Bey, rallying his faithful adherents, surprised him, and had him immediately executed. Although he was the second person in the state, he lived simply and died poor. He was known to have repeatedly, in times of need, given up his salary to the treasury. His house and furniture were now sold to defray the remaining charges of his household. Although stern in the performance of his duty, and harsh and peremp-

tory in his manner, he was never unjust, and he could also be generous and indulgent. Several instances, reflecting honour on his character, are given by our author, who seems to have been sincerely attached to the highly gifted old Mussulman. Although perfectly undeceived with regard to the old prejudices and ignorance of his countrymen, he was clear-sighted enough to see where innovation ought to stop. It having been represented to him that young Osman Bey entirely neglected religious instruction and practice in the new schools, the old man severely censured this omission, which he characterized as both improper and imprudent. He assembled one day the officers of the staff at Dgiaad Abad, and the pupils of the military college, and said to them:—"In future you shall not fail to perform your prayers; I have brought you two imams for the purpose, and Osman Bey (who was then absent) shall attend too. Wo to him who absents himself." Next day the foundations of a mosque were laid opposite to the school.—p. 149.

The treaty of London, of the 6th of July, was communicated to the Viceroy after the departure of his fleet. An English officer, Col. Cradock, arrived towards the end of August on a mission to Mehemed Ali. To the proposal of withdrawing Ibrahim from the Morea, the Viceroy mildly answered that he was the subject of the Porte, and could not be a party to negotiations between the high powers,—that he certainly wished for peace, but that must depend on the fiat of the Sultan, his master. And he accompanied his answers with that courteousness of manner for which he is remarkable. Being told that the Porte had ordered Ibrahim to defend himself to the last extremity, he replied, "Well! I know my son, he will fight as long as he has a plank of his fleet left." However, he continued to assure the Franks and the European travellers in his states, that whatever might be the result of these affairs, he should continue to protect them with all his power. And he kept his word.

On the 28th of October an Egyptian corvette arrived at Alexandria, much damaged, and bearing the news of the defeat of Navarino. The report spread through the town; the populace, the Albanians, the Turkish gunners of Alexandria, and the families of the sailors on board the fleet, assembled round the Viceroy's palace, crying loudly for revenge. Mehemed Ali retained all his presence of mind. The Albanians and the gunners were confined to their barracks, and their arms taken away; the families of the sailors were sent home, partly by persuasion, and partly by force. The guard of the district of the Franks was entrusted to the regular troops, and the storm was thus dissipated. We can feel, too, for Mehemed Ali on this occasion. That he was sorely grieved there can be no doubt; but he repressed his vexation, and said

to his first drogman and confident, Boghos, "I expected as much, the Porte would have it so." The loss of the Egyptian fleet, however, though considerable in men, was not so great in ships as was at first imagined.

Satisfactory as the result of that combat was to the cause of Christianity and of humanity at large, it will not be uninteresting to our readers to hear the sentiments expressed in Egypt on the occasion:—

"The people here," says M. Planat, "begin to accuse the allies of a great abuse of power in the assumption of a dictatorship which rests upon no other foundation than that of force. There are men here among these Turks who know, though somewhat confusedly, that Europe is agitated from one end to the other by a struggle between power and liberty. They quote with a sort of sneer Spain and Poland, and ask why the great powers do not take under their protection the liberties of those countries as well as those of Greece? We are rather puzzled how to reply to their questions. The shameful piracies of the Greeks in the Archipelago, they think, ought to have been visited on the pirates themselves, and not on the Mussulmans, who are extensive consumers of European goods."—p. 100.

M. Planat speaks favourably and feelingly of the real champions of Greek independence, such as Canaris, Botzaris, and Miaulis, and of the few Europeans who truly and sincerely devoted themselves to the same cause; among others he mentions, with high praise, his own countrymen, Colonel Fabvier and St. Jean d'Angely. But he spares not "those noisy Philhellenes, those declaimers and poets who ranted in the newspapers about the descendants of Pericles and Leonidas, and filled the heads of the people with the grossest delusions as to the real state of Greece." We believe that in our days sensible men are generally aware how cautiously vague reports and opinions concerning foreign and distant countries are to be received. Our author complains bitterly of the manner in which many European officers who had gone to assist the Greeks were treated by them; insulted, exposed to danger without being supported, receiving no pay and having exhausted their private means, they were glad to come away; several of these whom he mentions, came to Egypt, where they were kindly received by the Viceroy. Many Greek families came also for safety, and found protection. All these, however, and other instances our author gives of Greek disorders, were the unavoidable effects of the miserable state to which Greece had been reduced, and of the corruption, mistrust, and selfishness which had pervaded the mass of the Greek people during long ages of abject and barbarian oppression. It was only by putting an end to this brutalizing yoke, that any chance could be obtained of raising their national character. Unlike any other revolution, that of

Greece risked nothing; it was no dubious experiment, for there was absolutely nothing more to lose, but every thing to gain; and we consider it as a most providential dispensation that the independence of Greece was acknowledged before the breaking out of fresh troubles in the west of Europe, which else must have had the effect of weakening the interest, or at least cramping the exertions of the great powers in favour of that country.

All these new establishments, and the various foreign expeditions of Mehemed Ali, entailed an enormous expense on his treasury, which at one time was in a state of great disorder. We wish M. Planat had entered into some details about the Viceroy's financial means, which, besides the taxes, consist of mercantile profits, he being the first merchant in his states. He purchases at a fixed price the corn, cotton, and other harvest from the growers, and then sells it again, often at a great profit, to the traders and foreign merchants. The taxes are: the *miri*, or land tax, the house tax, a capitation tax, and custom-house duties, which amount to only *three per cent.* on imported goods! Every two or three years the Viceroy is obliged to send his own ministers to verify and audit the accounts of the different provinces, the collection of the taxes being left to the local authorities, who are often in arrear with the government, while they are guilty of exactions upon the inhabitants. All this is owing to the want of a regular system of internal administration, a thing unknown among Turks. For the same reason we know nothing of the budget, or of the amount of revenue: and we can only guess at some of the expenses, such as the army, because fixed salaries are now established, whilst before, the payment of the irregular troops was left entirely to the chiefs, who contrived to cheat both the government and the men. M. Planat's table of the pay of the officers and men of the Nizam will be found further on. Once, on his return from Alexandria to Cairo, Mehemed Ali was very wroth to find that his bills on the treasury, or exchequer bills, were negotiated at a great loss. The fault was laid on the Copt writers, who have all the accounts in their hands, as the Turks are no clerks. It seems, however, that in 1826, Mehemed Ali had projects laid before him of a regular plan of financial administration, especially for the collection and inspection of the revenue. He had also sent, about the same time, forty young men, some belonging to the first families in Egypt, to Paris, to form a sort of Egyptian College, and to learn mathematics, languages, medicine and other liberal professions, in order to choose from among them competent civil administrators. Some of these must, by this time, have completed their studies, and have returned home.

Our author reckons the population of Egypt at two millions and a half: we think it rather

nearer three millions. In this calculation are not included the tribes of Bedowens, who are encamped in the neighbouring deserts, and who have now been brought to acknowledge the authority of the Viceroy, and furnish him with troops, especially irregular cavalry, to act as partizans and scouts. The Arab settled population consists of two classes, the Fellahs or labourers, and the descendants of Bedowen tribes, who have settled in the villages of the valley of the Nile, and who consider themselves of purer blood than the former. The other states subject to Mehemed Ali, are:—1. Dongola, Sennaar, and Kordofan, in short, the whole country beyond the Cataracts to the frontiers of Dar-foor and of Abyssinia. 2. The Hedjaz, including the Holy Cities, the Sherif of Mekka having no political power, and the Pacha of Djedda being subordinate to the viceroyalty of Egypt; and, 3, the island of Candia.* Of these the first might be made the most solid and important, as it is the most natural apantage of Egypt. A new military governor, Ruttem Bey, Colonel of the first regiment, was sent to Sennaar at the end of 1826, who took with him a French instructor and a surgeon. He received special instructions from the Major-General, Osman Bey, to establish hospitals the same as in Egypt, for the use of the natives as well as the military, to endeavour to conciliate the inhabitants to their new government, to encourage agriculture, to protect travellers and caravans from Abyssinia and other parts of the interior, and to form a corps of native infantry. Of the application and result of these wise measures we cannot speak from any subsequent reports, but we have no doubt things are better managed now than they were ten years since by the irregular troops under Ismayl Pacha, of whose mode of warfare M. Caillaud gave us such a revolting account.

The kingdom of Dar-foor is held by a Moorish dynasty of the name of Kondgiaree, which is on hostile terms with the Egyptians, who have conquered from it the province of Kordofan. The chief force of the nation is their cavalry; the horsemen wear a coat of mail, and their appearance, says Mr. Planat, resembles that of the ancient Saracens. The inhabitants are of two races, as in Sennaar, the blacks, who are the subjects, and the Moors, of Arab descent, who are the rulers.

On the 1st January, 1828, the army of Mehemed Ali was comprised as follows:—

12 regiments, <i>always</i> , of regular infantry, <i>peade</i> , of five <i>ortas</i> or battalions each, the battalion of 800 men . . .	48,000
2 battalions supernumerary . . .	1,000
1 battalion of cadets at the <i>nekkile</i> or depot at Dgiaad Abad . . .	500
3 battalions of artillery, <i>topgian</i> . . .	1,800
Companies of waggon train . . .	300
Ditto of gendarmes . . .	150
12 companies of sappers, <i>baltudgis</i> , one with each regiment . . .	700
2 ditto of artificers and pontonniers, <i>kouproudgis</i> * . . .	160
The pupils and officers of the various military schools . . .	1,000
Old Turkish artillery doing duty in the garrisons . . .	800
Albanian irregular infantry . . .	6,000
Turkish cavalry, irregular . . .	6,000
	<hr/> 66,960

Deducting however the losses recently sustained, especially by the army in the Morea, M. Planat reckons the whole at about 54,000 men, of whom 42,000 are regulars. Of this force, one regiment was in Sennaar and Kordofan, two were in Arabia, seven in the Morea, which soon after returned home, and the rest in Egypt. Part of the Albanian irregulars were in Candia. Thus the Egyptian armies were serving at the same time in Asia, in Africa, and in Europe. No reform had yet taken place in the cavalry, that body having been found more indocile than the infantry; attempts were made to embody them into squadrons, and accustom them to regular movements, but once in the field, as was the case in Arabia, they broke their ranks, and charged in their old tumultuous manner. Mehemed Ali had given orders, however, to have them all assembled at Djaffarich, in the Delta, and ranged into brigades of 1000 men, to be commanded by Beys. Previously they had been classed by *cachefs* or troops nominally of forty horsemen each, every chief being at the same time quarter master and paymaster, and subject to no inspection or review.

The general staff, *ridgial*, of the army consisted of Ibrahim Pacha, Generalissimo, the Minister at War, the Major General Osman Bey, Selim Bey Colonel of the Staff, two chiefs of battalions, six adjutant-majors, six sub-adjutant majors, thirty-eight captains, ten lieutenants, and eight second lieutenants, these were assembled at the camp of Dgiaad Abad, where they attended the instructions at the college.

The monthly pay of the officers of regiments is as follows:—

	Egyptian piastres.	Francs.
1 colonel <i>emir alay</i> . . .	8000	2666
1 lieutenant-colonel, <i>kaimakan</i> . . .	4000	
4 chiefs of battalion <i>bin bachi</i> . . .	2000 each.	

* Companies of miners were being formed at the time.

* The island of Candia is placed under Mehemed Ali's military superintendence; but the pachas of Candia and Retimo are still directly responsible to the sultan. The Sphaciotres, or Mountaineers, a wild race, professing the Greek religion, and never entirely subdued, continue at war with the Turks. A considerable portion of the population of the coasts profess Mahomedanism.

5 adjutant majors, <i>sagcol agasi</i> , one of whom commands the fifth or depot battalion	1500 ditto.
5 sub-adjutant majors	1000
1 first surgeon, <i>akim bachi</i>	1150
5 assistant ditto, <i>akim</i>	1000 each.
5 copts, writers, or account- ants, <i>malleem</i>	} not stated.
1 Imam or priest	
1 captain, <i>jus bachi</i> , to each <i>boulouk</i> or company	500
1 lieutenant, <i>mulasem erel</i>	350
1 sub ditto, <i>mulasem</i>	250

The serjeants, *chaous*, the corporals, and musicians, receive from one to two piastres per diem; and the privates half a piastre, or not quite three and a half French sols, besides the rations, consisting of about two pounds (French weight) of bread, half a pound of meat, about one pound of rice, lentils and beans, and three pounds of wood for fuel, besides salt, oil, and soap. The officers have double and triple rations according to rank. We consider the soldier's allowance as plentiful for that climate, and are not surprised that the poor Arab recruits, who were nearly starving in their wretched hovels at home, should consider their lot bettered by being in the service of the Viceroy, and thus made sure of a comfortable subsistence, which many of them share with their families, who follow them to the camp; and that although their pay is often a twelvemonth in arrear, they should seldom grumble, provided their rations are issued to them regularly. We find, accordingly, that these men were faithful to their officers even when employed to repress insurrections among their own countrymen and fellow villagers.—pp. 123—190. With regard to the officer's pay, that of the colonel is truly splendid, too much so indeed in proportion to that of the company officers. A colonel with 33,000 francs, more than 1300*l.* sterling a year, in such a cheap country as Egypt, besides his rations, horses, servants, &c., is enabled to live like a prince: it must be observed, however, that he commands four thousand men, and answers in fact to one of our generals commanding brigades or divisions.

The clothing delivered to the troops consist of two jackets a year, one of red coarse stuff for winter, and one of blue or white cotton cloth in summer, with facings of another colour, two pair of trousers, two ditto shoes, two shirts, and caps. The officers also receive two jackets a year, and a sabre on their being appointed. The officer's dress consists of a short jacket and trousers, both of crimson cloth, a *tarbouche* or cylindrical cap, a silk or cachemire sash, and red slippers. The higher ranks wear a profusion of gold lace, besides stars and crescents often enriched with diamonds.

We have entered into these details, because they serve to show the progress that disci-

pline, comfort, and regularity have made in a few years, in a service which but the other day consisted of hordes of a barbarous and lawless militia. We may just notice one more institution of Mehemed Ali, which reflects honour on his wisdom and humanity, and that is a provision made for soldiers maimed or invalided in the service, another utter novelty among Ottomans.

Of the great mover of all this machinery, of Mehemed Ali himself, our author relates several personal anecdotes, all tending to impress our minds with the idea of a superior and even amiable character; we shall content ourselves with extracting some passages of the narrative of a visit he paid to the camp of Dgiaad Abad in December, 1826. The Viceroy arrived on the 24th at seven in the morning, and was received by the minister at war, the major general, and the staff, who had dismounted, and amidst the discharges of artillery, while the European band was playing the national Arab tune *Abou Lebde*.* He alighted at the house prepared for his reception, and there received the various bodies of officers. The ceremonial for every officer in his turn was to bend himself before the Viceroy, who was seated on his divan, and kiss the hem of his robe. Contrary to the inviolable custom of the East, he would not allow any one to take off his shoes, so that "the vice-regal carpets were for the first time trodden by our shoes," says M. Planat, "to the great scandal of some old pipe bearers and other attendants of the strict Osmanlee school." A battalion of honour being appointed to do duty near his person, Mehemed Ali made them manœuvre before him, during which he conversed familiarly with the officers of the staff. Afterwards the pupils of the artillery school manned their guns and performed their evolutions. At half past six the Viceroy's grandson, Abbas Pacha, son of the late Tousoun, arrived. Mehemed Ali then dined in public under his tent, and afterwards retired to his house. The following day was employed in visiting the camp, the village, and the redoubts in front towards the Desert. The weather being cold, the Viceroy made remarks on the effect of too great a change of temperature on the constitutions of men, of the difference between the winters in Arabia and those of Greece, and lastly on the disasters of the French in Russia, which he explained to his officers.

On the 26th the great infantry manœuvres took place. The Viceroy followed them on a

* With their usual tolerance, or rather haughty carelessness, the Turks allow their subjects to sing to their faces satirical songs against their despotism. The one above begins thus: "Sell thy cap to pay the taxes." During the late Greek war, it was not uncommon to hear the Greek patriotic hymn played by Greek musicians at Constantinople, before the coffee houses, and to a Turkish audience.

sketch which was traced to him by a staff officer. He had tendered his own pencil and the outside of a despatch for this purpose, saying to the officer, "Just sketch them down any way, *alla baballa*." He was particularly pleased with the formation of squares. At four in the afternoon he went to the hospital of Abouzabel. Dr. Clot, the founder and head of the establishment, took him to every part of it, and answered all his numerous questions. He attended an examination of the Arab pupils, who were purposely questioned on the subject of anatomy and dissections, to which they answered freely that the latter were absolutely necessary to the medical student, and that the great Abou Sana himself (*Avicenna*) had felt no scruple in this respect. Mehemed Ali smiled, and at parting with Dr. Clot expressed his satisfaction and his gratitude for his zeal and care.

At seven he received the officers and students of the staff college, and questioned them one by one on their studies. He had previously dismissed his attendants, and he looked, says M. Planat, like a father in the midst of his children. He put on his spectacles, examined the plans and topographical maps, and drawings of fortifications, which were very neatly executed. The plan of the camp of Dgiaad Abad and its environs were shown to him, a plate of which accompanies the present work. He testified his agreeable surprise at seeing the progress his officers had made. He read some translations into Turkish from the French, particularly from La Fontaine's Fables, and laughed at some passages in which the poet speaks freely of men in power. He continued to occupy himself in this manner, with the only interruption of smoking a pipe and eating two apples, till midnight, when he desired the officers to form a circle round his divan; he was very friendly to all, especially to Osman Bey, and exhorted the junior officers to redouble their zeal and courage, as they had now overcome the first difficulties. "I am well pleased with you, my children," said he, "if I had interest in heaven I would perform miracles for you, but I am a mere man, and I can only offer you promotion and salaries." Then, after a pause, he added, with the expression of one who feels himself perfectly content and at ease, "I find myself very well in this simple divan: I should never wish to have one more sumptuous." "At half-past twelve we retired. Next day, the 27th, we accompanied him part of the way on his return to the capital."—pp. 174—181.

We shall not trouble our readers here with repeating after our author an account of the squabbles and pretensions of some of the French and Italian emigrants in Egypt, all of whom had not his good sense and modesty, nor the firmness and experience of Colonel Seve. General Boyer, who had come to Egypt at the latter end of 1824, to superin-

tend the organization of the army, and had brought several other officers under him, and whose appointments were not less than 60,000 francs a year, could not agree, it seems, with the other officers who were there already, nor with the minister at war, and at last left the country in a huff, in August, 1826. When he went to take his leave of the Viceroy, his Highness, notwithstanding what had occurred, asked him politely to stay and dine with him, to which the general answered by excusing himself, saying, he had just breakfasted. Mehemed Ali, his old Osmanlee ideas perhaps recurring to him at the moment, thought the general suspected his intentions, and replied sharply, "Of what I eat, general, you may very well partake." The general then thought better of the matter, and sat down to table. The Viceroy, however, made him offers of service, told him that his custom-house officers had orders not to visit his baggage, and wished him a good journey. Colonel Gaudin, who came to Egypt with Boyer, took his place as chief instructor, with a monthly salary of 1600 francs. An European instructor, or *talemgi*, was also appointed to every battalion; these instructors are divided into classes according to seniority, and receive from 140 to 383 francs a month, besides two uniforms a year, or 1000 piastres (333 francs) in lieu of them, rations, forage for a horse, and a yearly gratification; after making a campaign they have also an increase of pay.

General Livron was at the same time in the service of the Viceroy, who sent him to France as his agent to superintend the construction of ships, and the expedition of various articles he wanted. He had also several Neapolitan and Piedmontese officers in his service. A Colonel Rey, of the French artillery, came likewise, but got himself into trouble by shooting sparrows in the garden of the French consulate at Cairo, an offence which was considered so serious that a mixed Turkish and French court-martial was actually assembled to try the colonel, who was not yet in the Egyptian service. This ridiculous bubble, however, vanished in the air. This same Colonel Rey was stabbed in an affray at Cairo, but recovered. He finally left Egypt, we believe, much in the same way as General Boyer.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

POLAND!

In our number for May,* we concluded a rapid sketch of the events that have recently occurred in Poland, and which terminated in the elevation of the present Generalissimo, Skrzynecki, to his distinguished post. At present it will be necessary to revert to some

* See Museum, page 112.

anterior transactions, in order that the progress of a contest which is daily becoming more ardent and important, may be clearly understood.

We have already detailed a few of the acts of private oppression which had kindled individual as well as general animosity to Russia; in addition to these, other exciting causes existed, which, co-operating with those already described, have powerfully conducted to the resistance now enthusiastically made, not only in the kingdom of Poland, but in the Polish provinces incorporated with Russia itself.

The population of the whole of Poland may be divided into five classes:—the clergy, the nobility, the middling orders inhabiting towns, the peasantry, and the Jews. By the exercise of a most remarkable want of sagacity, the Russian government has contrived, not merely to alienate, but to place the whole of these classes in direct and acrimonious hostility to their authority. To understand how this has been effected, it will be necessary to enter somewhat into detail.

It is well known that Christianity has been established from a very early period in Poland; and that, by the marriage of Hedwige (the daughter of Casimir the Great, the last of the much honoured race of Piast,) with Jagellon the grand Duke of Lithuania, the conversion of his nation from Pagan superstition was effected. Poland, therefore, boasts of being the cradle of true religion, and of consequent civilization in the north. At an early period of the Reformation, Protestantism had become very popular; but the controversies into which it plunged the principal people, rendered it distasteful; and, as it also was naturally associated with the pretensions of Prussia, the majority of the large body professing the reformed religion, gradually reverted to the faith which was deemed more strictly national. While this revolution was silently operating, the pretensions of Russia became associated with the Greek ritual; and, imperceptibly, the patriotism of the Pole identified itself with his creed. These prepossessions have been naturally enough confirmed by all the acts of aggression on the part of Prussia and Russia, terminating in the infamous partitions of 1772 and 1793.

It is a subject of peculiar exultation among this enthusiastic people, that their clergy have generally been learned and enlightened; never persecuting, but uniformly tolerant; and that at a time when science was every where enveloped in the mists of prejudice and ignorance, their cloisters contained a virtuous and daring observer of nature, whose genius, superior to the trammels of the age, developed the true system of the world, which was afterwards established upon sure grounds by the immortal Newton. Poland, with justice, boasts of her Copernicus, as well as the

tolerant spirit of her church, which fostered so daring a mind.

These circumstances have very naturally endeared Catholicism to this chivalrous and enthusiastic people; it is regarded with filial piety, as the living spring of peace and good will upon earth, and of happiness hereafter. We should imagine that ordinary reflection would have induced even the most rash of those who had acquired possession of Poland by means that cannot be vindicated, to have propitiated so influential a body as the priesthood: such, however, was not the course pursued by the Russian government, which acted as if moral influences were as nought in opposition to the knout. In pursuance of this extraordinary error—of this unpardonable ignorance of the springs of human action, the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion was only permitted to the nobility in the incorporated provinces; the peasantry were called upon, on peril of personal chastisement, to conform to the Greek ritual. These, naturally devout and especially attached to their spiritual pastors, deprived of the means of performing their own religious rites, did not conform with those that their conquerors vainly attempted to impose upon them, and were thus left without religion. Every act of the authorities relative to religion also pressed sorely on the wounded priesthood, increased their alienation, and, as a necessary consequence, wherever their influence reached, it was directly opposed to Russian power. Among other proceedings of the authorities, one is recorded which is strongly characteristic of the short sighted policy by which the Imperial councils were directed. It is well known to every person at all acquainted with the dogmas of the Catholic Church, that, at certain periods, jubilees are declared by the Pope, and, during these jubilees, the performance of certain duties imposed by the clergy is fondly imagined to atone for certain sins, which are thereby expiated. It is not our business, in this place, to discuss the accuracy or inaccuracy of this doctrine, but such as it is, it obtains credit in Poland; and it is further believed, that certain spiritual penalties are attached to the non-observance of the rules of the church. One of these jubilees occurred during one of the persecutions to which we have formerly alluded; some of the individuals were desirous of receiving the consolations of religion from their clergy. This was refused, even to priests; and as the refusal was supposed to arise from the desire of insuring the eternal damnation of men already weighed down by earthly sufferings, a deeper feeling of detestation was roused, even than that which had formerly existed; and the very means used by the oppressor to rivet the chains, were the most powerful in breaking them asunder. At the period of the revolution, the clergy were to a man opposed to

Russian domination, and have since employed their prodigious influence in promoting its subversion.

While these and similar causes were acting on the religious feelings of the community, others equally powerful were producing a separate and distinct influence on the different ranks of society—and all tended to one common end.

The nobility of Poland has some characteristics which distinguish them from that of any other part of Europe. In the early stages of the Republic there were but two great distinctive classes, the nobles and the serfs. The former were composed of those whose rank was lost in the obscurity of ages, and of others who had progressively acquired similar privileges. Every man who distinguished himself in the service of his country, all the clergy, all public functionaries and their families, obtained, at first by usage, and latterly by law, the privileges of nobility and grants of land; and the extent of the grant did not affect the extent of privilege, for, according to a Polish stanza,

Szlachcic na zagrodzie
Rowny Woyewodzie,

or in English—"A gentleman with an acre is equal to a palatine." Once admitted within the pale of nobility, every honour of the state, even the kingly office was open, there being a perfect equality of civil rights, which were uniformly respected until within a few years, when the Russians, throughout the incorporated provinces, called upon all the nobility to verify their titles, or, in other words, to produce their patents. It is possible that this was done to humble a proud and unbending nobility; but if such were the object, it was abortive. To comply with such a requisition was obviously impracticable, as many of the documents were lost in the obscurity of time; and the only titles that could be presented were those of uninterrupted possession for centuries. All, however, who could not furnish the required testimonials, had their names inscribed in the book of the peasantry, that is, to be more precise, they were declared to be peasants, which, in the Russian provinces, was equivalent to being slaves; and a slave in Russia is the most abject of created beings, being liable to be sold, to blows, and to every violence that caprice, unrestrained by law, can inflict. Two hundred thousand families in these provinces were thus reduced to slavery. Such a proceeding not merely roused the indignation of the actual sufferers, but was regarded as a direct insult to every nobleman in the country.

Among the feudal duties that devolved on the nobility in the time of independence, the most conspicuous was the defence of the country, and they formed the national cavalry

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(Kawalerya Narodowa), consisting of several adult males from each family. Although their services have been long in disuse, still they are prepared to act as in the days of their pride and glory; and to revenge their wrongs, they have risen, wherever they have been enabled to do so, and the remainder are only waiting for the requisite support that they may take the field. A force consisting of such men would, under ordinary circumstances, be formidable; but, when it is remembered that their general character is undeniably chivalrous; that all pride themselves that the best pledge in the world is the "word of a noble," and that they rank among their patriot bands such individuals as Radziwill and Czartoryski, they must be irresistible. To aid the heroes of the "father-land" the women come with devoted enthusiasm, preferring country above all things. No woman of rank or respectability can be induced to marry a Russian.

The merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers and other inhabitants of towns, do not form classes so distinct from the nobility as in other feudal countries. The facility of being raised from the first to rank among the latter, has tended to this effect; while the honourable exertion of industry is not degraded so as to exclude the nobility from engaging in it. If there be any marked line of distinction between the commercial classes, it only exists between natives and foreigners; the latter being less known, do not hold the same rank in public estimation as their native rivals. Hence, though intermarriages among the nobility, and the opulent commercial families are common, they rarely take place between foreign traders and females of rank. The same keen sense of oppression that prevails amongst the highest classes of the Poles, is paramount among their commercial countrymen, and displays itself in the most active exertions. The students who so especially distinguished themselves in the late revolution, principally belong to this class, and their patriotic enthusiasm may be considered a fair specimen of the prevalent feeling. Connected with this subject, it is a curious fact that, from the abhorrence of the Russians, the whole of the manufactures of Poland are to the south of the Vistula. It may be here stated, as we have mentioned the students, that their moderation, even during the first burst of the insurrection in November, is without parallel. They protected such of their misguided countrymen as had fought against liberty; they suppressed clubs, to prevent the imputation of any imitation of Jacobin France; and one of their number having published a very exaggerated appeal to the passions of the people, his name was erased from the list of their body, and it was announced in an order of the day. So admirable, indeed, was the conduct of these youths, that, during the most

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eventful period, they were entrusted with the police duty of maintaining order.

We commonly look upon the peasantry of Poland as slaves, such as they were a century ago. This is one of the innumerable errors into which we are betrayed by our ignorance of this interesting and chivalrous people. Progressive ameliorations, during the time of national existence, had taken place until, by the proclamation of the 3d of May, 1792, they were declared to be free. This, in the kingdom of Poland, has been fully acted upon since its re-establishment in 1814: but this is not the case in the incorporated provinces. With this exception, the condition of the peasantry, and their general character, may be considered to be identical throughout the whole of the ancient dominions of Poland, whether belonging to Russia, Austria, or Prussia. The peasants are fine, well-built men, bearing in their exterior strong marks of their independence of character; industrious, attached to their native places, and to their lords, with all the ardour that formerly characterized our Highlanders; hardy and dexterous in the use of the hatchet and scythe, they readily become formidable soldiers. The women are handsome, religious, and scrupulously virtuous. The personal honesty of both sexes is very remarkable, so much so that robbery is unheard of. Even when, during the recent struggles, the military chest of the Russian army was captured by a party of them, they immediately gave it up, on being told that it was public property. The patriotism of these untaught men is, perhaps, unrivalled in the history of the world; they actually offered to pay their taxes generally throughout the kingdom in advance, that the public service might be unimpeded. Their splendid valour is beyond all praise, and is immortalized in characters of blood before Praga, at Zamosc, and lately in the glorious struggles of Ostrolenka.

The chivalrous spirit of a body of peasants cut off from the rest of the world is difficult to be appreciated, or understood among mere matter-of-fact persons; its existence, however, is undoubted, and is ascribed by those who know them well, to a warm poetical temperament which, creating a world for itself, enjoys an existence of a higher order than that of those grveling beings who are influenced only by the gratifications of mere animal life. In such beings a devoted patriotism is as natural as effeminate apathy is among those inhabitants of glowing climes where its charms are eloquently sung but its influence is never felt. In confirmation of the extent of this feeling in many places, such as Cracow, where the oppression of a Russian garrison had never been known, the peasantry volunteered to join the insurrectionary forces, and were restrained with the utmost difficulty by the prudential councils of the Dictator Chlopicki.

Although not immediately connected with the main subject of this notice, we may here

advert to a few facts connected with the condition of the agricultural peasantry, which may thus indirectly be not an unapt illustration of their general condition.

The cottages throughout the country are built of wood, and consist of two rooms and a store-room; the furniture is humble, and almost uniformly there is a very good farm-yard attached to each, containing an excellent barn. The air of comfort is considerable amongst the industrious, who are, fortunately, numerous and thriving. The system of agriculture is so good, that it has been adopted, with trifling alterations, by the numerous Scotch farmers who have emigrated to Poland, with very different objects from the Dalgettys, and such adventurers as formerly resorted to it. Among others, several years ago, three brothers of the name of Broomfield, went from the neighbourhood of Haddington, and took a large farm on the usual conditions of the country, from General Pac, for a term of ten years, paying rent as in England. At the expiration of that period, their savings were such as to enable them to take three separate farms nearer to Warsaw, at higher rents; the proximity to the capital affording a good market for all produce, but especially that of the dairy—such as cheese, which is said to be equal to Cheshire. The brothers were thriving as much as their industry merited, when the inroads of Marshal Diebitsch's army nearly ruined them.

The system of paying labourers in Poland is peculiar. Each landlord allows to every peasant employed on his estate, thirteen *morgen*, (the acre of Culm,) for which they do not pay rent, but labour three days in the week for the proprietor, having the remainder of the week sacred to their own purposes. During the hay and the reaping seasons, they give extra labour, for which wages are paid. The usual produce of the country is the cereals, potatoes, vegetables, and very fine fruit, particularly plums, which, dried, form prunes. So happy and contented are the peasantry, that, although perfectly at liberty to change their abodes, they generally remained through successive generations, on the same spot, as firmly fixed as if they were attached to the soil.

The Prince Czartoryski, whose patriotism and desire of improving the condition of his countrymen entitle him to the high rank he holds in their estimate, some time ago introduced on his estates at Pulawy, a system of rent instead of service among the peasantry; and, as an encouragement, fixed the rate for thirteen acres of arable meadow-land at eighty florins, or about 2l. a year, he in return paying in money for all labour performed on his own farm. He found his experiment eminently successful; and it was adopted with equal advantage by an English gentleman, who had a farming establishment on the banks of the Vistula.

The last of the classes into which we have divided the Polish nation is the Jews, who, more numerous in Poland than in any other

European country, multiply so rapidly as to form a very important part of the population. They are described by an acute and accomplished writer in the following terms:—"Sober, economical, and industrious, they would have all the qualities essential in mercantile traffic, were their character free from the taint of craftiness, a want of good faith, and the trickery they employ in their transactions."—Among such a race, devoted patriotism would scarcely be expected; but even among them, Russian oppression has created, if not the reality, at least a counterfeit, admirably concurring in the common object. The rich are either neutral, or zealous in the cause of their country. The needy were formerly much addicted to Russia from interested motives; but that bias has been much changed since the ukase published by Nicholas, obliging Jewish male children above ten years of age to be entered as sailors. Fear influences the neutral party—the dread of Russian success might endanger their treasures; and it is even said, that some large capitalists of the Hebrew race, who deal largely in Russian stock, have checked any approach to a generous devotion to the cause of freedom among the tribes of Israel. Yet still the recollections of Russian tyranny are very vivid, and do produce a very decided effect. It is recollected with disgust, which must be associated with a strong feeling of the ludicrous, in the mind of every one but the actual sufferer, that ridiculous casuistry was often used to justify the grossest acts of injustice. Thus, near Hrubieszow, a Jew met a Cossack in the forest; the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town he lodged a complaint with the major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see,) reputed to be a most rigorous disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when with the utmost effrontery he declared that he had found the horse. "How!" replied the Jew, "I was on his back." "Yes," retorted the Cossack, "I found you too; but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was deemed sufficient, and the Jew lost his steed.

Such military justice might be expected from a wild Cossack, but better things might have been anticipated from the tribunals. Not so, however; as will be shown by the following instance, which is perfectly correct in all the details. During the Turkish war, under Alexander, an unfortunate Jew undertook to transport artillery to the army. Formal contracts were made, and legally executed; and in the completion of the Jew's share of it, the cannon were duly delivered. On their arrival, the general reported them to be unfit for the service for that *corps d'armée*. The payment was accordingly stopped. The Jew appealed to the tribunals, (it would be a gross satire to call them courts of justice,) and he was defeated by ministerial

influence in the whole of them. Such consequences resulted from regular proceedings. There were, in addition, some irregular operations, not more satisfactory to the individuals enduring them. An example being more valuable than a host of general allegations, we shall give one of such notoriety as to set contradiction at defiance. Whenever a Russian general in command of any ill-fated town lost largely in gambling, which was not of unfrequent occurrence, an order most certainly followed to shut up all the shops of the Jews, and thus to stop their trade. The only relief was obtained by raising and paying an adequate sum to the losing gamester!

Under all the circumstances of grievous oppression which have been stated, if there had been even an entire absence of that generous devotion to country which so decidedly characterizes the majority of the Polish nation, resistance to the oppressor would have been as inevitable, as it would have been an imperative duty on every man capable of resenting wrong, and of protecting himself from being degraded to the level of the beast of the field. Accordingly, the burst of indignation was unanimous; and that indignant burst was loudly re-echoed by a Diet elected under Russian influence, who thus eagerly profited by the opportunity afforded of expressing their real sentiments of hatred and detestation to those who had long striven to rivet their fetters. The day of triumphant vengeance had arrived; nor did they hesitate to avow their desire to participate in vindicating that national honour, which had lost its brilliancy while the world believed it to be in their custody.

In such a state of general preparation for redressing the innumerable wrongs of Poland, it may be readily imagined that there were many individuals of pre-eminent merit prepared to direct the storm; and accordingly, although the revolution of the 29th November was, as we have already stated, in direct opposition to the assertions of French vanity, wholly unexpected by the patriots, men of distinguished character were ready to take the helm of state on the emergency. In evidence of this we find that, so soon as the necessity for self-devotion became evident, the several members of the existing national government did not hesitate to involve themselves in all the awful responsibility of presiding over a contest uncertain in its issue, and exposed to all the misrepresentation of interested partisans, who would willingly confound the generous sacrifices of an insulted and deeply-injured people with the frivolous ebullitions of morbid versatility. A few brief notices of the most eminent personages that these astounding events have brought into action, will be now offered to our readers, in the conviction that they will be useful in conveying more accurate ideas than are at this moment prevalent among our countrymen.

Foremost in the band stands Prince Adam

George Czartoryski—the representative of an illustrious line descended from the royal house of Jagellon, the ancient sovereigns of Lithuania. His father, bearing the same name with himself, was one of the most remarkable men of his day for accomplishment, political talent, and his knowledge of languages. Eminent as he was for his intellectual accomplishment, he was even more distinguished for his influence among his countrymen. Recommended by the Diet to the imperious Catherine as their fittest sovereign, he was only disappointed by the intrigues of the emissary employed—the pleasing, though profligate Poniatowsky. It was perfectly natural that, on the annihilation of Polish independence, a man occupying so high a rank in public estimation should incur the vengeance of the imperial despot; and, accordingly, after numerous vexations, the Prince and his Princess were threatened with the confiscation of the whole of their property, unless they would consent to send their two sons, the Princes Adam and Constantine, to St. Petersburg, where it was hoped that the blandishments and favour of the imperial family might win both from their allegiance to Poland. Every art was tried, but without success. The distinguished talents, acquirements, and integrity of Prince Adam Czartoryski rendered him the personal friend of the Emperor Alexander; and under that sovereign he served as the first minister for foreign affairs, and remained attached to the court, even when Napoleon waged war professedly for Poland. Yet notwithstanding his fidelity to his friend, such was the estimate in which his sterling integrity was held by common consent, that he was never once suspected of indifference to the permanent interests of Poland. His acquirements are very varied, but he ranks most highly as a publicist, having devoted much attention to the subject of international law. His exterior is cold and chilling to a stranger, but a more intimate knowledge establishes the strongest attachment. Notwithstanding his lofty descent, his modesty and want of pretension are most remarkable; and the only ambition in his breast is that of doing good.

After having returned to reside in Poland, he was appointed by the Emperor Alexander, curator of the universities; but he was eventually replaced by count Novoziltzoff, a man to whose brutality allusion has been already made. In the beautiful retreat of Pulawy, the Prince, after his retirement from public life, spent the principal part of his time, occupied with domestic endearments, the improvement of the country, and the promotion of literature. His mother, a venerable lady of ninety-two years of age—his sister, the Princess of Wirtemberg—his wife, of the illustrious house of Sapiela—and two fine children (boys,) form his family. He was drawn from his peaceful retirement by the despotic proceedings of the Emperor Nicholas against the members of the Patriotic Association. He

then declared openly against the court, and placed himself at the head of the opposition. Since the late revolution, all eyes are directed to him as the future sovereign. His immense properties are now chiefly in the hands of the Russians; but the privations to which he is thus exposed, produce no alteration in the "even tenor of his way."

Lelewel, the accomplished historian of Poland, formerly a professor in the universities of Wilna and Warsaw, is another member of the national government, as well as the minister of public instruction. Deeply versed in the history of the world, but most especially in that of his native country, he has applied his experience to passing events; and thus shows that profound literary research is perfectly compatible with practical political wisdom. He is the author of many historical works, particularly of an admirable epitome of Polish history designed for the use of children; but the work to which is attached political importance, was his critique on the fabulous history of Karamsin. On the report of the censor, the author became the subject of persecution, both under Alexander and Nicholas. In consequence, he resigned his chair. He is much esteemed and trusted by the people, and has thus been enabled to give a favourable bias to the revolution.

Vincent Niemoyewski, who has been already mentioned as a victim of Russian tyranny, is the third member of the government. In the vigour of life, he possesses a powerful eloquence, which formerly rendered him a formidable opponent of the government. He was honoured by the particular hatred of the Grand Duke Constantine, who endeavoured to undervalue him by describing him as a servile copyist of the late Benjamin Constant. His whole life rebuts the imputation of being a copyist; and his knowledge of his country and her resources is scarcely equalled. During his involuntary residence under the protection of the Cossacks, he composed an admirable essay on constitutional government. He was named minister of the interior by the Dictator, previous to his being called to his present exalted station.

Bonaventura Niemoyewski, the younger brother of the preceding individual, appeared in public life at a later period. His knowledge is considerable, his oratory vigorous and chaste. His principles and talents resemble those of his brother, whose pardon he sought to obtain from Nicholas, but it was refused with aggravated insult. He now holds the portfolio of justice.

Theophilus Morawski, another member of the national government, is also remarkable for his patriotism. Cool, resolute, and faithful to his engagements, he commands respect in every situation in which he is placed. He is the brother of Theodore Morawski, who, as we have already mentioned, having escaped

to England to avoid the persecutions of the Grand Duke, was followed by His Imperial Highness, chief of the Secret Police, General Fanshaw.

Barzykowski, the last member of the government, was, during several sessions of the Diet, a deputy; and was distinguished for his activity, eloquence, and knowledge.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the illustrious men who preside over the civil administration of Poland; it yet remains for us to say a few words respecting the three successive commanders-in-chief before we can enter upon the military operations that have secured the admiration of the world. With these we purpose to begin our next Article.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

AN AUDIENCE OF THE GRAND DUKE CESAROWITCH CONSTANTINE, BEFORE THE POLISH REVOLUTION.

BY A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

I HAD scarcely fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door, and instantly a man entered, dressed in the uniform of a *chasseur*. He came to inform me that I was to follow him to the hotel of the Russian governor of Warsaw, where all the travellers were obliged to make their appearance, who had arrived at the capital, during the absence of the Grand Duke. Thence they were to be conducted to the palace, in order to be presented to his Imperial Highness, who had returned from a tour the preceding evening. In obedience to this untimely summons, I dressed myself hastily, and in a costume half civil, half military, followed my guide. The clock at the hotel of Wilna just struck five, as I paced, in the darkness of a November morning, through the sombre streets, to the audience-chamber of the Cesarowitch. When I arrived at the governor's hotel, I found the vestibule and the ante-chamber filled with a multitude of persons, whose dresses offered so *bizarre* and varied a sight, that at first I fancied myself in the midst of a masquerade. In one corner was a group of Jews, huddled together; in another, a dozen of general officers; a third nook was occupied by strangers of rank; a fourth, by deserters in chains. The governor had already started for the palace; but had left two of his *aide-de-camps* to conduct us there with the customary ceremonial. These gentlemen arranged us together in pairs, without any regard to character or condition; and our procession, composed of fifty or sixty persons, advanced slowly between two files of mounted Cossacks, who, grasping their long lances, guarded us with as much precaution as if we were on the road to Siberia.

"Can you tell me what this means?" I

said to my neighbour, an honest merchant from Hamburgh.

"No, Sir," he replied. "I was awakened this morning at four o'clock, by a police officer, who ordered me to accompany him forthwith to the governor general, as the Grand Duke had recently arrived, and was desirous of seeing me. Accordingly I arose, and put myself on a march through the midst of ice and snow. This nocturnal visit is not very inviting; but it appears that his Imperial Highness sometimes takes it into his head to appoint very singular hours for his audiences."

We soon arrived at the palace. We found the garrison of Warsaw marshalled on the place before the Belvedere, ready to be reviewed at daybreak. At the gate of the palace our escort quitted us; and, for some minutes, we were allowed to promenade, amidst a vast number of Poles and strangers, of every rank and description. I was then placed between a Sicilian general and a soldier who had deserted. Our position was scarcely adjusted, when a confused noise indicated the arrival of the Grand Duke. A door opened, through which several officers passed; and, in a second, Constantine appeared. He wore the uniform of the Russian Imperial Guards. His portraits have made his Tartar visage sufficiently known in Europe, and it is, therefore, superfluous for me to paint him in words.

He commenced his compliments with an air of severity, fully calculated to give those a chill, who were not already half frozen to death. Approaching an Englishman, he asked him a few questions respecting his country, but in a language so harsh and cutting, that the Briton proudly replied, "I have the honour to inform your Imperial Highness that I have a letter of credit for several thousand pounds on a banker, in St. Petersburg. I intended to spend that sum in the Russian capital; but after this prelude, I suppose I shall not be tempted to push my curiosity further."

"Just as you please," said his Imperial Highness, turning on his heel.

The presentations were for a moment delayed by a lady in mourning, who threw herself on her knees before the Cesarowitch, soliciting permission to go to Zamosk, in which fortress her husband, a Polish colonel, was confined. After rudely dismissing the fair supplicant, the Grand Duke addressed himself to my neighbour, the deserter, in a tone equivalent to a sentence of death. He did not leave the poor wretch long in suspense, but doomed him to receive three hundred lashes with the knout, a punishment, which, had he been master of twenty lives, would have abridged them all. No sooner was the condemned man removed, than his imperial Highness came towards me, and demanded my name. I gave it.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Paris."

"Where are you going to?"

"Into the Ukraine, on a visit to the Countess Potocki."

"Good bye."

Then turning to the Sicilian general, who stood near me, and who was decorated with the grand *cordon* of the order of St. Januarius, he allowed him twenty-four hours to quit Warsaw, and eight days to withdraw from the kingdom of Poland.

Such were the courtesies of the deceased despot. I felt as if I were treading on bristling bayonets, until I had turned my back upon his hateful presence.—How long will men continue to uphold the sovereignty of scorpions?

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

TO MADALINA.

I KNEW thee as a little child,
When danced upon thy mother's knee,
With laughing eye and features mild,
And ever pleased when kissed by me:
But now grown up, a woman now,
And passing Life in Fashion's blaze,
Say will you greet my humble bow
With all the warmth of early days?
Or can the cold and selfish world
The retrospects of Life efface—
The cottage neat, the smoke which curl'd,
The charm, the verdure of the place,
Where oft we played on Summer's eve,
Sporting along the well-mow'd green,
Or ran a prisoner to retrieve,
Whilst shouts and laughter cheer'd the scene?
Lady, these hours for aye are gone,
Our days of youth and joy are past,
And each new year but rolls along
To that which soon must be our last!—
Our early friendship, early joy,
Moments affectionate and dear,
The rules of life too soon destroy,
And leave a barren desert here:—
The kind emotions of the heart,
The ready sigh for scenes of grief,
Affection's tear prepared to start,
As virtue's hand would grant relief—
All lost with youth!—or what remains
Is ruled by fashion's sovereign sway,
Unheeded Poverty complains,
And Friendship flits in forms away.
Young love is barter'd now for gold,
And riches are the boast of life;
E'en beauty's charms are bought and sold,
To be declared by name—a wife:—
But where is mutual fondness found,
The love-remember'd but in song?
Where does affection most abound?
To whom does gratitude belong?
How changed—how flown our years of mirth,
Those joys unmix'd with care or wo,
When Hope would start to instant birth,
As pleasure cheer'd this scene below!
Well, since our joys are pass'd and gone,
Since life appears in constant gloom,
Soon may the cold sepulchral stone
Record my end—and mark my tomb!

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

THE eyes of the continent are henceforth to be fixed on Poland. That country has nobly redeemed her pledge. She has been now six months in arms, and she has not merely defended herself, but she has struck deep and desperate blows at the supremacy of Russia. No war within the memory of man has stirred so strong an interest in every breast capable of a sentiment of honour. Or, if it is to find a rival, the discovery must be made in her own history; the patriotic heroism of her living warriors can be compared only with that of the patriot armies which defied Catharine; and her general at this hour, are the only men who can share the laurel with Kosciusko.

It is cheering to our consciousness of the noble powers which may be latent in man, until the occasion calls them forth, that Poland has fought her battles alone, and yet has baffled the armies of the tyrant. Had she been assisted by the strength of indignant Europe, had every man whose bosom burned at the spectacle of Russian tyranny been seen rushing into her ranks, the contest might have been sooner decided, but it would have wanted those features of grandeur; that Roman fortitude which now invests it with dignity, and makes Poland an example to all future nations, trampled on by a severe and barbarian master. Why shall we endure the chain an hour longer? will be the cry of the patriot from his cottage or his dungeon. True, the oppressor is mighty and the victim weak; but was not Russia the military sovereign of the continent, dreaded or flattered by every power from the channel to the Euxine? and was not Poland a broken and dismantled power, scarcely to be called a power, a nation swept from the list of kingdoms, and at best only a province of Russia, with a Russian governor, Russian guards, Russian ministers, every office of public life, and almost every emolument and enjoyment of private, monopolized by Russians? Yet against this immeasurable weight of hostile and jealous authority Poland rose. She drove out the foreign governors and established native; she fought the foreign army, and gave an immortal attestation to the truth of her cause, by the magnanimous valour of her resistance; and, finally, she took the sting from insurrection, and showed that the most daring intrepidity might be consistent with the utmost prudence, by forming a constitution from which anarchy was expelled, and whose principle was peace to all her neighbours, and justice to all men. Such are the direct results of the Polish war, a most gallant, generous, and justified effort of a manly people, to assert their national rights, and recover the independence of which they had been de-

prived by the most flagrant combination of political chicane and military ferocity in the history of Europe.

But there is a time for all things, and the time has now fully arrived, when it would be base in the independent nations of Europe to suffer this trial of fortitude to go on any further. They should say to Russia, you have had your full opportunity to discover whether the Polish war has originated in the turbulence of a faction, or in the will of a people. You have now fully ascertained the fact, that the resistance is *national*, and before God and man alike no right can be founded on mere force. You may desire to make the furious experiment for years together, how far the patience of this unfortunate people may be proof against your sanguinary perseverance, how far their cottages may be laid in ashes without bringing the ruined tenants to your feet, how far the naked breasts of the peasantry may prefer rushing on your bayonets, to bearing your chains. But this must not be permitted any longer. The firebrand of war cannot be long tossed, even over Poland, without communicating its flame to other countries, and the result of your attempt to crush a brave people whom you could not subdue, might issue in an universal war. The general hazard is too formidable to be lightly encountered, and Russia, if she is cruel and criminal enough to resolve on extinguishing Polish freedom in blood, must prepare for arguments more direct than those that apply to her understanding. Russia must not be suffered to trample down Poland.

Language of this nature is declared to be used by some of the leading cabinets at the present moment to the Czar. France has certainly felt no hesitation in making the most intelligible remonstrances. England has already spoken in all the voices of her people, and it is said, that her cabinet has adopted their language. Such remonstrances cannot speak in vain. Even the Austrian cabinet, always tardy, and always the abettor of a dictatorial and haughty spirit of privilege and possession, is beginning to display some human feelings towards the Poles. It is even reported, however improbably, that the emperor would be willing to give up Galicia, if Prussia would exhibit a similar self-denial. But this may be but a finesse of the Austrian cabinet, from its knowledge that Prussia will hold possession of every acre that she has torn from Poland with the grasp of a plunderer, determined to struggle to the last against the resumption of his plunder. We look to the British and French cabinets for the true interposition; their efforts, if sincere, must be successful, for the Czar is already weary of the war, the Russian army is disgusted with its loss of glory, wearied with the incessant fatigues of its campaigns, and seriously weakened by its losses in the field. Still the Czar may find it necessary to his

personal safety to push the campaign, for even despotism has its masters, and the Russian nobles have shown, by many a fierce example, that they are the neighbours of Asia, and that, if their monarch be but a sultan, they themselves are not far removed from those Janizaries who, in the time of public effervescence, knew no remedy more simple than their sultan's neck. The Czar, proposing peace to Poland, would probably be only plunging himself into inextricable peril. But the Czar, acceding to the request of his high allies, would stand in a different position, and the peace might be honoured as policy, which would have been scorned as fear.

The last accounts from the seat of war are unpromising to the good cause. The power of Russia is gigantic, contrasted with the narrow and shattered strength of its heroic victim. The population of Poland, in its present limits, is probably not a *twentieth* of the population of Russia—its finance is nothing, and its trade is entirely at a stand. The Russian armies are said to be concentrating for the assault of Warsaw, and, by a more calamitous fortune, Warsaw itself has been the scene of an extensive Russian conspiracy, in which the prisoners of war, amounting to 13,000, were to have risen on the citizens. But the conspiracy has been detected, its members are under arrest, and the popular spirit has shown its sincerity by evincing the strongest indignation against the traitors. Some attempts of this kind were to be expected. Russia is barbarian still, and barbarism is even more ready at corruption than the sword. In all the wars of the continent, a bribe, if it be but of the suitable magnitude, is one of the most potent instruments of war and policy. It would be curious to know the sums disbursed privately during the Turkish war. But we may rely on the fact, that gold was more powerful than steel, and that the fall of the Turkish fortresses was as much owing to the enemy in the pocket as the enemy at the gates. Independently of the power of direct corruption, among the idlers of Warsaw, among the former dependents on Russian office, the pensioners of the palace, the gentleman usher tribe, all who lived on the bounty, or ministered to the indulgences, or expected the favours of the government, the whole locust generation of the capital, there must be a crowd of individuals to whom the return of the old despotism would have been more desirable than all the prosperity and freedom of all the nations of the earth. In those classes corruption makes its native nest, and they are habitually fit for every mean artifice, and malignant invective, and treacherous machination, against national honour and virtue. The conspiracy, however, has been broken up, and the attempt seems to have only animated the people to the more vigorous attachment to the hope of independence.

But they have found an ally more resist-

less than all the force of man. The formidable disease, which has already ravaged the south of Russia, has begun to spread at once to the north and the west. It has entered St. Petersburg, and is said to have produced such terror there, that the principal inhabitants were flying for their lives, and the imperial family had left the palace. But its more startling direction has been the Austrian Polish provinces. Of the return from Galicia of about six and thirty thousand seized within a very short period, the tremendous proportion of thirteen thousand have died! The terror has spread to Berlin, and even to Vienna; and the cry of the people is, that while the war continues, it will be impossible to arrest the progress of this terrible visitation by the usual means. For what *cordon* can be preserved in the midst of fighting armies? In the present circumstances every skirmish operates as a conductor of the contagion, every prisoner, every deserter, is liable to bear a new infection from the field. The insurrection in the provinces, every thing in the shape of public excitement, all public assemblage propagates the pest, and whether the war spread into the Austrian and Prussian provinces, or the insurrection be formed there, or prisoners be there confined, or fugitives suffered to make their way over the frontier, and what human vigilance can prevent them? the epidemic marches on, and may before long make itself felt in the presence of the monarchs as well as of the people. The only hope of stopping the progress of this awful infliction, is by stopping the havoc of the war; peace once come, will give time for the exercise of those precautions which have so often checked the advance of pestilence. But continued war will be sure to spread it through the belligerents first, then through every bordering nation; and then, when its fury defies all control, Europe, in tears and terror, will pay the penalty of those military madmen.

Brussels at last has found a king, Prince Leopold a throne, and the British nation has got rid of an illustrious sinecurist. We can have no desire to enfeeble the merits of Prince Leopold in this sacrifice; but truth is the first point, and it must be observed that though he has desired the surplus of the £50,000 a-year to be returned to the treasury, yet he preserves the grant in a condition to be resumed the moment he pleases. He has not *given* up the £50,000, he has placed it "in the hands of trustees," thus keeping up the whole machinery of the grant; and evidently intending to resume it, if his Belgian patriots should think fit to return him again upon our pension list.

The accounts of his reception are highly favourable. Triumphant arches, flowers, illuminations, and reviews of the burghers, have welcomed him every where, and the people are clearly glad of the prospect of quiet and

money-making again. And what man of common sense would not rejoice to escape the eternal hazards, fooleries, and crimes of republicanism? If prince Leopold will conduct himself with intelligence, and still more, with a real wish to do justice to the nation, if he give them freedom, and disdain to sink into a mere enjoyer of a laced coat and handsome salary, he may carry his crown with him to his grave. If he play the miser, he will be scoffed at: if he play the lover of military parade, the amateur of lancers, hussars, and other gewgaws of service, he will be in danger of it over-draining his exchequer, and being rapidly turned out. If he play the German prince, the Landgrave or Margrave, the sullen sovereign of three square miles, his fate will be sealed within the first week.

But at best his throne must be an uneasy one. A strong and bitter Flemish party have already declared against him. The Dutch nation are universally indignant at the loss of Belgium, and are determined to recover it, if sullenness, grumbling, and the virtues of the Prince of Orange will help them in the recovery. But the time for those weapons is past. Wilhelmus van Nassau was not made for a conqueror, and he must be content with the triumphs of the counting-house. His administration was unwise, for it was displeasing to the people. In spite of all remonstrance he kept the scourge over their heads, in the shape of a minister whom the people universally abhorred. If he thought proper to sacrifice his supremacy to the happiness of keeping M. Von Maanen at the head of Belgium, he has only himself to thank for the consequences. Another absurdity was the determination to make the Flemings speak Dutch, whether they knew it or not; the consequence was that they have left their king to contribute his philosophical cares to his Hollanders alone. There were fifty other similar fooleries played off upon a people, tetchy enough in their nature, much connected with France, who taught them to despise the Hollanders most heartily, and fully recollecting the brilliant times of Napoleon, who taught them as heartily to despise, right or wrong, every thing that called itself a monarch on the continent. The Flemings have now another reason for their aversion; they have fought the Dutch and beat them. They have fought the Dutch troops of the line with peasants and apprentices, and they have beat Mynheer without mercy. Of course, the breach is now irreconcilable. So much for the partition policy, so much for handing over nations, as if they were as transferable as the polite notes of the "high contracting parties." But the age of those guilty and tyrannical fopperies is past, and we may live in hopes that diplomacy will at length learn, that men are not to be sold like sheep, that sovereigns are not to be imposed upon nations, like overseers on the helpless of a workhouse; and

that ancient feelings, manly hopes, and the love of country, are not to be demolished at a dash of the diplomatic pen. The secretary-age is over, and henceforth it must be taken into consideration, even in the cabinets of Austria and Berlin, that the old definition of man, as a transferable commodity by cabinet bills of exchange, must be given up, and man be allowed to be a creature of flesh and blood, capable of likings and dislikings, and much more safely led than driven.

The Flemings have a right to congratulate themselves. We as much abhor disturbance for disturbance sake, as the most worshipful of state functionaries. But we have no power to overlook the facts, that the Flemings fought and conquered their masters; that, if their debates want order and elegance, there has been at least as much sound sense in them, as in the proclamations of the Prince of Orange, or even in the ukases of the lord of all the Russias; that more of men's minds has been suffered to come out, even in those rambling debates, than in all the polished conferences of all the well-dressed courts of Europe; and thus the very tinkers of Brussels might set a lesson of political honesty to three-fourths of the Metternichs in existence.

One point there is, of the highest importance. In all the present changes of the continent, there is nothing of unprovoked insurrection, and nothing of sanguinary outrage. Nothing of the furious bigotry that, to our national shame and sorrow, puts the knife and the firebrand into the grasp of that wretched fanatic, the Irish peasantry; and nothing of the mob or party butchery of the French revolution of 1793. The French of July 1830, rose by compulsion. Their infuriated king himself blew the trumpet. His mad "ordinance" was a declaration of war, and the rising of the people was against a national enemy. In England, if any government had been rash enough, which we think impossible, to issue a royal proclamation announcing in summary words that—the liberty of the press was abolished—that parliament was dissolved, at the arbitrary pleasure of the king; and—that the whole system of representation was as arbitrarily changed for the express purpose of returning a submissive parliament: we leave any man of common sense to say what would be the consequences by the time his majesty's mails had carried the news a twelve hours' journey through the land. "Absit omen!" Those things will never be necessary here, for the constitution bars out the sacrilegious hand that would pluck away its jewels; and while the Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury exist, the rights of the nation are guarded by a fence of more than triple steel. But in France, the act was done; the nation rose neither to retaliate nor to riot, but to defend itself, and its efforts closed, as it ought to close, in the expulsion of the Bourbons for ever. That deed at least is com-

pleted. And the Duchess of Berri may make fifty foolish journeys, and distribute the last franc of her expatriated purse before any one of her blood makes the slightest impression upon the indignant and justified spirit of the French nation.

The Polish insurrection has been already alluded to. In this there was nothing of either wanton revolt, or democratic outrage. An oppressed people appealed to Heaven, started up, as one man, broke the weapons of the oppressors on their heads, and put themselves on their trial in the field against the most furious and savage European despotisms. God prosper them! They fight for the same matchless stake, which once covered England with blood, and which was well worthy all the blood that won it. Their misfortunes, if they must sink, will be a source of sorrow to all that is generous, brave, and wise in human nature. Their triumphs—and we will not let go the hope that they may triumph yet—will be a trophy erected for the praise and pride of many a generation to come, a noble memorial to every people struggling under the weight of a tyrant, and a glorious encouragement to those efforts of wisdom and virtue without which nations are better in the grave.

The Belgian Insurrection too has been justified by the total want of volition in the people, in their transfer to the Dutch, by their natural aversion to the authority of a stranger, and by the original right of every nation to follow its own interests according to the dictates of its own reason. The trade, the finance, and the public privileges of the Fleming will find under an independent sovereign, that protection which it would be idle to expect under a Dutch king. And the nation were undoubtedly authorized to break through an allegiance which they believed injurious to themselves, and which had been imposed on them by the caprices of continental policy.

There are still some questions which may seriously occupy the new king's attention. The province of Luxemburg was a kind of purchase by the House of Nassau for some territories on the Rhine belonging to the ancient Orange family. But the Luxemburgers, discovering themselves to be human beings, and not stocks and stones, conceive that they ought to have some voice on the occasion, and determining to share the fate of the Flemings, they boldly refused to be handed back to William of Nassau. Against this obstinate adherence to their own choice, the Dutchman protests with the air of injured honesty. But the lesson will be good for him, and for others like him. Man must not be bought and sold; and the sovereign of the Hollanders must be content with what is content with him. Limburg and Liege are matters of discussion, but the whole will be speedily settled. The Dutch king will see the folly of resisting common sense. Belgium

as a thriving kingdom, will be more productive to him; an opulent neighbour is better at any time than a disaffected subject. Europe will be quiet (for a *while*), and men will think of commerce, books, and steam engines—much better things than guns and gunpowder, “brilliant staffs,” regulation moustaches, “mortars on a new construction,” and gazettes extraordinary of killed and wounded.

In England we have the more pacific battles of the House of Commons. Country gentlemen making speeches of half an hour's length to their own great delight and the infinite surprise of their most intimate neighbours. Statesmen falling asleep under the table, debates dragged on from hour to hour, through midnight, twilight, and daylight. The unfortunate Speaker alone wakeful, and inwardly cursing—if so decorous a functionary can commit such an enormity—the art of speech newly discovered by so many tongues. The Reform Bill lingers and languishes in the Commons. The subject has run itself dry, and if the ministry do not resuscitate it by some *coup d'état*, it will never find nerves or breath enough to walk into the House of Lords. Sir Robert Peel is the antagonist leader. What more need we say for the inactivity of its advocates? We have feelings towards that “breaker down of the constitution of 1688,” which we will not trust to paper. But it is enough for us to know that Sir Robert Peel mingles himself with any question, to shrink from it with disgust. If we should ever be convinced that the “Reformers” are honest men, it will be from hearing Sir Robert Peel's most determined declaration against “giving them his confidence.” We remember him on the fatal Catholic Question too well. We remember the solemn decorum of his solemn visage, his formal protestations that “no change of public affairs, no accident of time, nor glitter of office, no popular outcry, no command of parent, people, or king, should nor could shake the firmness of a principle that was all but born with him; that he felt as the breath of life, and that he would part with only when he parted with all things in the grave.”

And we remember the equally solemn decorum, the supersober sanctity of visage with which, at a week's warning, he told us the direct contrary. In this thing, we offer no reproach to Sir Robert; he could not help it. It was not in his nature to be firm, and he gave way accordingly. But if we should yet rank among the Reformers, our answer will be—“the measure was reprobated by Sir Robert Bliffl Peel.”

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SONG.

The heather waves in mountain pride,
The broom is bonny owre the knowe,
The birk grows green by yon loch side,
The hazel where the burnies row;

The brackens sug' far down the glen,
The gowans on the brae-face smile,
And far awa frae sinfu' men
Wons artless Jean o' Aberfoil.

Oh, weel I min' the gloamin' hour,
When, comin' owre the langsome hill,
I first was taught how meikle power
A lass may hae that min's nae skill;
For guileless as the lammie's sel',
That kens na e'en a mother's will—
But winsome as was Eve hersel',
Is artless Jean o' Aberfoil!

And then ye've seen the mountain doe?
Her form's as fair—her foot's as free!
Ye ken the blue the harebells show?
It's naething to her skylike ee!
Ye've heard the laverock in the lift?
Her voice gangs nearer heaven a mile!
And ev'ry grace in Nature's gift,
Is bonny Jean's o' Aberfoil!

When panting owre some burnin' way,
O! is't na sweet to hear the rill
Come tricklin' caller down the brae—
An' rest an' drink, and hae to spill!
Sae, when I'm weary o' this life,
Wi' a' its waeifu' care and toil,
I think she'll ablinks be my wife,
And I be Laird o' Aberfoil!

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

By the Author of “Sir Andrew Wylie,” &c. &c.

* * * FATHER NICHOLAS having assembled a considerable number of the Indians whom he had converted, settled them in the village which is now called St. Regis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and the village at this day the most picturesque in the country. The houses, high roofed and of a French appearance, are scattered round the semicircle of a little bay, and on a projecting headland stands the church, with its steeple glittering with a vivacity inconceivable by those who have not seen the brilliancy of the tin roofs of Canada contrasted in the sunshine with the dark woods.

This little church is celebrated for the legend of its bell.

When it was erected, and the steeple completed, Father Nicholas took occasion, in one of his sermons, to inform his simple flock that a bell was as necessary to a steeple as a priest is to a church, and exhorted them, therefore, to collect as many furs as would enable him to procure one from France. The Indians were not sloths in the performance of this pious duty. Two bales were speedily collected and shipped for Havre de Grace, and in due time the worthy ecclesiastic was informed that the bell was purchased and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, bound for Quebec.

It happened that this took place during one of those wars which the French and English are naturally in the habit of waging against

one another, and the *Grand Monarque*, in consequence, never reached her destination. She was taken by a New-England privateer and carried into Salem, where the ship and cargo were condemned as prize, and sold for the captors. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built, to which that great preacher, the Rev. John Williams, was appointed. With much labour, it was carried to the village, and duly elevated in the belfry.

When Father Nicholas heard of this misfortune, he called his flock together and told them of the purgatorial condition of the bell in the hands of the heretics, and what a laudable enterprise it would be to redeem it.

This preaching was, within its sphere, as inspiring as that of the hermit Peter. The Indians lamented to one another the deplorable unbaptized state of the bell. Of the bell itself they had no very clear idea; but they knew that Father Nicholas said mass and preached in the church, and they understood the bell was to perform some analogous service in the steeple. Their wonted activity in the chase was at an end; they sat in groups on the margin of the river, communing on the calamity which had befallen the bell; and some of them roamed alone, ruminating on the means of rescuing it. The squaws, who had been informed that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the call of the whip-poor-will in the evening, moved about in silence and dejection. All were melancholy, and finely touched with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted, and some voluntarily subjected themselves to severe penances, to procure relief for the captive, or mitigation of its sufferings.

At last the day of deliverance drew near.

The Marquis de Vaudrieul, the governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire: the command was given to Major Hertel de Rouville; and one of the priests belonging to the Jesuit's College at Quebec informed father Nicholas, by a pious voyageur, of the proposed incursion. The Indians were immediately assembled in the church; the voyageur was elevated in the midst of the congregation, and Father Nicholas, in a solemn speech, pointed him out to their veneration as a messenger of glad tidings. He then told them of the warlike preparations at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the conclusion, the whole audience rose, giving the war-whoop; then simultaneously retiring to their houses, they began to paint themselves with their most terrible colours for battle, and, as if animated by one will at their council fire, they resolved to join the expedition.

It was in the depth of winter when they set out to unite themselves with De Rouville's

party at the fort of Chambly. Father Nicholas, with a tall staff and a cross on the top of it, headed them; and, as they marched off, their wives and children, in imitation of the hymns which animated the departure of the first crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Boulogne, chanted a sacred song which the holy father had especially taught them for the occasion.

They arrived at Chambly, after a journey of incredible fatigue, as the French soldiers were mounting their sleighs to proceed to Lake Champlain. The Indians followed in the track of the sleighs, with the perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas, to be the more able to do his duty when it might be required, rode in a sleigh with De Rouville.

In this order and array, the Indians, far behind, followed in silence, until the whole party had rendezvoused on the borders of Lake Champlain, which, being frozen, and the snow but thinly upon it, was chosen for their route. Warmed in their imaginations with the unhappy captivity of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly their weary way; no symptom of regret, of fatigue, or of apprehension, relaxed their steady countenances; they saw with equal indifference the black and white interminable forest on the shore, on the one hand, and the dread and dreary desert of the snowy ice of the lake, on the other.

The French soldiers began to suffer extremely from the toil of wading through the snow, and beheld with admiration and envy the facility with which the Indians, in their snow shoes, moved over the surface. No contrast could be greater than the patience of Father Nicholas's proselytes and the irritability of the Frenchmen.

When they reached the spot on which the lively and pretty town of Burlington now stands, a general halt was ordered, that the necessary arrangements might be made to penetrate the forest towards the settled parts of Massachusetts. In starting from this point, Father Nicholas was left to bring up his division, and De Rouville led his own with a compass in his hand, taking the direction of Deerfield. Nothing that had been yet suffered was equal to the hardships endured in this march. Day after day the Frenchmen went forward with indefatigable bravery,—a heroic contrast to the panics of their countrymen in the Russian snow-storms of latter times. But they were loquacious; and the roughness of their course and the entangling molestation which they encountered from the underwood, provoked their maledictions and excited their gesticulations. The conduct of the Indians was far different: animated with holy zeal, their constitutional taciturnity had something dignified—even sublime, in its sternness. No murmur escaped them; their knowledge of travelling the woods instructed them to avoid

many of the annoyances which called forth the *pestes* and *sacres* of their not less brave but more vociferous companions.

Long before the party had reached their destination, Father Nicholas was sick of his crusade; the labour of threading the forest had lacerated his feet, and the recoiling boughs had, from time to time, by his own inadvertency in following too closely behind his companions, sorely blained, even to excoriation, his cheeks. Still he felt that he was engaged in a sanctified adventure; he recalled to mind the martyrdoms of the saints and the persecutions of the fathers, and the glory that would redound to himself in all after ages, from the redemption of the bell.

On the evening of the 29th of February, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without having been discovered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, rest, and refresh themselves until midnight, at which hour he gave orders that the village should be attacked.

The surface of the snow was frozen, and crackled beneath the tread. With great sagacity, to deceive the English garrison, De Rouville directed, that in advancing to the assault, his men should frequently pause, and then rush for a short time rapidly forward. By this ingenious precaution, the sentinels in the town were led to imagine that the sound came from the irregular rustle of the wind through the laden branches of the snowy forest; but an alarm was at last given, and a terrible conflict took place in the streets. The French fought with their accustomed spirit, and the Indians with their characteristic fortitude. The garrison was dispersed, the town was taken, and the buildings set on fire.

At daybreak all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, waited in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homages and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request, and De Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen, who were witnesses, laughed at it most unrighteously. But the father was not entirely discomfited. As the Indians had never heard a bell before, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and despatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep; it was, to the simple ears of the Indians, as the voice of an oracle; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.

The bell was then taken from the belfry, and fastened to a beam with a cross-bar at each end, to enable it to be carried by four men. In this way the Indians proceeded with it homewards, exulting in the deliverance of the "miraculous organ." But it was soon found too heavy for the uneven track they had to retrace, and, in consequence, when they reached their starting point, on the shore

of Lake Champlain, they buried it, with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could come with proper means to carry it away.

As soon as the ice was broken up, Father Nicholas assembled them again in the church, and, having procured a yoke of oxen, they proceeded to bring in the bell. In the mean time all the squaws and papooses had been informed of its marvellous powers and capacities, and the arrival of it was looked to as one of the greatest events "in the womb of time." Nor did it prove far short of their anticipations. One evening, while they were talking and communing together, a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods; it rose louder and louder; they listened, they wondered, and began to shout and cry, "It is the bell."

It was so. Presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was laid across their shoulders, and, as the bell swung between them, it sounded wide and far. On the top of the beam a rude seat was erected, on which sat Father Nicholas, the most triumphant of mortal men, adorned with a wreath round his temples; the oxen, too, were ornamented with garlands of flowers. In this triumphal array, in the calm of a beautiful evening, when the leaves were still and green, and while the roar of *Le longus Saulte* rapid, softened by distance, rose like the hum of a pagan multitude rejoicing in the restoration of an idol, they approached the village.

The bell, in due season, was elevated to its place in the steeple, and, at the wonted hours of matins and vespers, it still cheers with its clear and swelling voice the solemn woods and the majestic St. Lawrence.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE "SPIRIT OF THE MOVEMENT."

WHAT has been dreaded by some, and hoped for by more, the last few months have at length brought to pass—the Movement has taken place. Europe—we may say the world—has become revolutionary; and, as if by common consent, men of almost all climes have come forward together to assert the privileges of the people. This singular coincidence in international opinion forms a remarkable epoch in the history of civilization. Any strong resemblance between the objects of the popular will in separate states is, so far, an indication that the mind of society has made considerable advances, for ignorance does not admit of harmony; but when this analogy is manifested so strikingly and so practically, as in the present instance it has been, then may we mark down a distinct era in the progress of enlightenment. Men differ in ideas not from any capability of real variance in the subject of their controversy, but because knowledge being incomplete, passion has

placed it in two lights.* Were truth fully divulged, the different shades of opinion would merge into one luminous certainty, and all individuals would think alike. The prejudices or the nationality, as it is sometimes called, of states, are the passions of men in tribes, and are governed by the same laws as those of mankind when considered more distributively. They spring from ignorance, they lead to conflict, and, betimes vanishing as the light shines stronger, give place to that unity of sentiment which full information shows had been illusively varied and multiplied. The European movement is a splendid illustration of this mighty concord. The sturdy Englishman in his counting-house, the volatile Frenchman in his fauxbourgs, the irascible Fleming in his corn-fields, the lion-hearted Pole on the Vistula, all—all are looking in one direction, seeking in one way or another one object, the rights and privileges of the people.

The manifestations of public opinion which have been made throughout the world during these last twelve months, have naturally engrossed the minds of men and absorbed almost all other considerations; but so rapidly and in such magnitude have they been supplied, that we have scarcely had time to do more than act the part of simple recipients, whilst the process of reflection was left to calmer moments. The movement has taken place, but "the manner of it," "whence it comes," and "whither it goeth," have scarcely as yet been inquired into. Marvellous, however, as it may at first sight appear, we believe it requires no very searching analysis to discover its origin and nature. That whilst knowledge was in progress and institutions stationary, there should in the course of time exist an incongruity between them, is merely stating the simple case of a necessary consequence. The best formula of a constitution at any time adopted is, at most, commensurate with the wisdom of the age; it is in fact its product. A new epoch of augmented intelligence finds present establishments below its level, and demands a new product. It sweeps in a fresh set of elements, from which, in connexion with those already obtained, the great political induction of good government is to be made; and thus must the science of rule keep pace, like every other, with the advance of truth. When this necessary operation is procrastinated, the disparity between the demands of the age and the scope of established systems is increased so considerably, that reform, when it does come, comes with the violence of revolution, and either the old materials are wholly rejected, or they bear a very small proportion to the new. The world, in 1830, felt that these operations had been procrastinated; they perceived that they had far out-grown the maxims of polity held a

century before: the world therefore repudiated those maxims. Formerly the interests of the many were held to subserve the interests of the few; later doctrine has reversed the proposition—and hence the movement. Simple as the enunciation of this proposition may appear, it is not in practice universally applied towards the solution of late occurrences. There is a tribe among political speculators with whom chance is a deity, and any convulsion in society a *lusus nature*. Again, there are those who recognise a law in the sequence of events, but who never look beyond a proximate cause. The overthrow of the Wellington administration is, in the opinion of these speculators, the origin of the present reform-movement in England. The schism against Villèle and the instalment of Martignac's ministry—the balanced number of Belgians and Dutch in the Flemish Chamber, and the intrigues of the Catholics—the incapacity and barbarity of Constantine—and the bad example of other states, are respectively set down, according to the same system of analytics, as the causes of the French, the Belgian, and the Polish revolutions. As far as they go, possibly these politicians may draw just conclusions; but had the Duke sustained no defeat in the British House of Commons—had Villèle struck down schism—had the members of the Chambers of the Netherlands been all Dutch—had Constantine, instead of being an idiot and barbarian, been a sage—still would the movement have taken place, though perhaps at a later period and in deeper and bloodier tracks.

There are others again, who, in looking out for the genesis of these great events, go as far back as we would ourselves. There is this difference however between us, that they, regarding as a curse what we recognise as a blessing, attribute to propagandism what we ascribe to knowledge. The criterion which we would select as the best to decide between two such opposite conclusions, namely, the effect produced, is thus in itself a subject of controversy. We may however suggest, that it appears scarcely more credible that propagandism, by which they mean the diffusion of error, should prevail over true knowledge, than that pure barbarism could. It can only in the end appeal to what the barbarian appeals, namely, brute force; and if the latter cannot turn this instrument to any account, neither could the former: error is not less unskilful than ignorance, and both must equally yield to the superior control of wisdom. We can suppose a case such as that of the first French revolution, where the genius of anarchy might for a time prevail; but this is scarcely an example of error contending with truth. France, rotten to its core, afforded but a comparatively small portion of intelligence to stand between the living and the dead and to stay the plague. By withholding for centuries popular rights, by debasing in-

* Locke's Essays.

stead of enlightening, by superinducing ignorance, not by diffusing knowledge, the bulk of the nation was rendered barbarous; whilst those in power, besotted by fruition, became imbecile. Here then brute force, opposed to folly, was for the season victorious. We do not assert that error, from whatever source it arose, might not prevail if it contended with error; but we maintain that against knowledge it is impotent, and not more to be apprehended than the powers of pure barbarism. The conservative party, if their principles be those of truth, will always count among their supporters the men of honesty, of intelligence, and of property. These are the sines of war. The propagandists against them may bring a numerous, but at the same time it will be an undisciplined and an unarmed force. Our fears that the latter might have a triumph, would only imply that we had doubts of the wisdom, and consequently the strength, of the conservative party to which we belonged—would only imply that we were conscious we were procrastinating too long that necessary reform in our institutions, which would replenish us with means all-powerful to crush the efforts of anarchy. The conclusion we then come to is, that the legitimate and only effectual means of checking the diffusion of error is by opposing to it the diffusion of truth—that these two principles will never conspire—that they are essentially antagonist—that the powers of light must prevail over the powers of darkness—and that consistently with this doctrine, which we conceive is just and rational, the universal success of the liberals throughout Europe against their rulers is strong presumptive evidence that the movement is not to be ascribed to the effects of propagandism, but to the diffusion of true knowledge.

The natural pace at which intelligence generally advances has been materially accelerated during the fifteen years of universal tranquillity preceding the last. This has antedated the movement. War and military transactions distract public attention from internal concerns and serve to direct national jealousy against foreign objects. Amidst this spurious emulation, the higher powers of the mind are kept in abeyance, and the pamphleteer assumes the chair of the philosopher. When peace is universal, nations, instead of vying in physical exertion, co-operate in mental: intellect is clubbed and their separate stores of knowledge amassed together in one common repository: genius and ingenuity are applied to their proper objects: trade in information becomes free—the sciences of useful products are the subjects of study, and discoveries are the consequence, which, whilst they minister to the wants of mankind, serve also to enlighten them. It is now the absurdities and defects of internal polity become apparent: they stand in full sunshine and are manifest. The public perceive the cause of

former and present sufferings, and they call for tribunals of the people.

Such is a general account of the origin of the late events which have agitated all Europe. An investigation of their characteristics naturally follows. The spirit of the movement is peculiarly a democratic one. This it is which distinguishes the revolutionary world for the last fifty years from all other stages of public commotion—not that the latter were wholly destitute of the popular principle, or that the former is devoid of the aristocratic, but in each case respectively these two elements are vastly disproportioned. Heretofore the magnate was the leader, the people the follower—now the former abets what the latter propounds, whilst the corresponding transactions are respectively coloured by the views of each as they predominated. The English revolution of 1641, however democratic its complexion might for a time have appeared to be, was virtually a struggle between the Crown and the House of Commons on grounds of their own prerogatives. The popular rights evolved in the conflict, however valuable, were not so much a cession to demands originally expressed by the great body of the people, as a salutary consequence derived to them from the circumstance of Parliament's determination to assert its privileges. It was not so much as representatives of the people, but as a co-ordinate estate with the Crown and to illustrate the powers with which such a condition invested them, that the Commons originated democratic measures: not that we would detract from the merit of the Pym and the Hampdens; it is no small praise that they should have directed the public mind, and have exhibited a coincidence between their own interests as a body and the general welfare. The fact, however, remains, that Parliament led the nation, not the nation the Parliament. Aristocracy gave the impulse to democracy, and the ultimate endeavours of the former to perpetuate its influence and secure its interests independent of the latter, whilst they are amply and notoriously illustrated by the transactions of the Long Parliament, clearly show the large portion of aristocratic spirit with which the whole movement was impregnated. As to the revolution of 1688 it was manifestly an aristocratic manœuvre, in which the majority of the nation concurred, and the Bill of Rights grew out of the same circumstances (namely, the independent spirit of the House of Commons,) as the Petition of Right half a century before.

In Holland, the revolution under Philip the Second, though comprising somewhat of the popular element, was still a movement concerted by Dutch nobility, headed by a Prince of Orange, and arising as much from an affront received by the Counts Egmont and Horn, as from the wrongs which had been suffered by the people—its character therefore corresponded with its origin. It is unne-

necessary to quote any more cases: we have selected those revolutionary manifestations in which the voice of the people was most audible; yet, comparing them with transactions of the same nature within these last fifty years, we are sensibly struck by the vast augmentation which the democratic element has undergone, and the consequent decrease of the aristocratic. In fact, we now find that the former bears the same proportion to the entire compound of the two principles, which the latter had held before. Here the people lead and the privileged orders follow.

The revolution which severed the United States from this country was necessarily a democratic one—there existed no distinct class to give it the other complexion. Owing to this circumstance, therefore, it is perhaps the purest case which could be adduced of a popular movement. The French Revolution which succeeded evolved the democratic principle in excess. Its inevitable consequence, the revolution of 1830, has not been less national or less productive of the legitimate and substantial rights of the people than its bloody precursor; whilst a larger fund of intelligence gained by the community at large, in the interval, has served to keep it pure from those enormities with which a mob, brutalized by long misrule, had stained the first. Here are to be found few tracks of aristocratic principles.

The privileged orders in France are now virtually extinct; and the abolition of the hereditary peerage, which the present Chamber is pledged to effect, will also extinguish the name. The subdivision of property has crumbled into particles, the influence of what was once the great landed proprietary; and mercantile wealth, subjected to the same process, is unable, by its mere temporary accumulations to engender amongst its possessors that unity of action and *esprit de corps*, which is always to be found in a corporation of hereditary magnates. Here then the democratical nature of the revolution of July, supposing we did not refer to national manifestations as criteria, is plainly to be inferred *à priori* from the fact, that in France an aristocracy, comparatively speaking, does not exist. One of the most perfect indications, however, of the spirit of the movement is the share which the press had in contributing to it. This is a democratic feature, which is not discernible in the series of revolutions which took place before the eighteenth century; and there could subsist no very pervading sentiment of a popular nature, where this sole but mighty engine of intercommunication was wanting. The very circumstance which constitutes the physical power of the people, namely, their numbers, renders feeble their deliberative, except where such an organ is established. By means of it millions can meet in council, and the national mind be marshalled to act with unity. The French press, in the recent transactions,

amply fulfilled its functions, and illustrated by its influence the power of the people. Another strong indication of the spirit of the movement was the political eminence which the National Guard, that is the middle classes, the trades-people, the shopkeepers, of which this popular force is composed, held amidst the convulsion. The destinies of France were and are plainly in their hands. The system of government to be adopted was and is manifestly at their arbitration, that is at the arbitration of the people. It is unnecessary to go more into detail to prove that the characteristics of the revolution of July, as contrasted with those which took place before the eighteenth century, were highly democratic.

The remarks we have made with respect to the case of France, apply with little modification to that of Belgium. There also the popular manifestations have predominated, and the acts of the Provisional government have been conceived in the spirit of freedom. The press and the Burgher Guard, in other words the people, have in Belgium conducted and confirmed the revolution after the same manner that the press and the National Guard effected the same end in France; and here again the spirit of the movement is democratic.

With respect to the valiant and high-minded nation which is still struggling on the Vistula for its liberties, we can only speak in terms of sympathy and hope. Their magnanimity and courage in the field are good earnest of their final success, whilst the national scope of their councils, the manumission of serfs, and the abolition of all aristocratic exactions, give ample promise that the spirit of their movement will not be an illiberal one; but will, on the contrary, be comprehensive and free. It already forms a striking contrast with the last revolution in that country, when Kosciusko, unfortunately for his perfect fame, was placed at the head of a junta, instead of in the front of the nation.

Last of all, England—the peculiar region of the earth, which boasts itself the birth-place of liberty—England has marched with the intelligence of the age, and has commenced the work of regeneration on the most enlarged and popular principles. That even in spite of a boroughmongering system, the nation by one tremendous effort could return a large majority of representatives pledged to reform, is, in itself, a signal indication of the spirit which actuates the British movement. Here is no aristocratic influence. Peers, particularly among the older nobility, and great proprietors have, it is true, to the credit of their honesty and judgment, coalesced with the nation, and joined the cause of reform. Some have followed; some have marched abreast with it; some have headed it; but it is not they who gave it its first impulse—the public mind originated the measure. The press, as in France, first expressed the national deter-

mination, and hence the Bill. Thus in England also the spirit of the movement is democratic.

This slight comparative analysis of the principal revolutions which have taken place within the last fifty years, and those previous to that period, brief and cursory as it is, is yet sufficient to show how considerably the popular principle predominates in the former. There are many, however, who, whilst they accede to the truth of this proposition, still conceive that the democratic spirit of the age has not been given full scope by the revolutionary governments of France and Belgium, to speak of no other; and that the doctrines of the party which is now emphatically denominated the party of the movement, are more in accordance with what the intelligence of the times requires. We confess we hold the same opinions; and we think that they who stigmatize those members of the French and Belgian chambers, who have been in opposition to their respective cabinets, as promoters of anarchy, do so most wilfully and most unjustly.

With respect to the former class, the recent elections have afforded them a signal justification, and have demonstrated that their views were national, not anarchical. A large majority of the new chamber is pledged to the abolition of the hereditary peerage, and to an interposition in favour of the Poles—the two principal requisites of the movement party. It appears, therefore, that the great proportion of the French constituency—a body more imposing by its intelligence and wealth than its numbers, even on its enlarged basis, (characteristics highly favourable to the cause of order,) hold the same opinions as this denounced set of men do. Now the presumption is, that the electors, that is, the choice intellect of the nation, judge soundly; and hence the vindication of the movement party. But indeed we need scarcely quote an argument from authority, and cite the wisdom of the French constituency in order to determine on the policy of the two measures above-mentioned, and thereby to pronounce our verdict on those who originated them. We can conceive no system more preposterous than that pursued by several continental states, in spurious imitation of the British constitution, according to which they have set about manufacturing a legislative chamber, the members of which are the monarch's nominees. This may be an ingenious method of saving the executive the irksome task of putting a veto on the measures of the people's representatives, but its political necessity we are in no wise able to discover. That a perfect constitution should require the interposition of a body of men possessed, as are the English nobility, of large and independent properties, we do not take upon ourselves to controvert. Here even, supposing the representation of the people to be pure, the possibility at least will exist of the House

of Lords coinciding with the House of Commons. Such assistance, it is true, in the case of a national Chamber of Representatives—a Chamber we mean cleansed of the "perilous stuff" of boroughmongers, would be somewhat superfluous, whilst the intrigues of the peerage with the executive might, on the other hand, prove troublesome. Still, even supposing a British House of Peers a matter of supererogation, or a casual impediment, we can yet evidently discover its advantage over a chamber of dignitaries, constituted avowedly to echo the will of the sovereign.

With respect to the other measure of the movement party, namely, an interposition in favour of the Poles, we think it also speaks for itself, and justifies by its merits the political views of the party which originated it. We confess we are amongst those who would wish to see the movement realized on a continental rather than a provincial scale. In this age Europe ought to be looked on as one people, and patriotism should not be contracted within districts. The cause of the Pole is the cause of the Briton, the Frenchman, and the Belgian. Policy, as well as sympathy, should teach us this. Two principles are at work, the constitutional and the despotic. Free states must guard against the contagion of the latter, and make it perform eternal quarantine. As long as it is confined within its own snows it is harmless, but once transferred to Poland and the heart of Europe, though it never could eventually triumph, it might for a season prevail. The folly of a crusade for freedom may be made as apparent as perhaps a similar expedition for less attainable objects; but the righteous and merciful protection of an injured people, bruised, mangled, and trampled on by an oppressor, is surely an act not inconsistent with the policy, or superior to the might, of the great fraternity of free nations.

We conceive, then, that the movement party in advocating these two measures, the abolition of the hereditary peerage and an interposition in favour of the Poles, act the part of enlightened French citizens. The other demands, namely, a reduction of the civil list, the abolition of monopolies, and the freedom of education, are also, we conceive, framed in the same spirit of patriotism and wisdom. Our limits do not allow us to enter into a particular investigation of them.

The movement party in Belgium has perhaps exhibited more heat and less discretion than the same class of politicians in France, still we think there is much honesty and sound sense in their views. The surrender of Luxemburg, Limburg, and the other provinces and towns which made common cause with Belgium, to the wrath of a disappointed monarch and the uncertain arbitration of other states, bears on the face of it strong marks of bad faith, if it is not to be regarded as an impolitic sacrifice of territory. The cabinet, however, and M. Lebeau, waiving the question of ab-

strict policy and justice, advance the principle of expediency, and we own it is under certain circumstances a strong one.

These are our views with respect to the doctrines and transactions of this calumniated portion of society, but, in coinciding with them, we by no means take up the cause of the clubs, the associations, and the mobs, though we are aware that even amongst these much truth is mingled with a considerable quantity of extravagance. The great error of the violent and unreflecting revolutionist is that he looks at once for perfection instead of substantial improvement, whilst the timid and self-interested statesman halts on the first step of reform—we take neither extreme. We hold that amendment should be accomplished on a liberal scale, whilst at the same time we admit the necessary qualifications of compromise and expediency. We thus differ from the violent democrat in admitting these elements, and from the narrow reformer in the proportions in which we would use them. It requires more sagacity than falls to the share of the uneducated to discriminate between an object to be approximated to and that which we may immediately appropriate. That the speculations of the most enthusiastic liberal may still be verified, we take not upon ourselves to controvert. Consistently, with our own principle of the unremitting progress of knowledge and the corresponding advance of civilization, we look forward, though remotely, to a state of things being realized, which, in the eyes of the worshippers of "the things that be," may appear sufficiently ultra-montane and extravagant. All we contend for is, that these objects are to be obtained by approximation, and not immediately. The political space which lies between perfection and our approaches to it, must necessarily be filled up by the elements of compromise and expediency. Our business is to take care that we have not unnecessarily enlarged that space. We would withhold a popular privilege if, by granting it, it would serve as a vantage-ground from which another and a much more important one might thereby in the end be demolished, but on no other condition would we exercise the conservative principle. Nay, there may be occasions where the magnitude of the right demanded is such that we would be justified rather in running the hazard of a popular convulsion, than in holding back what was ultimately bound up with the people's welfare.

Consistently with these opinions, whilst we are aware that the governments of France and Belgium are called upon as the responsible trustees of national tranquillity to act in the spirit of conservation, we are also convinced that it is equally their duty to act in the spirit of liberality.

Louis Philippe and his cabinet must immediately do so—Leopold and his cabinet must in the end do so—and William the Fourth

and his honest administration are determined to do so. The spirit of the movement has already exhibited striking indications of free tendencies. The year 1832 will, we confidently trust, give them complete development. D.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

BORELLI AND MENOTTI.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN POLAND."

"Nineteen—twenty—twenty-one," muttered old Pietro, stretching his grey head out of the window, as he listened to the thunder of cannon, which echoed majestically through the valley, reverberating from the opposite cliffs of Santa Maria.

"That's a salute," continued the old man. "What it will bring Heaven only knows! Should it be that we are fortunate—" he muttered, drawing in his breath, like one afraid of being overheard, and looking anxiously around, and then into the distance, from which, at intervals, swelled a distracted clamour.—The cause of the noise seemed rapidly approaching.

"Protect us, Jesus, Maria, and Joseph, and all the blessed army of saints!" said Bettina, the wife of old Pietro; "All the people of Reggio are in the park, men, women, and children I saw Memmo and Guiseppe whetting their daggers behind the cascade—"

The old man turned with a vacant stare towards the speaker, who went on.

"And I asked them what they wanted, and they said, 'that they had a right to be here, and to look after Jacobins and infidels; and that our time is out, and that the Duke is come.'"

"Save us from evil!" said the old man, signing himself with the cross, and turning towards a folding-door, which he opened, and passed through.

"—And she still reposes, unconscious of what is going on around us, and before us, and we are utterly powerless! Alas! my limbs, how feeble they are! I can scarcely move."

Pietro faltered towards a bed, and opening the curtains, looked wistfully on a female who lay upon it, whether slumbering or dead it would at first sight have been difficult to tell.

Her form was of exquisite beauty, and of the truly Roman cast. Whiter than the sheet around her, she lay like a marble statue of antique workmanship. She seemed a vision, without breath or motion. Only at long intervals of respiration her pale lips opened slightly and tremulously, but with as little of vitality or volition as leaves fluttered by the wind.

"So she has continued for the last seven

* The fate of these high-minded men was truly deplorable. Encouraged to raise the standard of independence by the assurance of French assistance, they were basely left to the Austrians and the scaffold.—Must Italy be for ever in bondage to the "Carinthian boor?"

night!" said Bettina, bending anxiously over the bed.

"We must not disturb her," said Pietro in a whisper, drawing his wife back. The sounds, at first faint and distant, and only perceptible from the echo which had returned them, like the rushing and roaring of mighty waters, assumed gradually a more distinct character. Wild tumultuous shouts, ever and anon, swelled nearer and nearer. The lovely sleeper opened her lips, murmured some inarticulate syllables, and closed them again. The noise increased; the cries, "Long live the Duke!—Religion! the Pope!" were repeatedly heard. On a sudden a discharge of musketry shook the whole windows and building, and the gates of the villa were burst asunder. Pietro, who had been standing unconscious of every thing, his eye bent on his mistress, now hurried out of the room. He was not gone long, when a shrill cry arose from below. The slumbering form shuddered slightly, again opened her lips, and faltering "Die!" relapsed into a state of suspended energy. The confusion had, in the meanwhile, spread all over the villa, above and beneath, and in the adjoining room. An occasional crash was heard, which made the fabric rock to its foundation.

"They show their valour on our furniture," said Pietro, who re-entered the room, his bloody head tied up with a handkerchief.

"These miserable men, who have run away before the *Tedeschi*, are breaking chairs, and tables, and sofas, and bottles, and casks. They are in the cellars, in the buttery, in the library—Matteo and Filippo are at their head."

While he was speaking, the door was dashed open, and two men entered, dressed in the uniform of the Ducal police, followed by ten soldiers, all armed with muskets and swords, their hats decorated with broad yellow and black cockades.

The chief of the party paused for a moment, on beholding the lady on the bed, then elevating his head with an authoritative mien, he traversed the apartment, and began to scrutinize its contents. All at once his attention was fixed by a portrait which hung over the fair sleeper; his eyes were filled with fury, and brandishing his sword, he thrust it through the painting, and brought it to the ground.

"Ah!" whispered one of the men, "how valiant Filippo is!"

"*Abiano te trovati!*" exclaimed the furious Italian, "*te trovato finalmente? Voleva essere un re et dar lege alla sua Altezza Imperiale!*"—so saying, he cut the painting and frame into fragments. "*Ma lui sta qui sono sicuro que sta qui; deve essere in questa stanza!*" and leaping forwards, he, with a single jerk, flung aside the sheet which mantled the pallid wife of Borelli, and exposed her to the gaze of his companions.

The men had been standing in deep silence; a couple of them now sprang forward, and

replacing the sheet, drew the officer from the bed; their attention was attracted by a slight movement of the lady—a protracted shivering crept over her frame; her teeth chattered; she stretched forth her hands, as if to withdraw somebody from the grasp of an enemy; she struggled with all her might—"No," she cried, "No, barbarians, you shall not have him!" and with a fearful shriek she added, "All in vain! All in vain!—They have him! They have him!"—Convulsions seized her, and again she sank into a lethargy.

It was on the 10th of April, 1831, two days after the scene just described, when, from the road which winds through the dreary flat that spreads from the vine-covered hills of Reggio towards Modena, two carriages were seen entering the city gate, surrounded by a detachment of Austrian cuirassiers, an immense multitude flocking at the same time from all sides. Ducal dragoons, in their primitive uniforms, just recovered from the pawnbrokers; mendicants, half naked, with black and yellow ribbons round their necks; women and children in a similar *dishabille*, and with the same decorations, in honour of their Austrian deliverers, intermingled with robbers, monks, and Ducal soldiers, were pressing with furious execrations towards the carriages. These carriages contained Borelli and Menotti, the two leaders of the popular party of Modena, who had at length come within the grasp of sovereign vengeance. The news had been brought by an express to Reggio, and the people had been called upon to testify their loyalty, and to deliver his Imperial Highness from the Jacobins. The loyal subjects had assembled in consequence, and they were not a little disappointed when they found the object of their hatred in the hands of the Austrians. To the right, towards the St. Maria gate, a troop of cuirassiers were trotting up and down to keep off the crowd, which, recoiling under shouts of "Live the Duke!" advanced again, shouting "the Austrians!" Some Modenese *employés*, more daring than the rest, climbed up the arcades and windows, to throw stones and all sorts of missiles at the carriages, and those who protected them; while from the opposite quarter, the peasants came in crowds, with their priests riding on mules, and waving exultingly their broad flapped hats. The carriage was approaching towards the Ducal palace, from which Francis the IVth had fled six weeks before, and where his life was saved by the firmness of Borelli, from the infuriated mob, that now demanded the blood of their late idol. The balconies and windows were filled with the creatures of the Duke; the cries of "Death to the Jacobins!" waxed louder and louder, and the same populace who, a fortnight before, a squadron of *Tedeschi* would have chased the whole length of the Peninsula, now pressed forward upon the cuiras-

niers, regardless of blows and swords, to satisfy their vengeance—Italian vengeance.

They had succeeded in stopping the carriages. "Death to the traitors!" shouted the monks. One of the most ferocious-looking of the mob sprang upon the coach-step, and holding fast by the left hand, aimed with the right a thrust through the window. At the moment, the sword-hilt of a cuirassier descended on his neck, and knocked him down so effectually, that carriage and riders passed over his loyal corpse. The cavalcade neared the bastions of the citadel, the gates of which were guarded by a numerous detachment of Polish lancers. The sight of blood had stimulated the Italians, and again they pressed upon the escort; but the Poles wheeled forward, the carriage rolled into the arch-way, and the subjects of his Imperial Highness, men, women, monks, and robbers, tumbled over each other in angry confusion. The gates closed; the vehicle moved a few steps farther into the open court-yard, and there halted. The two prisoners descended; a deep melancholy sat upon the face of the first. It was Borelli—the ardent, the enthusiastic Borelli. His companion evinced more resignation: he caught his faltering fellow-sufferer by the arm, and led him through the gloomy passage into the subterranean chamber of their prison. A slight smile passed across Menotti's lips when the rusty wings of the heavy iron door unfolded. "Ah!" he said, "they are afraid of our escaping. Alas! what a worthless thing is life, after what we have just witnessed!"

There was no chair—no table—no bed in the room; Ducal littleness thought it necessary to show its cruelty even there. Borelli reeled into the arms of his friend, and then with the words, "*O Luigia!—Luigia!*"—dropped on the damp and chill stone floor.

At the hour of the promenade, the arcades of the main street of Modena were deserted. Save in the quarter of the populace, the city seemed to be uninhabited; no sound was to be heard—no serenade of the gay lover—nothing except the trotting of the cuirassiers and lancers, who rode up and down the *Strada Ducale* with a motion as regular as the piston of a steam-engine. Before the ducal palace stood Baron Geppert, the Austrian general, surrounded by his staff and a bevy of officers, damning, in good German, the French and the insurgents. At length he bowed, and the crowd dispersed as the cavalry trotted through the different streets towards their quarters. The clatter of horse-hoofs gradually died away, and nothing was audible save the "*Wer da*" of the guards, as they called through the night upon the solitary passenger.

It was in the evening of the next day, when Count Morovsky, captain in a regiment of lancers of his Austrian Majesty, entered the room of his friend Baron O'Don-

nel, a captain in the same corps. The Baron was so fortunate as to have his quarters assigned in the palace of the Most Illustrious the Contessa—. He sat before a looking-glass, while his servant arranged the fine curls that clustered around his forehead.

"*Ma foi, Charles!*" exclaimed the Baron—his countenance flushed as if he had been in pursuit of a troop of Independents—"ma foi! she loves me even more than I was aware of! By Jove! what a delightful creature! She herself bandaged this scratch on my left arm. Oh, these tears!—these dejected features!—these sighs!"

"You have heard the order of the day?" said the Count. "No trifling with women—"

"Pshaw! away with your order! The old grey-beard would turn us into Maltese knights.—Here we are watching and guarding, and what? men who are not worth guarding, and who will run as fast as tailors, and women who are worthy of the noblest men. Besides, you know, she is the sister of the confidant and favourite of the Duke. I would barter all the *frauleins* of Germany for this widow: no coquetry—no grimaces. Let her once answer yes, and you know your ground. And then rich as a daughter of Israel—beautiful as an angel, or an Englishwoman, and fervid, impetuous, like a daughter of her own impassioned country. One condition alone she demands, to be mine—mine forever,—and adieu service. But hist! I hear a carriage! her uncle is driving out this very hour."

"Probably to have some poor rogue of an Independent made quietly away with. The Duke, I understand, named him a member of the Secret Military Commission."

"The better—the better—let this country be a little cleansed of the *canaille*, and it will not look the worse for it."

The speaker was interrupted by a slight tap at the door.

"What now?" whispered the Count, "I'll step behind the alcove."

"No—no;" said the Baron, but his friend was already concealed; no sooner had he gained his retreat, than a female entered—it was the proud and noble Contessa—, the fair and youthful widow. She had been weeping—a tear still glittered on her eyelids—she glided towards the Baron. She was a voluptuous figure, with a neck and shoulder of ivory.

"O'Donnel!" she said with a voice of music, "O'Donnel! you shall hear the condition;" she paused, "Life of my soul! you must kill my uncle!"

The captain stared, "Kill your uncle?"

"The sole condition," said the dazzling woman.

"Kill your uncle, with my sword?"

"Aye, or with your poniard—this poniard."

She unwrapped a paper and exhibited a sharp Roman dagger.

"This is the condition—fulfil it and I am thine."

She fixed her hurried glance on him—she grasped his hand—she led him to a sofa—her mouth hung over him, as if the quicker to catch his utterance, but her lover passively ejaculated "Kill her uncle!"

"Kill your uncle?" said the Count, drawing the curtains of the alcove, and stepping towards the beauty—"why kill him?"

The bright-eyed Italian seemed no ways disconcerted; bounding from the sofa, she playfully aimed the dagger at the breast of the officer, who stood quite calm.

"Ah! you are my man," and she burst into a laugh. "If Signor O'Donnel will not accept of my condition, you will—will you not?"

"I kill your uncle, Contessa! You are merry."

"No, no," said she, throwing herself on the sofa, "No, no—kill him—deliver me from him, or he will"—she paused.

"And is there no other means?" demanded O'Donnel.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Contessa, after a moment's musing, "I have it—Count, you are mounting guard to-night?"

The Count replied in the affirmative—"But how know you this?" said he, shaking his head distrustfully.

"Will you exchange with the Baron?"

The two officers looked at each other in surprise.

"Will you?" demanded the Contessa, stepping before them and surveying them with the fiery glance of a love glowing Italian.

"I will," replied O'Donnel.

"And you must!" said the Contessa, seizing his hand, and urging him to make arrangements for the change.

He departed silent and thoughtful. Something mysterious was going on,—something which might secure him a place for life in Mohacz, or some other fortress, but he had given his word of honour, and he went. After he had announced the exchange at the station, he dined at the *Traitoria della Villa*, and then retired to his lodgings in anxious expectation of what was to ensue.

He had opened the smaller wicket in the massive gate and ascended the marble staircase, when a hollow bass voice resounded from the long corridor, answered by soft feminine accents. The officer listened. It was the voice of his landlord, the Cavalier S—, in earnest supplication. Saint after saint was invoked in succession. The officer listened in breathless suspense. The old Italian, after the litany was finished, ran over the service for the souls of the dead and the dying, and then over a funeral prayer for Menotti and Borelli. He recited the virtues of the two unfortunate citizens, their devotion

to the Holy Virgin, their humanity towards the serviles—towards the Duke himself.

"And will they be sacrificed?" cried a female in a broken-hearted tone, in the midst of the Cavalier's prayer.

"Our Lord did no harm—no harm to mortal, he benefited and blessed a sinful race, yet was he crucified!" responded another female.

"May the Almighty dispense mercy to the noble Borelli!" said the aged Cavalier, arising from his knees and quitting the corridor.

During his devotions his suspicions had been awakened by the footstep of the Captain, no sooner had he discovered the listener, than retreating, he exclaimed, "I shall follow Borelli—We are overheard."

"Be calm!" said the officer, "Be calm, Signor, I shall not betray you, but take care for the future."

"Oh! he will not betray us," whispered Rosalia, the eldest daughter of the Cavalier, a captivating girl of eighteen. "He will not betray us. Will you sweet stranger?—Oh you will not!"

The Count stood gazing at the blooming girl who hung by his side. Her father, mother, and younger sister had left the room. Before he was aware of it he was seated by Rosalia.

"You are silent, Signor," said she, blushing, and looking upwards with an expression so pious—so confidently pure.

"And you have not mounted guard?" said she after a pause.

"No Signora! your friend O'Donnel has had the kindness."

"O'Donnel! O'Donnel!" said the girl, and her countenance lighted up, and a smile of exultation flashed across her countenance. "O'Donnel! and the Contessa—has permitted him to go? Oh she does not know how to love!"

She hesitated.

"But how do you know, Signora, that O'Donnel stays at the palace of the Contessa?" said the officer releasing himself from her arm.

She hesitated again, and clasped his hands.

"Oh you will not bring him to the scaffold!—O no, you will not!" She turned to him imploringly.

"Whom mean you?"

"Borelli!"

"Borelli!" said the Cavalier, returning and uniting the hands of his daughter and the Count. "Signor," said the old man, "she is the eldest of my children; she has two villas, this house, and a fair dower. Count, she is yours!—Will you save Borelli and Menotti?"

"Save Borelli and Menotti? Why, I thought you hated both, and detested the patriots."

"I hated them so long as I did not know you; but now, Signor, I confide in your honour—Save them!"

"Save them? how can I? you know that I am under military oath—that strict obedience is our point of honour."

"Sleep, then, and we will save them; and still she shall be yours!"

The arm of the beautiful Rosalia was wreathed so tenderly round his neck—her eyes rested so beseechingly on his—her entreaties sounded so seducingly—Heaven knows what he might have engaged in, in spite of Metternich and the fortresses of Laybach and Lugano, and Mohacz and Brunn. At the instant, however, when love and acquiescence were hovering on his lips, the beat of the drums was heard, succeeded by frequent blasts of the trumpet and the roar of cannon, startling the sleeping city, and scattering the glass panes of the Cavalier all over the room.

The Captain sprang up.

"What's that?" exclaimed the agitated Cavalier.

"If Borelli and Menotti be not at liberty by this time," said the officer, seizing his sword and cap, "then they will be hanged indeed!"

With these words he hastened out of the room and down stairs towards the citadel.

The whole city was in an uproar. The drums rolled with increasing vehemence, squadrons galloped from every quarter, to the place of rendezvous. The rumour went that an attempt had been made on the eastern side of the citadel, by a strong body of disguised Patriots, under the protection of a cavalry officer, by whose orders the Conte — had been seized, while on his return to his palace, and carried to the guard-house. There he had been deprived of his dress and his insignia, and the conspirators, disguised as Ducal dragoons, had obtained access to the interior of the citadel; they had succeeded in liberating the prisoners, and conducting them through two piquets, when they were arrested and discovered by a third.

Rumour spoke too truly, the two officers had sacrificed themselves without benefiting the captives. It had been discovered, also, that many of the young cavalry felt too much sympathy for the rebel subjects of his Imperial Highness, and, consequently, the next day, the whole body of lancers and cuirassiers was marched out of the city, and the garrison duty entrusted to the infantry.

Alas! this only proved an adventure which decided Ducal clemency to hurry the fate of the patriotic pair. His Highness thought it necessary to employ haste, lest his victims should escape him, and his counsellors sympathized with him. On the twenty-fifth of May a number of workmen were seen erecting two long posts on the bastion, which overlooks Modena on the western side. Two single beams ten feet high, with an iron hook on the top. The men had been brought over from Reggio in the dead of night. The

posts were the gallows destined for Borelli and Menotti. For the last fortnight they had been nearly starved; and to prevent their answers from embarrassing their equitable judges, they had been drugged with a mixture of wine and laudanum.

The twenty-sixth of May was ushered in by a beautiful morning; not a cloud fretted the blue vault of heaven. A few lingering stars were gradually waning in the east, while one alone shone with undiminished lustre on the western horizon. Towards Reggio, gleams of a reddish hue grew gradually into fiery streaks, then a pale and doubtful light began to diffuse itself, first over the stately steeples and cupolas of the city, and then over its palaces. The bells proclaimed four; here and there was distinguishable the rattling of a distant cart, but as yet there were no signs of civic turmoil. Nothing broke the sepulchral stillness save the challenge of the sentinels, or the step of the early wayfarer. It was a mournful and impressive calmness. In the citadel alone was there a stir of life. With the din of martial weapons blended the stern and abrupt words of command. A battalion of Hungarian grenadiers had been under arms in the square of the citadel for a long hour. The clock struck five as a file of soldiers emerged from the interior. In the midst of them were two men, supported on the one side by priests, on the other by the executioner. Their hands were fastened before their breasts, and a crucifix was stuck in the knot that confined them. The procession slowly proceeded towards the outer bastion. When arrived before the two posts they halted, and the soldiers formed around. A man raised a paper which he held in his hand, and uncovering his head, read its contents. The prisoners were then dragged towards the two posts. The executioner ascended the ladder, dropped a cord from the hook, and fastened it around Borelli's neck. He next mounted the other post and did the same by his companion. He pushed the ladder away, and the victims of tyranny fell, but not to expire immediately. Their bodies were secured by the middle to a noose, which held their weight suspended, till in their agony their eyes protruded from their sockets. The sun now arose from behind the hills of Reggio, and one of the unhappy men was still struggling, till the weight of his frame tightened the pressure to strangulation, and he hung a corpse.

In the evening previous to the execution, a carriage of the Duke was seen leaving the city of Modena, on the road which leads towards Parma, escorted by ten dragoons. Not far from Reggio the road diverges towards the Villa Ombrosa. In the carriage were two men, dressed in the costume of judges of the Ducal tribunal: the haste with

which they travelled showed that they were on an errand of importance. When they had reached the park of the Villa, they halted till their escort had joined them. Thus protected, they proceeded, and alighting, entered the doorless, devastated house; no soul stirred, but every where were fragments of desolation. They ascended the stairs and passed through one—two—three rooms; no inhabitant! At last, a man and woman appeared—it was Pietro and his wife.

"Who are you?" demanded the Commissioner.

"The steward of my lady, the noble Luigia Borelli," said the old man.

"I am here," said the Commissioner, "to carry into execution the mandate of the Most Serene Archduke and Duke, by whose orders the goods and chattels, and estates of Borelli the traitor are confiscated."

The old man tottered to the wall.

"Ah Signor," said his wife, "the Archduke surely might as well suffer our mistress to die in peace;" she pointed towards the door.

The Commissioner advanced; on the same bed still lay extended the same form, the beautiful Luigia Borelli, as colourless and as motionless as ever; with no sign of animation, save the slight quiver of the lips. After a moment's regard, the Commissioner said, "To-morrow, at six o'clock, the house must be cleared." He then retired.

"Who is that man?" inquired Bettina.

"The Commissioner of our gracious Duke."

"He may now repose on the bed which his gracious Duke's servants have prepared for him," said Bettina; "there is not a chair in the whole house, and if I should be hanged, I will not stir for him!"

"Peace," said the old man, "peace be with us and ours."

But no peace came for Pietro and Bettina; it was a terrible lone night for them: below stairs were heard the revelling dragoons, and above, the Commissioners cursing the Independents. When, in the morning, the clock struck six, Bettina sought the chamber of her mistress. She approached the bed hurriedly, and withdrew the curtains. Luigia Borelli still reclined like a statue, but the lips moved no more. The spirit that stirred them had departed.

"They have killed her at last!" said the faithful domestic; "at last! at last!"

The same hour, the same minute, in which Borelli, her beloved husband, had yielded up his life, she too had ceased to breathe!

From the Monthly Magazine.

DON PEDRO, AND THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

THE revolutionary earthquake which, in July last, hurled the Bourbon from his throne, and which still continues to agitate the poli-

tical substratum of the European world, has vibrated with powerful effect across the Atlantic. Like the cholera at present raging in the natural world, spreading its devastating ravages with equal fury amid the snows of Russia, as on the burning plains of Hindostan, the headlong course of the revolutionary scourge is marked by indiscriminating features; uprooting in its fearful progress, both liberal and despotic—the upholder of the divine right of kings, and the defender of popular institutions.

The prediction so confidently set forth at outbreak of the French revolution, by Lafayette, was no idle prophecy—"Revolutionary principles appear destined to make *le tour du monde*." Within the narrow circle of a year, Cherbourg has beheld two fugitive monarchs seeking refuge in its port—both the victims of revolution, but whose political careers and principles are distinguished by features certainly as opposite as the hemispheres in which they reigned.

When Don Pedro d'Alcantara, in the year 1822, raised the standard of Brazilian independence, he presented to the world the novel spectacle of a prince, cradled in the lap of despotism, and whose mind was strongly imbued with ultra notions of kingly prerogative, casting at once aside the prejudices of birth and education, coming boldly forward as the champion of liberalism, and erecting his new made throne on the basis of revolutionary principles. As the star of independence rose majestically on the political horizon of Brazil, there arose at the same time, a small cloud, which announced a future tempest. The recollection of the principles in which he had been educated has proved as fatal to the emperor as the misguided policy of his government; for, from the very commencement of his reign, it inspired his subjects with well-founded suspicions of the sincerity of his professions. On the day of his coronation, when, to the superficial observer, all appeared *couleur de rose*, a trifling incident betrayed the existence of this feeling. On the termination of the ceremony, Don Pedro—his brows encircled with the imperial diadem—harangued, from the window of the palace, the crowd assembled in the square beneath. After a speech of considerable length—of course admirably calculated to flatter the vanity, and gratify the hyperbolical taste of the Brazilian people—he concluded by swearing to defend the independence of Brazil, and the constitution which the Cortes should frame for it. In repeating these words with great emphasis of tone, the emperor carried his hand to the hilt of his sword. The abruptness of the action loosened the crown from his brows, which would have fallen but for the hand of the emperor, which restored it to its place. This little incident was by many regarded as a favourable omen of the short duration and instability of his authority.

The position of Don Pedro was, from the first, one of peculiar difficulty. The only monarch in a region encompassed on all sides by new founded republics, and aware that a similar spirit was gradually spreading among his own subjects, with admirable skill and sagacity he sought, on every occasion, rather to lead than oppose the expression of popular feeling; and, by thus forestalling the tide of events, he effectually, for a time, baffled the machinations of the republican party. The first acts of his reign were distinguished by wonderful activity and energy of character. The royalists were, after a short struggle, driven from the country, and the last link of the chain, which for three centuries had bound America to Europe, was severed. Three months after his elevation to the throne, he convoked the legislative assembly. On this occasion, he expressed his confident hope that the constitution which that legislative body would frame for the country, would be equally remote from every extreme of despotism, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic—a constitution, in fact, which should render Brazil at once the “admiration and terror of the world.” How far these legislators realized the hopes of the emperor and the nation, and how nearly their wild, democratic spirit precipitated the country into a civil war, from which it was only saved by the admirable presence of mind and stern decision of Don Pedro, are events with which the English public are perfectly familiar—and events, too, which sufficiently demonstrate that the throne of the emperor was undermined from the first moment of its erection.

The promulgation of a new constitution, more adapted to the infant political education of the Brazilian people—the suppression of the revolutionary spirit in the northern provinces of the empire—and, above all, the recognition of the independence of Brazil by Great Britain and Portugal, appeared to have consolidated the authority of the Emperor, and to have consummated the profound policy which aimed at the preservation of the immense empire of Brazil to the house of Braganza. But even at this period, when the star of Don Pedro was at its zenith, the great tide of revolution was rolling on, and gaining ground with every breaker.

We will now endeavour to develop the causes which produced the late events at Rio de Janeiro; but previously it will be necessary to investigate the causes which led to the separation of Brazil from the mother country.

There is no problem in politics, it has been profoundly remarked, more difficult of solution than that of colonies. To watch over their infancy; to mark the hour of their maturity; to know when to yield to well-founded remonstrance, and when to exact implicit obedience, requires the exercise of consummate sagacity. Much more skill and political

discernment, we venture to pronounce, is required of those daring spirits who wield the destinies of colonies, to mark the hour when, by education, the mind of the country is prepared—when the faculties of the *gifted few* are prepared to lead, and of the intelligent mass to follow—*hic labor hoc opus est*—for then alone can a well-conducted revolution ensue. Did this calm, decided, energetic operation of the reason of the people—diffusively in the common sense of the mass, eminently in the strong conviction of the gifted minds—did this chaste operation of intellect, we ask, exist in Brazil when she reared the standard of independence? We confidently answer the question with a decided negative. Not only was the mind of the country totally unprepared for the revolution, but there really existed no grounds for the measure. Brazil had ceased to be a colony; and, under the mild despotism of the house of Braganza, the country was slowly but steadily advancing in the march of civilization. Up to that period, the political surface of these beautiful regions was still and unruffled as a mountain lake—singularly contrasting with the convulsed state of Spanish America. The constitutional system proclaimed in Portugal in 1820 was adopted, a few months afterwards, by Brazil—a political event which has brought on both countries all the evils attributed to the fabulous box of Pandora. The real cause of the revolution was a feeling of deadly hatred to every thing European—a feeling produced solely by intrigue, and which was disseminated with inconceivable rapidity from the Amazon to the Rio de la Plata. Unfortunately for the peace and prosperity of the country, there existed but too many elements admirably fitted to the views of the revolutionary party. The European-Portuguese were by far the most intelligent portion of the population, who, by their steady industry and superior activity, were in possession almost exclusively of the whole commerce of the country. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. The revolutionary party appealed rather to the wounded vanity of the Brazilians than to their sense of wrongs; and they touched a chord which vibrated with powerful effect. The long smothered flame suddenly burst forth, and led to acts of atrocity against the defenceless European population at which humanity shudders, and which will ever be a stain on the annals of the country. Even the emperor, from the policy of the moment, appeared to have strongly imbibed this anti-European feeling.

Having thus cursorily detailed the principal causes which led to the separation of Brazil from Portugal, we shall proceed to investigate those which have lost Don Pedro his crown, and which appear fated to plunge his dominions into the most frightful state of anarchy and confusion. They may be classed under three heads:—

1st. The war with Buenos Ayres.

2dly. The crusade against Portugal, in the cause of the young queen, Donna Maria.

3dly. The abolition of the slave trade, and the venality and corruption of the Brazilian people.

The war with Buenos Ayres—one of ambition and territorial aggrandizement, undertaken without any just grounds—proved disgraceful to the arms of the empire, ruined its trade, exhausted its finances, and fostered a deep-rooted spirit of discontent throughout every one of its provinces. But it was the intervention in the affairs of Portugal which was the most fatal stroke of policy, and which effectually undermined the popularity of the emperor. This measure was a gross deviation from the grand principles of the revolution, in diametrical opposition to the best interests of the country, and one that the public voice was loud in their deprecation of. In fact, in so anti-national a light was this course of policy viewed by the chambers, that they refused to ratify the conditions of the loan contracted in London for the service of the young queen. The republican party, on the other hand, hailed with delight, the arrival of the moment so favourable for the consummation of their darling plans. With Machiavelian skill they fanned the flame, excited the fears, and inflamed the passions of the people, by inculcating on their minds that it was the intention of the Emperor to reduce Brazil to its ancient state of a colony of Portugal. The arrogance and presumption of the Portuguese refugees at Rio de Janeiro went far to give a strong colouring of probability to the report. But, after all, the intervention in the affairs of Portugal was rather the remote than the proximate cause of the late revolution, which has hurled Don Pedro from his throne with the same rapidity that he ascended it. The real cause is of deeper growth, and must be sought for in the character of his people, of whose habits of venality and corruption no adequate idea can be formed but by those who have long resided in the country, and have had access to the best sources of information. The revolution had wrought rather a change of men than of measures. Under the new order of things, every species of corruption continued to pollute both the course of public and private life. Another "*Arte de furtar*" might be written to illustrate the state of manners in Brazil, and of the degenerate spirit which sacrificed every thing to the base consideration of personal interest.

To cleanse out this Augean stable of corruption, was the undeviating study of Don Pedro; but, less fortunate than his fabulous prototype, the attempt cost him his crown. His ministry, the object of so much popular clamour, ably seconded the views of the emperor. The abolition of the slave trade—a source of immense profit to those engaged in it, though acknowledged to be detrimental to the best interests of the country—produced

general dissatisfaction; but when the reforming spirit of the ministry began to attack the flagrant abuses that pervaded every branch of the public administration, then it was that the revolutionary torrent burst forth. The emperor was abandoned to a man; for even his own adherents, fearful of the public expose in active preparation, threw themselves into the arms of the republican party. A certain marquis, well known in the diplomatic circles of London, is reported to have powerfully influenced the late events by his largesses to the troops, and to have been, in the back-ground, the main-spring of the revolution.

What may be the future career of the emperor, whether, like another Sylla, disgusted with the "lust of sway," he will retire into the bosom of private life—whether he will actively attempt to place his daughter on the throne of Portugal—or whether, in the course of a few months, a counter-revolution in Brazil may again induce him to recross the Atlantic—for such an event among a people whose political acts have resembled the playful fantasies of monkeys, rather than the acts of beings who dignify themselves with the appellation of rational, does not pass the bounds of probability—these are questions which we will not venture to answer. Don Pedro has been the victim of untoward circumstances, the operation of which was uncontrollable. So far from committing any overt act against the liberties of his subjects, he granted them a measure of freedom for which they were totally unfitted; while his frank and generous character, and his unceasing exertions for the welfare of his empire, deserved him a better fate than that he has experienced from Brazil, for the crown of which he abdicated that of his own hereditary dominions.

Over the future destinies of Brazil there hangs a thick cloud of fearful uncertainty. We have already remarked that the Brazilian people, at the period of their revolution, were totally incapable of adapting their previous habits to the institutions of freedom. All the phases of their revolutionary career have been marked more by a servile spirit of imitation than by an abstract love of liberty. In 1821, in imitation of the mother country, they proclaimed a constitution; a few months afterwards, dazzled by the example of Spanish America, they declared themselves independent; in their late political *altere*, they appear to have been led away by a blind admiration of the Parisians in July last—at least if their cry of "*Viva a liberdade franceza!*" be taken as a criterion. In the next revolutionary spectacle which they will offer to the world, St. Domingo will be the model: and here it is that their powers of imitation will be the most happily displayed; for the elements of society in Brazil are much more analogous to those of St. Domingo than to those of any of the countries which, in their revolutionary career, had served them as prototypes. When

we reflect on the elements of anarchy which exist in Brazil, we shudder at the frightful perspective which awaits her. The proportion of the black and coloured population to the white is as seven to one. The wrongs of the three centuries cry loudly for redress. The veil which has so long blinded them has been suddenly rent away; and they at last open their eyes to a sense of their own strength and importance. Opportunity, we fear, will soon be afforded them of discharging the debt of deadly hatred they owe the whites. The flood-gates of ambition are burst asunder, and the seeds of the most frightful anarchy are in full development. In the language of Napoleon, "*Tous les elements sont prêts, il ne faut, qu'un point d'appui, qu'un homme.*" Brazil, like Naples, will have her Massaniello.

It has been acutely remarked, that a shot cannot be fired in any part of the world without English interests suffering. Great Britain, by the late revolution in Brazil, will be a loser of between six and seven millions, independent of the large capital employed in mining speculations and the general purposes of commerce. The ephemeral monarchy which exists will be of short duration; the republican flag will, on the first news of the change which has taken place in the capital, be hoisted in the northern provinces. This immense empire, hitherto held together by the prestige of the emperor's name, will be dismembered, and formed into so many independent republics. To which of these will then the English creditor look for the payment of their dividends? The leaders of the Brazilian revolution may be honest in their views, and may fondly dream of still maintaining a monarchical form of government; but we fear that the experience of a few months will show that, like Frankenstein, they have raised up a demon which will work their destruction.

For the sake of humanity, we sincerely hope that our forebodings may prove unfounded, and that this richest portion of South America may not, like the other parts of that vast continent, disappoint the sanguine hopes which, at the outbreak of the revolution, led the commercial adventurer to seek there an El Dorado, and the political theorist an Utopia!

The fortunes of the young queen, Donna Maria, in whose cause her father has sacrificed so much, are on the beam. If Don Pedro, when seated on the throne of Brazil, was unable to influence the policy of the European cabinets in her favour, there at present exists but little chance of his doing so, now that he is a dethroned and fugitive monarch. The Portuguese constitutionalists must now depend on their own energies and resources. Accustomed to the protecting arm of England, they dreamt of foreign assistance when they should have acted boldly in the field—retreated ignominiously when they should

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have advanced. Let them look to Poland—to that Poland who, alone, armed with her native fortitude, has broken the spear of the colossus of the north; let them, if possible catch a ray of the noble inspiration which animates that gallant people, and blush for their own pusillanimous conduct, which has rendered them—may we not say? the contempt of the civilized world.

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE SEPULCHRE.

"But how to think of what the living know not,
And the dead cannot, or else may not tell!
What art thou? oh! thou great mysterious power,"
Hughes.

THERE Manhood lies! Lift up the pall.
How like the tree struck down to earth
In its green pride, the mighty fall,
Whom life had flatter'd with its worth!
Life is a voyage to our graves;
Its promises, like smiling waves,
Invite us onward o'er a sea,
Where all is hidden treachery.

What statued beauty slumbers there!
But mark those flowers, pale as the brow
Which they have wreath'd; if Death could spare
A victim, he had pitied now.
To-day she hop'd to be a bride—
To-day, 'twas told, her lover died!
Here death has revell'd in his power,
The riot of life's fairest hour!

Look on that little cherub's face,
Whose budding smile is fix'd by death.
How short indeed has been its race!
A cloud sail'd by, the sun, a breath
Did gently creep across a bed
Of flowers—its spirit then had fled.
A morning star a moment bright,
Then melting into heaven's own light.

Behold that pecture of decay,
Where nature, wearied, sank to rest!
Full fourscore years have pass'd away,
Yet did he, like a lingering guest,
Go from life's banquet with a sigh,
That he, alas! so soon should die.
Our youth has not desires so vain,
As creep into an age of pain.

But there how mournfully serene,
That childless widow'd mother's look!
To her the world a waste has been,
One whom it pitied, yet forsook.
Calm as the moon's light, which no storm
Raging beneath it can deform,
Did her afflicted spirit shine,
Above her earthly woes divine.

Thus death deals with mortality,
Like flowers, some gather'd in their prime,
Others, when scarcely said to be
Just number'd with the things of time:
With life worn out some grieve to die,
To end their griefs here others fly.
Life is but that which woke it, breath—
Look here, and tell me, what is death?

From the *Englishman's Magazine*.

THE MAGDALEN.

BY A MODERN DRAMATIST.

UNDER certain circumstances there is always a danger in a young man's playing the benefactor towards the other sex, in his own person. A thousand times better do it by a second hand—engage the services of some kind aunt or female cousin. You cannot extend protection without taking an interest in the object whom you benefit, and there is no telling where the interest which we take in a woman—how slight soever it may seem to be at first—may terminate. Many a man who has entered upon a speculation of the kind, perfectly free, has presently found himself embarrassed by entanglement, beyond the possibility of voluntary extrication. But this is only one half of the question, and not the more important half. If in such a case there is danger to you, there is another who stands in still more imminent peril; a being, in whose heart, gratitude, like every other virtue, when once it takes root, grows strong; and, where the more tender affections have not been previously excited, not unfrequently undergoes transmutation, and changes into love—a result, with a rather remarkable illustration of which I am about to present you.

Returning from a party one night about eleven o'clock, in the autumn of 1810, an unfortunate female accosted me. In reply to a remark which I made, declining her company, she uttered a sentiment which would have done credit to one who had never forsaken virtue. I was struck by it. "A pity," said I, "that a woman who feels as you do, should follow an occupation so degrading!" In reply, she told me, it was necessity; that she was unhappy; that she would give worlds to be rescued from her present mode of life. I perceived at once that she was a girl who had received an education, and her manner convinced me that she spoke from her heart. The idea of the Magdalen Hospital occurred to me. I asked her if she would avail herself of the refuge which that institution offered to persons of her description. She declared her readiness to do so; and to put her sincerity to the proof, I proposed that she should instantly abandon her present abode, and take up her residence in mine; where I would place her under the care of a prudent and kind old woman who waited upon me. She looked up inquiringly in my face; and, for a couple of minutes, at least, neither of us spoke a word. "Are you serious, Sir?" she at length exclaimed. I felt that I had acted rashly; but something prevented me from profiting by the opening which her question afforded me for retraction. "Yes," said I, "my girl, my roof shall shelter you till you can be admitted into the Magdalen." She made no reply. Unresistingly she al-

lowed me to draw her arm within mine—it was the least suspicious way of walking with her—and in a quarter of an hour she was sitting in my parlour.

I had now leisure and opportunity to observe her. She was an uncommonly beautiful creature. Her eyes were full, and of a deep blue; her eyebrows, two unbroken regular arches, surmounted by an open forehead, sufficiently high, and remarkably smooth and fair. Her face was a perfect oval; with a nose, somewhat between the Grecian and aquiline; while an upper and a nether lip, where the master line of the artist waved convincingly, composed a mouth of exceeding delicacy and expression. Her cheek was full of softness; but not a trace of the rose, that must once have grown there, was on it. Sorrow had plucked the flower—had taken it up by the roots. Though she wore her gown high at the neck, and her sleeves reached to her wrists, yet I could see that she was finely formed. She appeared to be an inch or two above the middle height; and a slight elevation of the skirt of her gown, as she endeavoured to disengage her handkerchief from her pocket, in order to wipe her brow, which, I saw, was moist with agitation, discovered to me a small, well formed foot, and a delicately turned ankle. From such a combination of personal requisites, it was impossible not to infer a mind and a heart. Indeed, the whole demeanour of the poor girl bore testimony to their presence. She entered my parlour as though she had no right to be there. I handed her a seat, but she remained standing; and when I desired her to take it, she scarce occupied a third of the chair. The light seemed intolerable to her; but what I perceived distressed her most, was the presence of my servant. "Mary," said I, addressing the latter, "This is a young friend of mine, whom I have unexpectedly lighted upon, and find in unfortunate circumstances. You shall take care of her for me till I can restore her to her connexions." At this the girl slightly raised her head; I could not see the direction of her eye, but I guessed it. "She will occupy my room, and I shall sleep out. Make her as comfortable as if she were your master's relation." What a look she cast upon me here.—It went to my soul. I bade her good evening, and that night she laid her cheek upon an innocent pillow in my bed; and I took a bed at a friend's.

The next morning I saw her again. There was the same uneasy and reserved demeanour as on the preceding evening. She looked but once at me, and that was when I entered the room; but that once was enough.—She was grateful, though she did not say so. I inquired how she had slept? "Well;" if the servant had made her comfortable? "Yes;" if she regretted the step which she had taken? "No;" if she persevered in her wish to go into the Magdalen? "Yes." After some time

I asked her if her parents were alive? She was silent. I repeated the question.—She was silent still. After a pause I repeated it again.—She burst into tears. I felt distressed for her and vexed with myself. "I am sorry," I remarked, "that I inquired after your parents; I fear they are dead." "Well for them if they are, Sir!" she exclaimed—"Well for them if they are! Alas! that their child should say it!—their girl to whom they gave life, and for the sake of whom it were well for them if they had never been born, for she has brought sorrow and shame upon them!" I never witnessed any thing half so piteous, as the agony with which she uttered this. 'Twas thrilling, and I felt too much affected to speak; besides, I thought it best to leave her to herself. Her heart had been oppressed almost to bursting with the feelings which my question had awakened in it; nature had suggested to her the way to ease it; she had given vent to what was labouring within it; and the gush, if left to itself, would keep on. I was not mistaken. "It would have been nothing, Sir," she resumed, "had they been unkind to me—but they loved me, Sir!—I was their only child—the dearer to them for that. Happy for them had they never seen my face! The care they took of me! The pains they bestowed upon me! The sufferings they underwent for me! For two whole months was I once confined to my bed; and night or morning never did I open my eyes, but one or the other of them was watching beside me! And their thankfulness, when I recovered, that Heaven had restored their child to them—to break their hearts!" She started up. "I'll go back to the street again!" she exclaimed, "I ought not to be allowed to repent!—Repentance is a blessing a wretch like me should not taste of! I'll quit this roof, where I have no business to remain! The roof that is fit for me is that under which vice and infamy are received, and cursing themselves, take shelter!" "Stop," said I, "Sit down and compose yourself. Just now you know not what you are about. Compose yourself, and then remain or go as you please, but sit down for the present." She resumed her seat. "Surely," continued I, "one to whom the sense of error seems so intolerable, could never have been a willing trespasser." She appeared all at once to recover her self-collectedness. She turned full round, and fixing upon me a look, which demanded credit for the truth of what she was going to say, "I was not a willing trespasser, Sir," she exclaimed. "Will you hear my story? Few words will suffice to tell it."

"My parents gave me an education far above their rank in life. I contracted friendships at school, most of which were continued after I had left it. Although my old school-fellows used not often to visit me, yet I was frequently invited to their homes; whither, owing to the humble station and homely man-

ners of my family, I always went alone. Ah, Sir! A young girl just entering upon life, has need of a parent's eye upon her! My parents were flattered by my being admitted into society so much above me, and always, on my return, inquired what gentleman had paid attention to me; for it constantly ran in their heads that I should marry a man of rank or fortune. This made me aspiring—Good souls! it was only their love for me. Well, Sir; attentions I certainly did receive from gentlemen; and many a fine thing was said to me; but there was one who was particularly assiduous in his civilities. He used to make a point of seeing me home. He always contrived to find out what parties I was invited to; and if he happened not to be one of the company, he was nevertheless sure to call for me when it was time to break up. He professed a passion for me, but for certain reasons, which he told me I should learn hereafter, he begged that I would keep his addresses a secret, and I did so. Oh, Sir! Young creatures are fools who keep such things a secret; especially from those who, they know, sincerely love them. Had I confided in my parents, I might—I might—"

Here she could not go on for weeping. Presently, however, she proceeded, "I cannot relate the circumstances, Sir.—He was a villain!—He was a coward! O, that my body had been only as strong as my heart! He ought not to have lived, Sir! But shame is sometimes more powerful than revenge,—I durst not tell the tale,—I durst not show my face at home again. I was soothed, too, with promises of instant reparation. It was postponed, and postponed again; and at last flatly refused. I dared to reproach, and suffered the penalty of my presumption in his utter desertion of me. I had now been three months from home. Two days did I remain in the apartment where he had parted from me without ever undressing myself to lie down, or even so much as tasting food! On the third, the mistress of the house came in to demand the week's rent. He had left me without a shilling, Sir! What was I to do? I tremblingly confessed my inability to pay her. She would not believe me, accused me of falsehood and dishonesty, ordered me instantly to quit the house, and even pushed me violently towards the door. I was desperate, Sir!—'Twas night,—I rushed from the house without bonnet, cloak, shawl, or any other kind of street-covering, and flung myself upon the town! My parents!—I know nothing about my parents! For five years I have neither gone near them, nor inquired after them. I suppose I have killed them! and if I have—so much the better for them—so much the worse for me!" It was a considerable time before I could restore her to any thing like a state of composure. At length she was partly soothed. I learned from her the address of her parents, and promised

forthwith to make inquiries after them; and, if they lived, to see them and speak with them. I then left her, having first exacted a solemn promise that she would not attempt to quit the house till my return.

I set out on my errand instantly. I cannot describe my feelings, as I drew near their abode. Should the poor girl's worst fears have been realized! I forgot to mention that, several years before her misfortune, they had retired, she told me from business; and resided in a respectable house, at H—. I took a stage, and was there in little better than an hour. When I reached the house, I took a brief survey of the outside, as though I could gather from its looks whether or not its former inmates were its present ones. At length I lifted the knocker with a beating heart.—'Twas answered—all was right! My agitation, however, did not subside when the servant-maid desired me to walk up into the little drawing-room, where the desolate old couple were sitting. To me, who had heard the relation of their child, it was not difficult to read her story in their faces—sorrow had traced them all over. I don't recollect how I introduced my business, but I opened it as carefully as I could, to prevent the shock of a too sudden surprise. At length, by degrees, I came to the point—I had come to speak about their child. From this moment, neither the one nor the other of them spoke or stirred, whilst I went on with my story; but each bent an earnest, anxious, searching gaze upon me, which nothing but conscious integrity, both in intention and act, as to the errand I had come upon, could have enabled me to encounter. When I had concluded, they still remained motionless and silent, and I was beginning to feel my situation an exceedingly uneasy one; when the female rose slowly from her seat, and tottering towards me, with the infirmity, as I thought, of age, fell suddenly on her knees before me, and the next moment was stretched in a swoon upon the floor. This had the effect of rousing the father, who started from his seat and assisted me in raising his wife. The servant was called, and she and her master conveyed the still insensible mother to her chamber, which was only the next room.

In little more than ten minutes he returned. He made a motion with his hand, as if he was either unwilling or unable to speak to me. I took the hint and prepared to depart. He opened the room-door for me, to show me down stairs. As I descended, I recollected that I had accomplished only the half of my errand. I stopped and turned round, "You'll see your child, I hope?" said I. He made no answer, either by word or look. I slowly descended another stair or two, and paused again; "Sir," said I, "your child was the victim, not of a seducer, but of a ruffian! She is a penitent; she loves you, and her heart is breaking with remorse for the misery she has

caused you! Will you not see her?" My second appeal was as fruitless as my first. He never opened his lips, but kept them firmly pressed together. Without interchanging a word with me, he saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, stepping on smartly before me, he hastily opened the street-door. I paused a third time. "You are a father, Sir," said I, "and you know your own duty best. Your child repents her of her errors, and is willing to abjure them for ever; but, so strong is her sense of the wrong she has inflicted upon her mother and upon you, she doubts the practicability of penitence. How far your inflexibility may confirm her in her misgivings, I do not pretend to calculate. I have only my own duty to answer for,—I have taken her under my protection, and I will save her if I can!" Saying this, I was in the act of passing out when I felt myself arrested, and firmly, though tremulously grasped by the hand; I turned round, and saw in the old man's countenance the workings of the father's soul, struggling, in defiance of nature, to preserve the man. The contest had been kept up till the last moment; it was impossible to maintain it longer—his tears were gushing—he drew me back into the hall and put to the door. "I thank you, Sir," said he, "An old broken-hearted father thanks you. I'll see my child, and tell her so—I'll see her to-morrow; for her mother is unable to accompany me to your house to-day,—and tell her we forgive her, Sir! She has, indeed, afflicted us!—shamed us;—but we have nothing else to live for,—she was our all, Sir, and fallen as she is, she is still our all. Although she could forget that she was our child, she shall find that we are still her parents, Sir." His voice here was entirely overpowered by his feelings, and precipitately retreating to the end of the hall, he sat down upon the stair-foot, and sobbed as if his heart would burst.—I could not stay any longer. I let myself out, and hastened home.

The manner in which the poor girl received the intelligence that her parents were still alive—that she should see them and be forgiven by them—may be easily imagined; and I shall leave it to be so, as well as what took place upon her meeting with them; on which occasion, not daring to take her home with them, lest their tenderness for her should induce them to dispense with the course of probation to which she had consented to submit, and which they had the good sense to see was necessary, they enjoined her to remain under my protection; and solemnly assured her, that when her term of seclusion should have expired, they would joyfully receive her, and employ every means in their power, to render her contented and happy.

It was upwards of three weeks before there was a board of managers, or directors, at the hospital. The first that took place, her case was inquired into, she was pronounced to be

a proper object for the benefits of the charity, and a day was appointed for her admission. Although I never slept in the house during her residence in it, yet I constantly saw her—for I had no apprehensions for myself—and sometimes sat and talked with her for two or three hours together. But I ought to have had apprehensions for her—not that I was a coxcomb, and attributed any merit to my face or person; but because, when you once get admittance into the mind of a woman, and possess her confidence, the chance is you are not many doors off from her heart—especially when you approach her with kindness and protection, to which she has been long unaccustomed. You will laugh at the idea of a young fellow of two-and-twenty playing the ghostly counsellor to a fair penitent—for fair indeed, as I said, she was—of something less than the same age; but it was truly the case. And he played the part honestly, too, and well; as her cheeks would have convinced you, had you seen her tears roll down them, as more than once or twice they did, when he descanted upon the savage cruelty of compassing a young woman's destruction, for the sake of a heartless triumph. If there appears to be any mystery in the thing, one brief sentence will unravel it—I was engaged at the time. She used to listen to me at first with fixed attention, presently with interest, and that interest grew deeper and deeper every day. Her heart was evidently already more than half reformed, and had begun to taste the relish of a sinless life. During the third week, each day, when I entered the room, her eyes sparkled with the welcome of pleasure; and I could perceive, from a slight confusion in her movements, and from her hurried manner of addressing me, that she had been upon the watch, listening for my approach. Between the board's approval of her, however, and her reception into the establishment, there was a change which I was chagrined to remark, because I thought it argued regret for the step which she had taken. She tried, indeed, to look composed and cheerful, and she did so; but it was with an effort which too clearly showed that her heart had no participation in the act. I sat and conversed with her daily, as usual; but though I accosted her with greater kindness than ever, she was constantly abstracted. To be immured for twelve months, without once being allowed to set foot out of doors, was certainly rather a dismal prospect to a young creature of scarcely one-and-twenty. I endeavoured all I could to reconcile her to it. She made light of it, and emphatically wished that, instead of twelve months, it were to be for twelve years! "She should like it all the better!" I dwelt upon the comfort that she would enjoy, when she returned home to her father and mother. The anticipation seemed to awaken any thing but a pleasurable feeling; she would turn from me

to wipe away a tear. I had made her a present of a book, which, I told her, I wished her particularly to read. The next day I found her sitting with it, closed, upon her knees. Her hand was on it, and her eyes were red, evidently with weeping. It could not have been at the book, for it was of a cheerful, though a moral nature. The day before her departure for the hospital, her father and mother dined with her. I looked in, in the evening, and perceived that sorrow and anxiety were strongly painted in their faces. She was the very picture of desolation. They spoke to her in the most affectionate manner, and used every argument to cheer and encourage her. She scarcely noticed them, but sat without moving, and looked as if, every moment, she would burst into tears. I felt mortified—almost angry. I did not speak a word to her. Upon their taking leave of her, I saw them down stairs without bidding her good night; but I had left my hat in the room, the servant had stepped out, and I was obliged to return for it myself. The door was a-jar, and I entered the room without her perceiving me. She was sitting at the table, upon which her arms were folded, and her head was resting upon her arms. I stood still, for a picture was before me. That day she had dressed herself, for the first time. She wore a lilac gown with short sleeves, and a rather low neck, displaying a pair of arms and shoulders of exceeding symmetry and fairness. Alas! they were riches that had little blessed their owner! I sighed heavily at the thought. She started! looked at me, and shrieked—at the same moment, and, running towards me, fell at my feet! I lifted her up in amazement. She seemed ready to faint, and caught at my shoulder. I supported her firmly in my arms. She burst into a passion of tears, and hid her face in my breast; then suddenly disengaging herself, broke from me, and rushed out of the room! I was utterly confounded. I threw myself into a chair, and knew not what to think.

I believe I had remained a quarter of an hour in the same attitude, my arms folded, and my feet crossed, when the door opened.—It was she. She no longer wept. Her eyes were cast upon the ground. Her cheek was flushed, but her air was composed, "I have come back, Sir," said she, "I have come back to ask your pardon." I desired her to come in, for she remained standing at the door. She obeyed me, hesitatingly; and sat down at a distance from me, upon the first chair she came to. "I am a poor unhappy girl, Sir," said she, "and I hope you will forgive me." I told her there was nothing to forgive. "But there is, Sir," she rejoined, "there is much to forgive!—too much! I am the object of your charity—you have snatched me from a life of infamy.—How dare I feel any thing but thankfulness? and yet for the last three days, you must have thought me

discontented and ungrateful." I told her I never suspected her of ingratitude, but that I had remarked she had been unhappy. "I have been unhappy, Sir," she exclaimed, "and I must be unhappy! I had no conception till now, of the extent of my ruin—or of the nature of my own heart. I feel that it was capable of loving virtue—O! of how devotedly loving it! but love it now as it may, to the virtuous, that heart can never be an object of value. A gulf, Sir;—a gulf is placed between me and the good—in this world—a broad—a deep—an impassable gulf! God forgive him that made it for me! and pity me that fell a victim to his designs! I was not on my guard, Sir! I was only turned of seventeen!—a poor, weak, foolish, trusting thing, that knew not herself nor the world!" She uttered this, without once lifting her eyes; nor was there the slightest appearance of emotion, until she alluded to her girlhood; when her voice faltered a little, and a short pause or two indicated that it was a struggle whether she should keep in her tears, or let them flow. I felt an indescribable uneasiness, and durst not trust myself to speak. After an interval she continued, "But I am not ungrateful, Sir; God knows my heart, I am not ungrateful!—O! that I could prove it to you! What would I stop at?—what would I hesitate to sacrifice?—Not my life, Sir;—no, not my life! You are the only man, Sir, that ever showed me kindness, out of kindness—for myself—out of true charity! I thought the best of men—ay, the very best—were selfish, Sir; till Heaven threw you in my way! I know not how to account for it, but while I talked with you that night, I had a feeling of safety in your presence, such I never felt in the society of man before. And I have been now upwards of three weeks in your house—at your mercy, to use as you pleased—and I have been treated with nothing but respect by you!—I that have no title to respect!—that have been little accustomed to it!—that have been used—O! how have I not been used!—The insults, Sir!—the treatment!—You could not practice it, or conceive it. It has made me wish myself dead a thousand times! I never met with protection from your sex, until I met with it from you! From whom shall I meet with it when I leave you—never—never to see you more!"

I told her she was in error there; that, in the place to which she was going, she would meet with the greatest attention and kindness; and that, as to her never seeing me again, that was not a necessary consequence of our parting at present; that at all events she should find a friend in me if ever she needed one; and that I should assuredly see her, as soon as her twelvemonth of seclusion was complete.—"Twere better not, sir," she rejoined, "twere better not!" and in a tone so touchingly impressive, that my heart throbbed. The idea struck me fully, for the first time, that I had

excited an interest in the heart of the girl, such as she had never felt before. We both sat silent for a time. At length she drew a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, and breathed again, as it were to herself, "twere better not!" Was she acting? The life of infamy she had led recurred to me—the arts of women of abandoned character—the proverbial difficulty of ever thoroughly reforming them. "My girl," said I, "what do you mean?" She made no reply; but, averting her face, she sat with her back half towards me; her elbow upon the back of the chair, and her hand supporting her head. "Ellen," said I, "I have dealt with you honestly, hitherto, and honestly will I deal with you to the last; I am convinced that you are sorry at having consented to go into the Magdalen. 'Tis still in your power to take that step or not. You have till to-morrow to think of it; and by that time you can make up your mind." She shook her head. "You wrong me, sir," said she, "To-morrow I shall go into the Magdalen." "I am utterly at a loss, then," said I, "how to interpret your conduct. What do you mean by saying that it would be better for me not to see you again? I have no desire to see you, except to be of service to you." "I know it," was her remark. "I know that I am nothing more to you than the beggar in the street, whom your charity relieves with an alms—a large alms, sir, have you given to me!" I felt as if her reply was a reproof for the observation which had elicited it. "Not so, Ellen," said I, "you never asked an alms of me; I spontaneously proffered you service, and was more than repaid by your accepting it." "Why," said she, "why do you talk to me thus? But for you, to whom might I have been listening to-night? To a profligate! perhaps an inebriated brute!—accosting me in language—O, how different from that, which for the last three weeks, has been addressed to me under your generous roof!—language, which, depraved as I was, I never could hear without loathing!—instead of a man!" She uttered that word, as though she had thrown her whole soul into it—and stopped short, keeping her face still averted. "Come, Ellen," said I, "We must not part to-night without understanding each other. From your manner now, as well as from what has already passed, it strikes me as if you would have me infer that I am not indifferent to you. If that is your meaning, don't deceive yourself—don't deceive me. Scarce had I uttered the last word, when she turned full round upon me. No tongue ever vented reproach with half the eloquence that the look did which she gave me. Her tears had been streaming all the time since she had last sat down; to prevent me from suspecting that she was weeping, she had not attempted to wipe them; and they were trickling down her neck and into her bosom. She kept her eyes fixed upon me for a minute or two; then, sud-

denly starting upon her feet, with one hand she clasped her forehead, and waiving the other to me, without speaking, precipitately approached the door, which, in her trepidation, she bolted instead of opening.

I followed her to it. I saw that I had deeply wounded her. I intreated her to return to her seat, and compose herself. She neither moved nor spoke, but sobbed convulsively. My heart bled for her—I could have taken her to my bosom, if I durst. "Ellen," said I, at the same moment unbolting the door, "Good night—I shall not see you again, before you leave me. I fear I have displeased you, but, indeed, I did not mean it; and I entreat your pardon!" She shrank at the word "pardon." "Good night," I resumed; "Under God, the most efficient friend you can meet with is yourself—if you can determine to become, and remain, your own friend. Should you ever require assistance from another, be sure you apply to me. I shall always take an interest, Ellen, in your happiness, and, to the utmost of my power, will promote it." She slowly passed into the lobby, and ascended the first stair of the flight that led to her chamber, and stood there. I bade her good night again, and held out my hand to her. She did not offer to take it. Her forehead was still clasped by her hand—which, partly covering her eyes, prevented her, I think, from noticing the action. "My girl," said I, "once more good night. I shall not see you to-morrow. I know that what I said before you left the room has offended you. We part to-night for a year. Heaven knows what may happen in that time! Shake hands with me, good girl, in token that I am forgiven!" Just at that moment the latch-key was turned in the street door. She started, and clasping her hands, stood a moment or two with her eyes straining mournfully upon mine. She leaned towards me till I thought she would lose her equilibrium. My heart melted within me; and, yielding to an impulse which I found it impossible to resist, I caught her to my breast, and pressed my cheek and lips to hers. "Good night, dear girl," I said, "Good night, and God bless you," and, withdrawing myself from her arms, descended, and left the house.

When I came the next morning, I found her gone. Her parents had taken her to the benevolent abode where she was instantly to enter upon a new course of life; but before she went she left a message, saying, that she should ever remember me and pray for me; and hoping that I would sometimes think of her. My servant added that, upon going up to bed, she found the poor girl sitting upon the foot of the second pair of stairs—the spot where I had left her; that, upon accosting her, she answered more cheerfully than she had done for many days before; and took her hand, and thanked her most gratefully for her attentions to her, at the same time invoking the richest

blessings of Heaven upon me; that, when she went to call her, in the morning, she found her in a deep slumber, dreaming, and talking in her sleep, as though she was speaking to me—pronouncing my name, and accompanying it with epithets of the most tender endearment; that after she had been awakened, it was a long time before she left the room; that, when her parents came for her, she lingered till the very last moment, looking anxiously out of the window in the direction in which I was used to come; and that, at her departure, she wept bitterly. And the good woman further assured me, that upon going up to make the bed, she found the pillow-case so wet—no doubt, she said, with the tears which the poor creature had shed upon it—that she could almost have wrung it. "Oh," continued she, "I pity her from the bottom of my heart! I never saw a more quiet, a more kind-hearted, or a more thankful girl—no, nor a sweeter looking!—And the mortification she will have to endure!—That fine head of hair, Sir,"—I forgot to mention that her hair was most luxuriant, and of a shining jet—"She will have to lose it, Sir!—She must part with every lock of it." I was not aware, till then, that it was the custom, when a female becomes an inmate of the hospital, to cut the hair close; and I sighed for the poor Magdalen. To say the truth, it was not the lapse of a few days nor weeks that sufficed to get her out of my head—not that my heart had swerved a jot in its loyalty to the fair maid to whom I had plighted it—but that I was—somewhat—interested.

This adventure took place in autumn; and autumn came round again without my recollecting that a year had flown. The parents of the Magdalen generally called upon me once a month, and always brought me the most favourable accounts of her conduct; which, they gave me to understand, was so exemplary, as to call forth the highest testimonies of approbation, on the part of the governors of the establishment. Upon such occasions they never failed to dwell upon their deep sense of obligation for the service I had rendered their child; and to assure me that, as far as she was concerned, nothing should ever be wanting, to prove to me that my kindness had not been bestowed upon an object that was unworthy of it; that what, above all things, stimulated her in prosecuting, with assiduity, the work of amendment, which, under my auspices, she had begun, was her anxious desire to gratify me; that, in their interviews with her, I was almost the only subject of her remarks and inquiries; and that, they were sure, she never laid her head upon her pillow, nor lifted it from it again, without addressing to Heaven her most fervent supplications for my happiness. Of course I was gratified at hearing all this; I unreservedly expressed my satisfaction at the success which promised to crown

our plans for their daughter's restoration to virtue, and, at parting, never failed to charge them with a message to her full of congratulation and encouragement. I little knew what I had done, or was doing.

One day, after an interval rather longer than usual, they paid me their customary visit: when upon enquiring after my young friend, as I used to call her, they informed me that her term had expired a fortnight ago; that she quitted the institution, leaving the most favourable impression behind her; and that she would have called upon me, had not her health been greatly impaired by confinement, and by the exertions that she made to surpass the expectations of those who were placed over her, in executing the tasks that had been assigned her; that she had gone into the country to recruit her health, but at her return would take the very earliest opportunity of waiting upon me, and thanking me. This was followed by some allusions to the substantial state of their circumstances, and by a declaration that the bulk of their property should go to any young man who would make honourable proposals to their child, now that she was thoroughly reclaimed from the courses into which despair and not inclination had led her. I applauded duly the liberality of their determination; the drift of which, at the time, escaped me.

This happened on a Thursday. Exactly on that day fortnight, as I was sitting in my study, in the act of completing the third page of a letter to a friend, the good woman opened the door, and with a countenance that glowed again with pleasure, informed me that Ellen was in the parlour. I will not deny that there was something like a throbbing at my heart, as I went down stairs. Our parting scene recurred to me, and as I opened the parlour door, I did not breathe quite so freely as I am wont to do. At first I hardly knew her. It was not that all the traces of the invalid had vanished. Her nature seemed to have been renewed, as though she had retraced a stage or two of life, and was again in the first, fresh glowing burst of womanhood!—The spirit of young hope was in her eye, that swam in liquid crystal; and the lily, which all-possessed her cheek when last I saw her, had now made room for the rose, and gained, beyond belief, by what it yielded. Her form, too, had infinitely more of shape; and, without any material increase of bulk, appeared of a richer, firmer roundness. Such was the impression of the first glance. The second presented to me nothing but a face and a neck—one blush; and a pair of downcast eyes, veiled by a pair of lids, as full and rich as ever drooped over the orbs of woman. I guessed at once how the matter stood. The act of endearment into which my sympathy—say my weakness—betrayed me, when I parted from the poor Magdalen, and the interest which I allowed her to know I subsequently took in her fate, and

which, in their communications with her, her parents had perhaps exaggerated; rose up in accusation against me. But my resolution was taken on the instant. I had inadvertently betrayed her into an erroneous impression, as to the state of my feelings towards her; not a moment was to be lost in disabusing her of it. I approached her; and, taking her hand, cordially shook it, and immediately dropped it again; and then, addressing her with an air of kind and unembarrassed frankness, I told her that I was glad to see her, and happy at the complete success that had attended the meritorious step which she had taken; and, in that success, was more than rewarded for any little assistance I had rendered her: that I was convinced she would now prove a blessing to her parents, to smooth whose downhill of life was a duty, the discharging of which, I was sure she would regard as her most delightful occupation; that I knew she would persevere in cultivating the virtuous habits to which she had returned, and that it would always give me pleasure to hear of her prosperity. I did not trust myself to look at her till the close of this address, and then it was only a glance—her cheek was bloodless. I told her to sit down and rest herself, and that I would order some refreshment for her; but was sorry I could not stop, as business called me away. She listened without uttering a word—almost without breathing; I bade her good by, shaking her by the hand, which I felt was damp and cold—and left her. I went out and walked as far as Charing Cross, not without a sensation of pain at my heart. I had never done any thing in my life, which cost me such an effort! 'Twas clear that the girl was sincerely—tenderly attached to me; and, depraved though she had been, I should have been a brute not to have felt grateful for it—not to have felt gratified at it. It is sweet to be loved by any thing—but to be loved by a woman!—I know not what thoughts passed through my brain—what wishes rose in my heart. As I walked along I saw nobody—heeded nobody. Friends—mistress—all were for the time forgotten. Had any one accosted me, I am sure, from the replies I should have made him, he would have thought me mad. Every faculty was absorbed in the idea of the Magdalen. I had scarcely reached Temple Bar, on my return, when some one came right against me—'twas the Magdalen. She staggered—recovered herself, and without looking up or speaking, passed on. I looked after her, as, unsteadily and listlessly, she pursued her way—like Hamlet, finding it without her eyes. My heart smote me for leaving her without a guide, and she in such a state of abstraction; but what kind of a guide should I have been for her? In so crowded a thoroughfare as Fleet-street, you may easily imagine that she was soon out of sight. I felt indescribably oppressed! When I reached home, my servant informed me, that upon taking up

to her the refreshments which I had ordered, she found her standing like a statue in the room; that she had no small difficulty in awakening her attention; that when she at last succeeded, and pressed her to partake of what she had brought, a smile of unutterable bitterness was all her reply; after which, casting once or twice a look of anguish round the room, she hurried precipitately from the house.

One—two—three weeks elapsed, and no sign of the Magdalen or her parents. I made up my mind that I should never hear from her, or see her again—'twas best. A month elapsed,—a second one, with the same result. I seldom or never thought of her now. If she had felt a passion for me, she had seen the folly of it, and got over it. I had now completed a three years' term of courtship, and had proved at last a thriving wooer. My wedding-day was fixed; and at length the morning, which the lover thinks will never dawn, broke smiling in upon me. At nine o'clock I led my bride to the church. A couple had just been married, and were in the act of retiring from the altar. The bride, who was veiled, stopped at a little distance before us, while the bridegroom, who seemed to be considerably her elder, and another person, stepped aside to speak with the clerk. As I led my blushing, trembling partner forward, I heard a half-smothered shriek. It came from the young woman! whom I caught as she was sinking upon the pavement of the aisle. I called for water. The bridegroom, his friend, and the clerk, ran all together into the vestry to fetch it; in the mean time, I lifted the bride's veil—I was supporting the Magdalen! but so changed, so miserably changed, I scarcely knew her. She had not quite fainted. I called her by her name. It seemed to rouse her. She made a violent effort and raised herself, her eyes strainingly fixed on mine. She essayed to speak, but a convulsive action of her chest and throat, for a minute or two, prevented her. At length, by an almost perternatural effort, she succeeded. "Thank God I die in his arms!" she exclaimed; and with a slight shiver fell back. Water was brought; her face was sprinkled with it; they tried to pour some of it into her mouth—but it was endeavouring to restore the dead. My friends led the way into the vestry, whither I followed them with my bride, who, most unaccountably, seemed not to have been struck by what had passed, except to feel the liveliest concern for the fate of the unhappy girl. Indeed she was extremely agitated, and wept for a time bitterly; nor did she weep alone. In half an hour afterwards the ceremony—which, could I have invented any reasonable apology, I verily believe I would have put off—was duly performed, and I became the husband of the most affectionate and virtuous of wives.

I learned subsequently that, from the day of

my last interview with the Magdalen, her health rapidly declined; that, notwithstanding, she had been addressed by a man who was considerably older than herself, and whom she had peremptorily refused; but, at the earnest supplications of her parents, at last consented to marry. Many a time have I recalled this striking incident of my life, and never without emotions of a painful nature. Never could I acquit myself of having been blameably instrumental in bringing about the catastrophe which closed the brief and melancholy term of the unhappy girl's existence. Woman, I have heard some men say, will love upon slight grounds. It may be so. I am sure that when once she really loves, she loves deeply and lastingly; and never shall I hold that man guiltless, who nourishes in her tender breast the hope which he knows cannot meet fulfilment.

From *Frazier's Magazine*.

SPRING.

Hark! 'tis the laugh of Spring—she comes,
With airy sylphs and fiery gnomes;
On cruel mischief these intent,
And those as anxious to prevent.

So, now for frolic and for fun,
And swains forsown and maids undone;
So, now for bridegrooms and for brides,
And rivals hang'd by river sides.
Here the hoarse-wooing dove is heard,
And there the cuckoo, taunting bird!
But soon along the osier vale
Will warble the sweet nightingale,
Amid whose song chaste Eve must hear
The threats of love, the screams of fear.
The milk-maid's shriek of laughter shrill
From hovel close beneath the hill,
Before the door the whirling wheel,
Behind the hedge the tickish squeal,
The shepherd rude, the hoyden wroth,
The boisterous rip of stubborn cloth,
The brisk repulse, the pressing prayer,
Ah do! and do it if you dare!

From the Same.

PROGRESS OF EVENING.

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed:

First thro' the deep and warm and secret glens,
Thro' the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And thro' those alders by the river side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.

But, ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides
Until they sink and melt away like chalk;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
All one vast ocean! and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.*

I HAVE so frequently spoken of the Mississippi, that an account of the progress of navigation on that extraordinary stream may be interesting, even to the student of nature. I shall commence with the year 1808, at which time a great portion of the western country and the banks of the Mississippi river, from above the city of Natchez particularly, were little more than a waste, or, to use words better suited to my feelings, remained in their natural state. To ascend the great stream against a powerful current, rendered still stronger wherever islands occurred, together with the thousands of sand-banks, as liable to changes and shiftings as the alluvial shores themselves, which, at every deep curve or bend were seen giving way, as if crushed down by the weight of the great forests that every where reached to the very edge of the water, and falling and sinking in the muddy stream, by acres at a time, was an adventure of no small difficulty and risk, and which was rendered more so by the innumerable logs, called sawyers and planters, that every where raised their heads above the water, as if bidding defiance to all intruders. Few white inhabitants had yet marched towards its shores, and these few were of a class little able to assist the navigator. Here and there a solitary encampment of native Indians might be seen; but its inmates were as likely to become foes as friends, having from their birth been made keenly sensible of the encroachments of white men upon their lands.

Such was then the nature of the Mississippi and its shores. That river was navigated principally in the direction of the current, in small canoes, pirogues, keel-boats, some flat-boats, and a few barges. The canoes and pirogues being generally laden with furs from the different heads of streams that feed the great river, were of little worth after reaching the market of New Orleans, and seldom reascended, the owners making their way home through the woods amidst innumerable difficulties. The flat-boats were demolished and used as fire wood. The keel-boats and barges were employed in conveying produce of different kinds besides furs, such as lead, flour, pork, and other articles. These returned laden with sugar, coffee, and dry goods, suited for the markets of Genesieve and St. Louis, on the Upper Mississippi, or branched off and ascended the Ohio to the foot of the falls, near Louisville, in Kentucky. But, reader, follow their movements, and judge for yourself of the fatigues, troubles and risks of the men employed in

that navigation. A keel-boat was generally manned by ten hands, principally Canadian French, and a patroon or master. These boats seldom carried more than from twenty to thirty tons. The barges had frequently forty or fifty men, with a patroon, and carried fifty or sixty tons. Both these kinds of vessels were provided with a mast, a square sail, and coils of cordage, known by the name of cordelles. Each boat or barge carried its own provisions. We shall suppose one of these boats under way, and, having passed Natchez, entering upon what were called the difficulties of their ascent. Wherever a point projected so as to render the course or bend below it of some magnitude, there was an eddy, the returning current of which was sometimes as strong as that of the middle of the great stream. The bargemen, therefore, rowed up pretty close under the bank, and had merely to keep watch in the bow, lest the boat should run against a planter or a sawyer. But the boat has reached the point, and there the current is to all appearance of double strength, and right against it. The men, who have all rested a few minutes, are ordered to take their stations, and lay hold of their oars, for the river must be crossed, it being seldom possible to double such a point, and proceed along the same shore. The boat is crossing, its head slanting to the current, which is, however, too strong for the rowers, and when the other side of the river has been reached, it has drifted perhaps a quarter of a mile. The men are by this time exhausted, and, as we shall suppose it to be twelve o'clock, fasten the boat to the shore, or to a tree. A small glass of whiskey is given to each, when they cook and eat their dinner, and after repairing their fatigue by an hour's repose, recommence their labours. The boat is again seen slowly advancing against the stream. It has reached the lower end of a large sand bar, along the edge of which it is propelled by means of long poles, if the bottom be hard. Two men, called bowsmen, remain at the prow, to assist, in concert with the steersman, in managing the boat, and keeping its head right against the current. The rest place themselves on the land-side of the foot-way of the vessel, put one end of their poles on the ground, the other against their shoulders, and push with all their might: As each of the men reaches the stern, he crosses to the other side, runs along it, and comes again to the landward side of the bow, when he recommences operations. The barge, in the mean time, is ascending at the rate not exceeding one mile in the hour.

The bar is at length passed; and as the shore in sight is straight on both sides of the river, and the current uniformly strong, the poles are laid aside; and the men being equally divided, those on the river side take to their oars, while those on the land-side lay hold of the branches of willows, or other

* Improvements in the navigation of the Mississippi. By J. J. Audubon, Esq. F. R. S. S. & E. &c.

trees, and thus slowly propel the boat. Here and there, however, the trunk of a fallen tree, partly laying on the bank, and partly projecting beyond it, impedes their progress, and requires to be doubled. This is performed by striking it with the iron points of the poles and gaff-hooks. The sun is now quite low, and the barge is again secured in the best harbour within reach. The navigators cook their suppers, and betake themselves to their blankets or bear's-skins to rest, or perhaps light a large fire on the shore, under the smoke of which they repose, in order to avoid the persecutions of the myriads of moschetoos which occur during the whole summer along the river. Perhaps from dawn to sunset, the boat may have advanced fifteen miles. If so, it has done well. The next day the wind proves favourable, the sail is set, the boat takes all advantages, and meeting with no accident, has ascended thirty miles,—perhaps double that distance. The next day comes with a very different aspect. The wind is right a-head, the shores are without trees of any kind, and the canes on the banks are so thick and stout that not even the cordelles can be used. This occasions a halt. The time is not altogether lost, as most of the men, being provided with rifles, betake themselves to the woods, and search for the deer, the bears, or the turkeys that are generally abundant there. Three days may pass before the wind changes, and the advantages gained on the previous fine day are forgotten. Again the boat proceeds, but in passing over a shallow place, runs on a log, swings with the current, but hangs fast, with her lee-side almost under water. Now for the poles! all hands are on deck, bustling and pushing. At length, towards sunset, the boat is once more afloat, and is again taken to the shore, where the wearied crew pass another night.

I shall not continue this account of difficulties, it having already become painful in the extreme. I could tell you of the crew abandoning the boat and cargo, and of numberless accidents, and perils; but be it enough to say, that, advancing in this tardy manner, the boat that left New Orleans on the first of March, often did not reach the falls of the Ohio until the month of July,—nay, sometimes not until October; and after all this immense trouble, it brought only a few bags of coffee, and at most 100 hogheads of sugar. Such was the state of things in 1808. The number of barges at that period did not amount to more than twenty-five or thirty, and the largest probably did not exceed 100 tons burden. To make the best of this fatiguing navigation, I may conclude by saying that a barge which came up in three months had done wonders, for I believe few voyages were performed in that time.

If I am not mistaken, the first steam-boat that went down out of the Ohio to New Orleans, was named the "Orleans," and if I

remember right, was commanded by Captain Ogden. This voyage, I believe, was performed in the spring of 1810. It was, as you may suppose, looked upon as the *ae plus ultra* of enterprise. Soon after, another vessel came from Pittsburgh; and, before many years elapsed, to see a vessel so propelled, became a common occurrence. In 1826, after a lapse of time that proved sufficient to double the population of the United States of America, the navigation of the Mississippi had so improved, both in respect to facility and quickness, that I know no better way of giving you an idea of it than by presenting you with an extract of a letter from my eldest son, which was taken from the books of N. Berthoud, Esq. with whom he at that time resided.

"You ask me in your last letter for a list of the arrivals and departures here. I give you an extract from our list of 1826, showing the number of boats which plied each year, their tonnage, the trips which they performed, and the quantity of goods landed here from New Orleans and intermediate places.

	Tons.	Trips.	Tons.
1823, from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.	7,860	98	19,453
42 boats, measuring			
1824, from Jan. 1 to Nov. 25.	6,593	118	20,291
36 boats, measuring			
1825, from Jan. 1 to Aug. 15.	7,484	140	24,102
42 boats, measuring			
1826, from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.	9,388	182	28,914
51 boats, measuring			

"The amount for the present year will be much greater than any of the above. The number of flat-boats and keels is beyond calculation. The number of steam-boats above the falls I cannot say much about, except that one or two arrive at and leave Louisville every day. Their passage from Cincinnati is commonly 14 or 16 hours. The *Tecumseh*, a boat which runs between this place and New Orleans, and which measures 210 tons, arrived here on the 10th inst. in 9 days 7 hours, from port to port; and the *Philadelphia*, of 300 tons, made the passage in 9 days 9½ hours, the computed distance being 1650 miles. These are the quickest trips made. There are now in operation on the waters west of the Alleghany mountains, 140 or 145 boats. We had last spring (1826), a very high freshet, which came 4½ feet deep in the counting-room. The rise was 57 feet three inches perpendicular."

The whole of the steam-boats of which you have an account did not perform voyages to New Orleans only, but to all points on the Mississippi, and other rivers which fall into it. I am certain that since the above date, the number has increased, but to what extent I cannot at present say.

When steam-boats first plied between Shipping-port and New Orleans, the cabin passage was 100 dollars, and 150 dollars on the upward voyage. In 1829, I went down to Natchez from Shipping-port for 25 dollars, and ascended from New Orleans, on board the *Philadelphia*, in the beginning of January,

1830, for 60 dollars having taken two state rooms for my wife and myself. On that voyage we met with a trifling accident which protracted it to 14 days; the computed distance being as mentioned above, 1650 miles, although the real distance is probably less. I do not remember to have spent a day without meeting with a steam-boat, and some days we met several. I might here be tempted to give you a description of one of these steamers of the western waters, but the picture having been often drawn by abler hands, I shall desist.

From the Monthly Review.

SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE.*

WE confess, that when we first perused these volumes, so forcible and so fascinating was the impression which they made upon our memory, that we did not think, for some time, of questioning the genuineness of the varied details which they contain. The form of the Diary is so well sustained throughout, the incidents look so exceedingly like real occurrences, and are so perfectly in keeping with each other, the turn of idea and expression savours so much of the last century, and the costume, the manners, the fashion of the day are so accurately observed, that we were easily beguiled into the belief, that we were reading a narrative of fact, as little resembling a fiction as any production of the kind that ever came under our notice. Robinson Crusoe, though written with a marvellous degree of probability, ultimately deceives nobody. We go through it with unqualified delight, and feel no pain when we discover, as we may in the very first chapter, that it is the creation of a highly gifted fancy. But we venture to say that Sir Edward Seaward's narrative will deceive ninety-nine out of a hundred readers. The very fulness of its details, ample even to weariness as they occasionally are, tends, more than almost any other feature of the work, to produce this delusion. Historical events connected with the West Indies, with the war that broke out between this country and Spain in 1739, and the frequent introduction of the names of persons who are well known to have existed, and to have been concerned in some of the transactions which are mentioned in the narrative, give countenance to it in so many ways, and from so many different quarters, that, upon arriving at the conclusion, we feel not the slightest disposition to doubt the veracity of any part of the production.

A little reflection, however, brings with it some unpleasant suspicions. If the Diary had

really been written seventy years ago, why was it not published before? It is so interesting in itself, so honourable to the supposed writer and his family, that if it had been framed so long, and read generally by a large circle of relatives, it must have fallen, before this time, into the clutches of the all-devouring press. At least, extracts from it would have been preserved in the periodical journals; or some allusions to it, or to its author, would have been found in the records of the time. This is not the case, be it observed, of a Diary which for many years had lain concealed, and been recently discovered by chance; nor is it the case of a private individual who kept a Diary for his own use, and handed it over to his family, under injunctions of secrecy. On the contrary, it is said to have been written by the author for his nephews and nieces, who, doubtless, would have multiplied copies of so singular a story, and circulated its wonders. Sir Edward is not represented as a private individual. He appears as the discoverer of a group of islands, to which, for a while, his name was given; he is said to have colonized one of them, to have governed it, to have negotiated about it with our own, and with foreign governments, and in short to have performed many public acts which must have handed down his name to us in some shape or other. But, alas! we nowhere find a trace of the existence of any such individual. His name may be looked for in vain, in all the biographies. The laborious Bryan Edward has altogether overlooked the discovery and settlement of the Seaward Islands, and seems not to have known a syllable of the romantic account of them, which Miss Jane Porter has had the good fortune to obtain.

The fair editor has most cautiously omitted to exhibit a single authenticated document by which the narrative which she presents to the public might be introduced, as it were, with a good character. She states, that the manuscripts from which it is taken were put into her hands 'by the representative of their much respected writer.' This assertion might be perfectly true, and yet the manuscripts might contain only a fiction. In such cases as these we usually expect and receive the best evidence that can be had of genuineness, which is a very different thing from authenticity. The name and address of the possessor of the manuscript are given; the length of time in which it had been in his possession is added, together with a statement of the manner in which, and the persons from whom, it had been handed down to him. But here we have nothing of the kind. We are not told the name of the individual who is said to be the owner of the original Diary; we are not told by the editor who Sir Edward Seaward was; she does not say by whom the Diary was written; she simply calls it 'Sir Edward Seaward's Diary.' She does not assert that Sir Edward Seaward wrote and kept this Diary;

* Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea: with a detail of many and highly interesting Events in his Life from the year 1733 to 1749, as written in his own diary. Edited by Miss Jane Porter. In three volumes 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1831.

but she veils an insinuation of this kind, from which many readers would collect as much, in the following language. 'That it was begun with no other view than to keep such a table of reference for the writer's own future use, *appears from certain internal evidence* in the early part of the journal itself; and that it was afterwards completed for a dearer object, a note, which was annexed to it, *most affectingly shows*.' All this may be true, and yet the Diary may be an invention. A practised writer might, without difficulty, set forth a nicely concocted text, from the *internal evidence* of which, many things might be made to *appear*, and many things most *affectingly shown*, and yet his text might not be gospel. Miss Jane Porter adds, 'that besides the regular diary-books in the possession of my friend, there are many loose papers in the same case with them, by which it *appears* that Sir Edward Seaward was born in the year 1710 or 1711, and departed this life in the year 1774, at his seat in Gloucestershire.' This word, *appears*, is very convenient to the editor. It commits her own veracity in no way whatever, beyond the mere assertion that the papers so represent the date of his birth. But where was his seat in Gloucestershire? What was its name? Her silence concerning these little adjuncts, and the generality of her reference to Gloucestershire, look, it must be owned, a little suspicious.

Miss Jane Porter further states, that her task as editor was light, 'being chiefly confined to alterations in the old style of orthography, to that of the present standard; and a little similar change where the antiquated grammar, or rather anti-grammatical construction presented any awkwardness.' With all due deference to the lady we must observe, that the English language used in the latter part of the reign of George II., was not so antiquated as to present any difficulties to a modern reader. Even if it were such, an editor of so much literary experience as Miss Jane Porter would, we apprehend, have retained, and not removed, the orthographical and grammatical peculiarities of that period, inasmuch as they would have afforded strong presumptive proof in favour of the genuineness of the Diary in question.

But the fictitious character of the narrative is demonstrated, by the editor's caution in avoiding to inform us precisely, of 'the certain islands in the Caribbean Sea,' which are said to have been discovered by Sir Edward Seaward, and upon one of which he was shipwrecked. She says that they may be found in *old charts* in the neighbourhood of the Seranillas; but until he, on being cast ashore there, discovered them to be habitable, they had been marked down as a cluster of barren rocks only, whose dangerous reef warned ships to avoid them.' There are many groups of islands near the Seranillas, and indeed in the neighbourhood of the whole of the Mosquito shore;

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but they have all names, and yet Miss Jane Porter gives no name to her 'certain islands.' In the Diary they are indeed called Seaward Islands, but that appellation is unknown to our maps, and indeed if it ever existed, would have fallen into disuse upon the restoration of them (they having been eventually restored, as it is said,) to the Spanish crown.

We must, therefore, treat the work before us, as a tale after the manner of De Foe, a conclusion to which we have come with no little reluctance, as there are a thousand things in these volumes which we could most ardently wished to have been true. We have never seen the sacred and endearing every-day intercourse of husband and wife, painted in more natural and attractive language, than it is in this narrative. The affectionate, submissive, confiding conduct of the one; her never failing fund of good sense; her happy counsels; her entire identification with her husband under all circumstances; her star-like relation to him, from whom she seems to borrow all her light; her courage under danger; her contentedness to die if she died with him; the native and incorruptible innocence and simplicity of her mind, and the truly feminine feeling which she exhibits upon every occasion, make it difficult for us to believe that her portrait has not been painted from the life. The conduct of her lord is equally amiable, he differing from her only by the proper manliness of his character. He never speaks of her but in terms of the most charming tenderness. She is always the dearest object of his hopes and exertions, and he talks of her in almost every page of his Diary; yet there is no profane display of his attachment; he discloses with the utmost candour all that he thinks and feels about her, and we never tire of his uxoriousness. This engaging feature of the work is, it must not be denied, quite out of the ordinary routine of the novelist, who, satisfied with seeing his lovers lawfully married, never attempts to follow them throughout their wedded career.

Indeed it would seem that the author's love for his wife, whom he is said to have lost in the year 1749, was, in a great measure, the cause of his having commenced in 1756-7, this Diary at all. "I feel her loss so deeply," he is represented to have said in a note to his Diary, "that nothing less than the power of God could support me under my bereavement. But I live in the certain hope of meeting her again, and for ever, in the mansions of the blessed. And I thank her Heavenly Father and mine, that he has put it into my mind to set in order the narrative of my life, to amuse the while. For in so doing, I seem to live my days over again with her who was every thing to me on earth. And in this I not only find consolation, but sometimes feel a bright sunshine, like one of her own smiles, warm the sepulchral chamber of my heart. Should my nephews and nieces read it, when I am again

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with her, they will the better know her worth, whose tender regard fostered their infancy in those dear islands where, with her, I found an earthly paradise, and lived in a sacred happiness without alloy." We are almost ashamed of doubting the truth of a narrative, written under feelings apparently so strong and so sacred as those, which breathe through this note; but unhappily the judgment must here correct the impulses of the heart, although we have no doubt that the reader will pursue the thread of this tale with almost as much interest, as if the facts were all authenticated by affidavit.

It would seem that from the earliest dawn of his reason, our hero had an inclination to visit foreign parts. He tells us that he was born in the village of Awbury, *as it was then called*. His parents were loyal and honest; he had neither pedigree nor learning to boast of; his principal inheritance was a stout constitution, a peaceable disposition, and a proper sense of what was due to his superiors and equals. After assisting his father for a while, in the business of a small farm, he was placed in the counting-house of his paternal uncle, at Bristol, whence he was recalled, for some months, by the death of his mother. When at home on this occasion, his idle time was usually spent at the house of his former schoolmaster, the pastor of the village, the Rev. W. Goldsmith, whither he was attracted by the eyes of her who was destined to be his wife. He did not hesitate, however, to obey the summons of his uncle, who wished him to go to Virginia, as supercargo in one of his vessels. He acquitted himself of his commission with so much success, that his uncle at once took charge of his future fortune, and proposed to send him to Honduras to take the place of his cousin, who had been already established there, and to become a partner in the business. This proposal was gladly accepted by the youth, who had shown himself to be "no fool;" but before he proceeded to carry it into execution, he got leave to pay a parting visit to his brothers and sisters at Awbury. His description of his journey on this occasion, reminds us strongly of the character of Gil Blas, although the circumstances are so different.

"In a few days I finished with my uncle, and then made arrangements for paying the intended visit to my friends. I set out on horseback, with feelings of a very sober kind; and being alone, had much time for meditation as I rode on slowly. I looked back on the happy days of my boyhood; played with my fellows, in memory, on the green before the school-house; and called to mind some of the old people, and, among others, my honoured father, sitting beneath the venerable elm there, in its full maturity of three hundred years. I believed, then, that the world could not boast such a man, nor such a tree. I thought also, with pleasure, on my revered pastor and schoolmaster, who was meek and kind-hearted to all, and who managed

to make his boys scholars without using either the birch or the ferula. He was, indeed, more anxious to teach us our duty than our Latin, but he contrived to teach us both. The kindness of his nature seemed to kindle a kindred feeling throughout the school, so that we felt disposed to help each other, and did so, and lost nothing, but gained much in the brotherly task; he loved my father, and his family and ours were like one. The nearer I approached the village the more impatient I became to arrive: I thought on my sisters and their friends, his daughters, every moment, with increasing emotion. I gave Dobbin the spur, and gradually quickening my pace, came up to our gate at a brisk canter. My sisters received me most affectionately, and quickly sent for my brother, who happened to be out. He came, and the meeting was affecting; we saw ourselves altogether, but our parents were no more with their children; we looked on the place where they were wont to sit, and wept."—vol. i. pp. 8-9.

The introduction of the lad's affection (he was then twenty-two) for Eliza Goldsmith, is so natural, that it does not look at all like those early loves of which we read in novels. Having expressed a hope that fortune might so far favour him, as that he might in time be able to assist his brothers and sisters, the youngest, Maria, said that 'she would not wait the event of fortune-making, but would go with me. I will send for you, dear Maria, said I, when I am fairly settled, if you then should like to come. I will go with you, Edward, she replied, unless you can prevail on Eliza Goldsmith to be your guardian angel. Though she said this playfully, and perhaps a little apprehensively, I felt as if electrified by the unexpected appeal; certainly I had always been sensible to a sentiment of a peculiar character for Eliza Goldsmith; I felt that it was not exactly like that which I bore to my sister Maria, though it seemed to connect their images in my thoughts. I had seen several beautiful and amiable women abroad, but they could not bear comparison with Eliza Goldsmith. Eliza's sweet smile was, in truth, always playing around me, and doubtless it was the memory of that sweet smile, so faithfully expressed, which had unconsciously fixed my affection.' This is all exceedingly beautiful for its simplicity, and the close resemblance which it bears to an unpremeditated story of true love. It was not a time to dissemble; there was no occasion for sonnets or for notes; the young adventurer could not impose any restraint upon his feelings in the presence of Eliza, and as her feelings were quite as much interested upon the occasion, it was soon agreed upon that she should accompany him as his wife to Honduras. But he had still his uncle to consult in the business; the interview will serve to put the reader in possession of the characters of both parties.

"I arrived late in the evening at my uncle's, and was glad he was gone to the club; so, after

taking tea quietly with my aunt, I retired to rest. In the morning we met at breakfast; the old gentleman was happy to see me, talked over the business of Honduras, told me the brig was getting ready, that we were to touch at Jamaica, land some of the cargo there, and take in lumber, with some other articles for the Bay; and that his correspondent at Kingston would put me in the way to obtain a few useful things for my better accommodation at St. George's Key, where his son had resided for nearly a year, in little better than a negro hut; and so forth. I heard him with a courteous attention, and then thought it right for the purpose now nearest my heart, to say, "Dear Uncle, may I ask you one or two questions?" "Certainly, Ned! certainly! a hundred, if you like, so they be short ones." "Then, first, Uncle, how long do you suppose I may have to stop there?" "Till you make so much money, Ned, that you cannot spend it without coming to England: keep that in mind, boy: so make haste in your calling." "Well, but, Sir, that may not be accomplished as long as I live." "O yes, Ned, I don't think thee hast a great stomach for wealth." "But, Sir, you wished my questions to be short; will you make the answers so? May I be five, or six, or seven, or ten years at St. George's Key?" "Yes, perhaps you may; not less than five or six years certainly." "Then, my dear Uncle, I should not like to live there a bachelor, and perhaps get into immoral connexions, that would degrade me in my own eyes, and in the opinion of those I love." The old gentleman laughed immoderately, stood up, held his sides, and laughed and coughed, exclaiming at intervals, "Ned, you will be the death of me!" I knew not what to think of this; but my aunt made him sit down, saying, "Mr. Seaward, your nephew is right; I like his sentiments." "He is an ass, and you are a fool!" he replied, looking morosely at her; "I don't want any of your prudery and nonsense; I will talk to him." The old lady walked out and left us together. My heart sunk within me. In imagination, I had already beheld my dear Eliza living with me in ease and affluence, enjoying the bright sunshine of my prosperity, under the patronage of my uncle. A cloud now hung over me, which I expected to burst with a thunder-storm, the minute my aunt quitted the room. But my uncle was a wag in his way: he began to laugh immoderately again; then recovering himself, said, "It's better to marry than burn; eh, Ned?" and continued his laughing fit. He was then able to resume: "That's it, Ned, eh? but where is the wife to be had at so short a notice? We can't give an order for her ——— Bale, No. 1, marked E. S., Ned, eh?" He then took another hearty laugh to himself, and became quiet. I was now at ease, being convinced there was no surly humour on his part, but the contrary, and thought this was my auspicious moment. I at once told him the whole affair of my engagement with Eliza Goldsmith. He heard me out, in a business-like manner; and after some pause said, "Well, Ned, it's your affair, not mine; and if you are bent on it, I'll do my part. How the speculation will turn out, thee don't know, and I can't tell thee; these sort of articles, that we take for better for worse, not being allowed to try the sample,

don't always answer expectation; but thee mayst be more fortunate than some other people; and, as there is no time to lose, get thy business done; and, if thee likes, we will put her and thee in the manifest." He finished by shaking me by the hand, kindly and warmly, saying, "Ned! married or single, I will always be as a father to thee, boy!" I hope I thanked him as I ought: I am sure if I thanked him as I wished, I did thank him as I ought. He desired me to return the next day to Awbury, and finish my business."—vol. i. pp. 16—18.

Matters were soon arranged for the marriage, and the "happy pair," attended by their dog Fidele, who would not be separated from his beloved mistress, set out for Honduras. In six weeks they arrived at Jamaica, (we write as if we felt we were treating of real events,) and after making a short stay there to get a stock of poultry and other things for the Bay, they proceeded on their voyage, and encountered, by a legitimate anticipation, the celebrated hurricane, which is recorded to have produced tremendous disasters in Jamaica and the whole Spanish main, in the year 1734. The near coincidence of this historical fact with the hurricane mentioned in the Diary, and which gave a colour to the future destiny of Seaward, is not the least remarkable trait of skill and talent, which we find exhibited in every part of this admirable story. It is well known that it happened after the hurricane months were over, and that it was one of the most frightful visitations of the kind, which had ever been experienced in those seas. A total blackness overspread the sky; it thundered incessantly, and the rain fell in torrents. The wind then rose suddenly, like an evil spirit from the deep, and raged with such fury, that the vessel seemed in an instant on her beam ends. The sails were blown to ribbons, though going right before the hurricane. Seaward did all he could to console his wife. "God will preserve us, my honoured love!" said she; "I feel that we are safe, notwithstanding this dreadful hurricane: but," added she, pressing my hand and moving it to her lips, "if we should be drowned, we shall die together, and we shall not be separated: we shall meet, where we can part no more!" Her feelings now overpowered her, and she fell on my neck and wept. I kissed away the tears from her eyes, saying, "we will trust in the Almighty." The wind was at this time howling horribly, the sea all in a foam, the brig running, as the gale drove her, sometimes on one point of the compass, sometimes on another. The conclusion of this awful scene speedily arrives, and we could almost envy the pen which has here described it.

"We continued to be driven by the storm for eight or ten hours, I cannot tell in what direction; but about two or three o'clock in the morning, they called out, "Breakers, breakers! land! breakers!" I was below, with my wife, in the cabin. Being no seaman, I could do no good on deck; but, hearing this, I got

up the ladder to the companion door. All was again fast down, and they could not open it; in fact, all hands were too much absorbed by the awfulness of their situation. In a few minutes the vessel struck, and we, who were below, were thrown violently on the cabin floor. The poor dog, our faithful Fidele, howled mournfully as he was driven to the other end of the cabin: this, at such a moment, had a powerful effect on us. "We are indeed lost!" said my wife, as she recovered a little from the fall she had just received. I did not now wait to console her by my words; I renewed my efforts to force the companion door, and get upon deck; but it was perfect darkness where we were, and I could not find any thing to add to my own ineffectual strength, nor could I make any one on deck attend to me; they could not hear me for the noise made by the howling of the wind and the breaking of the sea; yet I sometimes heard them, and could discover that they were cutting away the wreck of the mainmast, which lay over the side—making ready to get the long-boat over the gunwale, to escape, if possible, from the perishing vessel. I now became frantic; I knocked with my hands, and hallooed with all my power, but to no purpose. By accident I stumbled over an empty stone bottle at the foot of the ladder, with the bottom of which I struck the companion door so violently, that I succeeded in arresting the attention of the captain. He unbolted it, telling me at the same time, "We are all lost!" but that the men were trying to launch the long-boat, our only chance; for, although it was likely she would swamp in the breakers, it was quite certain the brig would go to pieces in a few minutes; and if Mrs. Seaward and I chose to go, we must be up in a second, for 'look there!' said he; crying out at the same time, 'another shove, lads, and she's all our own!'—the long-boat was launched; and I returned down the ladder with all speed. The brig was lying on her starboard side, the sea breaking over her bow and fore-chains; but, from the position of a rocky island to windward, she was pretty quiet abaft and to leeward, so that a boat might live under her lee; and I expected the captain would wait for us there a little. The moment I rejoined my dear wife, I urged her instantly to accompany me to the deck, telling her our situation. "No!" said she, "I will not stir, and you will not stir; they must all perish; a boat cannot endure this storm. Let us trust in God, Edward," continued she, "and if we die, we die together!" "It is done," I replied, "we will not stir." "Then tell them so," cried she, hastily; "and if you can lay your hand on the bread-bag in your way, it may be useful to them, if they survive this hour." I hastened to ascend, at which moment the brig seemed to right, and I was struck back by a column of water rushing down the companion, followed by the shutting of its doors. The brig had swung off the point of the reef, and the sea then broke over the main-chains, the vessel being upright. I now easily succeeded in getting on deck, but no boat was to be seen; yet now and then I thought I heard the voices of the miserable crew at some distance on the brig's quarter; and sometimes I fancied I saw them, when the strong light-

ning's glare lighted up every thing around for an instant, leaving the immediate darkness greater. The brig soon took the ground again on a reef within, and heeled over as before, which threw me down the ladder; the companion doors fortunately slamming to after me, as the sea instantly broke over the vessel fore and aft. My ever kind wife hastened to my assistance, but was herself thrown to the other side of the cabin. I was not hurt, so that in a little time I reached the place where she lay, and we crawled up together to windward, where we endeavoured to secure ourselves. More than an hour passed away with us, in dismal darkness below; but we enjoyed the light of God's presence; offering up prayer to him, in short but emphatical ejaculations, and he heard us: we felt the influence of his peace, and were resigned to his will!

"Our situation was awful; in all human probability, within one short hour we should be engulfed by an overwhelming sea. With arms folded round each other, we sat, endeavouring to keep our position, and so remained till the heaving motion of the vessel gradually subsided, and at length became scarcely perceptible; but she continued to lay over, nearly on her beam ends. I now again thought it right to reach the deck, and as the ladder had been lashed to its situation, it was not displaced, notwithstanding all the shocks the vessel had sustained. On ascending the ladder, I pushed open the lee half of the companion door, when a gleam of joy rushed upon me, on perceiving that the day had dawned, and that the water to leeward was quite smooth. The brig now lying on the innermost part of the reef, I discovered high land a-head and a-stern, and a fine sandy beach a-breast of us, little more than a mile off. I hastened below to my dear wife, into the dark cabin, exclaiming, 'Come to me, my love; come on deck; it is daylight!' Without a word, she made her way to me, and ascended the ladder. On emerging from darkness into light, her feelings overcame her, and she poured forth her heart to God. After a few moments of abstraction, she crept down to the lee gunwale of the quarter-deck; 'Where is the boat, and our poor companions?' she exclaimed; 'I do not see them!' 'Perhaps,' I replied, 'they are safely landed on yon beach, and will soon return to take us out of the vessel.' I now looked earnestly around me; the mainmast was gone, but the stump was standing; the wreck of it had been cleared away; the foremast remained, but the fore-topmast had gone, and was hanging by its rigging forward; the booms were gone, the boats were gone, the caboose, for cooking, gone, the binnacle gone: the hen-coops alone remained in their places; but all the fowls, and guineafowls, that were in the coop to leeward, were drowned: the ducks which were in the other coop survived, and also four fowls; yet these seemed more dead than alive. All was desolation on deck and aloft; but the day had dawned, and the morning smiled serenely on us, while a gentle calm spread itself over the ocean all around."—vol. i. pp. 30—34.

This serene smile of morning, this hallowed calm after so tremendous a storm, reach

our hearts, and we are prepared to follow the youthful pair of favoured adventurers with all our sympathies. Nothing was seen of the crew, who had all perished. Seaward having pumped out a great mass of water, the brig righted, and gradually drifted toward the unknown shore '*near the Seranillas*,' and a convenient inlet offering for that purpose, it found its way thither with marvellous success. A minute and highly interesting description is then given, of the operations to which the husband and wife had recourse, in order to establish themselves upon the island, which they found to be a second paradise in appearance, and wholly uninhabited. Some of the poultry and two goats had luckily survived the storm, and were safely landed. Poor Fidele was equally fortunate. Bags of biscuits, and stores of wine and spirits were found in the vessel, in abundance. Arrangements were made to dine upon one of the fowls, which were drowned in their own coops; but how was a fire to be obtained? Seaward bethought him of the large lens in the ship's spy-glass, with which he collected the rays of the sun upon dry leaves, and sticks, and soon produced a magnificent blaze. The fowl dressed on the embers was delicious. The ship was next cleared and rendered habitable, the strangers not yet venturing to sleep on shore. The scenery of the island was charming, diversified with wood, and rock, and field, and blessed with crystal streams. By degrees they became acquainted with it, extending their walks every day, in order to explore its resources. The whole of this part of the story must, we should think, have been written from actual experience; it could not have been invented. The circumstances are so natural, and yet so little in the obvious routine of the imagination, that they must have been suggested by similar incidents in the story of a real shipwreck. One of the goats had a leg broken in the late storm, and it was Seaward's care to tie it up and cure it. This would hardly have been thought of by a mere novelist. Fidele, soon after, going on shore, turned up an Iguana, which proved excellent food, being as tender as a chicken. This is another trait of reality, trivial in itself, but tending materially to the completeness and beauty of the picture. We might enumerate many other occurrences of the same kind, which, taken together, give an appearance of probability to the tale, that is exceeded in no other production of the same class in our own literature, and indeed in no other that we know of.

The first Sunday after their arrival was peculiarly devoted to thanksgiving for their safety. "The trunks were opened," says the amiable narrator, "and my beloved wife dressed herself as she would have done at Awbury on a Sunday; and I followed her example: we then sat down quietly, and I

went through the morning service, she reading the lessons for the day. After this proper and consolatory exercise, we talked to each other about those dear friends we had left behind in England, and often with grateful tenderness reverted to the father of Eliza, to whom both of us were much indebted for the peace we now enjoyed; being separated from the gaieties of life, but having for our portion God and ourselves." "We enjoyed ourselves," he adds, "sitting arm-in-arm on the quarter-deck, feeling an internal happiness, that scarcely would have been anticipated in such a situation: it was that peace which the world cannot give, nor take away, and with which the stranger intermeddleth not."

The diarist dwells with inexhaustible delight upon every little trait in his wife's conduct, upon this occasion; her fortitude, her cheerfulness, her industry, the smiles with which she encouraged his labours, and the sweet tenderness of language with which she rewarded them. Having drained the wreck of all the water which it contained, and having ascertained all the conveniences which the carpenter's chest, the cargo, and the ship's furniture could afford him, he proceeded, attended by his affectionate wife, and the useful Fidele, to select a spot in which the seeds of some fruits, which were in the brig, could be sown with the best chance of a good return. While they were walking through a thicket of thorny acacias, under a precipitous rock, the little dog, who had preceded them, began suddenly to bark, and the noise was heard as if at a considerable distance. He suddenly appeared before them with another Iguana, but the peculiar sound of his bark, had led to an impression that there was an uninterrupted passage through the thicket. After some hours spent in clearing the way through the brushwood, Seaward found himself unexpectedly at the mouth of a cavern, which forms a very prominent object of curiosity, in the subsequent pages of this veritable history. It was a natural excavation of considerable length and height: the floor was covered with the dung of birds; the summit thickly hung with pendulous stalactites, with shelving masses and nodules, of which the sides were also incrustated. Seaward, satisfied for the present with this discovery, returned, after having fixed upon a piece of ground, clear of the shade of trees, for putting in the seeds. Upon this excursion, both parties having found the inconvenience of their dresses, resolved to conform to their new circumstances: Seaward adopting the jacket and trousers of the sailor, and his wife a close bedgown, with a shawl wrapped round her head, as a turban. The goats and poultry were transferred to the cave, where the latter, especially, took up their residence with great glee. A tent was next erected on shore, which was soon exchanged for a wooden hut;

they became, of necessity, their own boot-makers, tailors, and sempstresses, and in the clear stream washed their own linen, by beating it, after the ancient fashion, on a stone in the running water. They found fish in abundance in an arm of the neighbouring sea, and coconuts, and other fruits in the surrounding woods; and being satisfied that they were now alone upon the island, they occupied themselves constantly on shore, in administering to their present wants, in providing for the future, enjoying in the intervals the sweet happiness, which innocent labour and alternate rest seem capable of yielding, under almost any conceivable circumstances. The picture which is presented of their daily life, at this period is enchanting. The open air, or the wooden hut, as the season permitted, was their eating apartment, the cabin of the brig their bed-room. After the toil of the day was over, they talked over what they had done with renewed delight, giving a thought, the while, to their dear friends in England. "It was now time for our evening repast; and we sat down on the wooden platform, between the plank-house and the rock, with our table between us, each on a commodious chair, and our dear little dog in front of us, to our comfortable tea, in peace and quietness; perhaps, experiencing more real enjoyment, than the world's society with all its blandishments could bestow!" "Yet we had a sigh and a tear for those we loved, and had left behind in our dear native village." "In this way we communed with each other, till the time for retiring drew near; when, fastening up our palace, and seeing our dumb companions repair to their retreat, we too, serenely and happily, bent our steps towards the brig." Such was the life of paradise which they led. Their poultry now began to lay, their goats presented them with two kids, they beheld their husbandry thriving beyond their expectations, and they looked upon themselves as completely established in the island, scarcely entertaining a wish to be rescued from their solitary condition by a friendly sail.

Their happiness, however, was seriously interrupted for a season, by a discovery which Seaward chanced to make in his cavern. On turning up the dung of the birds, which he used for the purpose of husbandry, he struck upon a piece of brass and leather, which, upon examination, turned out to have been the breast-plate and belt of a soldier. From this circumstance it was inferred that the place had been already visited, possibly by pirates or buccaners; but no trace of a dead body having been discerned, nothing more was thought of the matter, until one day, Seaward, driving a peg in the side of the cavern, in order to hang upon it a peccary which he had killed, observed that the place into which he had hammered the peg sounded hollow. This was ascribed at first to fissures in the rock; but the echoes being much louder

in one spot than in any of the others, he determined to explore this mystery. Mrs. Seaward was equally concerned in clearing up the matter, as she had no objection to the discovery of another apartment, which might serve for a larder. He accordingly took his hatchet, and striking all round the place where the peccary was hung, was convinced that there was a large hollow space behind it. A light was brought, and, to their amazement, an artificial appearance of inserted stones was evident. The dead body of the person to whom the breast-plate and belt belonged, might, they thought, have been here entombed. A sufficient number of the stones having been dislodged to admit Seaward's entrance, on thrusting in his head and shoulders he perceived a kind of chamber, dimly lit from a narrow fissure above, but which had not the power to show him any thing within. The remainder of this extraordinary and rather romantic story, the author must tell in his own language.

"The floor of the place was covered deep with sand, which was quite dry, and for some time I could not discover any thing worthy of notice; but, on moving forward about three yards, I saw a collection of small canvass bags, ranged side by side, and behind them a long wooden box. Without stopping to examine their contents, I stepped back to the hole, and desired my wife to come in, telling her what I had seen. She quickly got through, following the candle and me; and opening one of the bags, I discerned, at a glance, some sparkling metal. 'This is treasure,' cried I. She instantly exclaimed, 'may it please God to preserve us!' 'From what, dearest?' I replied, tumbling out several large pieces of coin. 'They are full of dollars,' she rejoined, 'and of what use are they to us?' 'Well, sweet Eliza,' I replied, 'they can do us no harm; we can leave them where we find them, if we please.' 'Just so,' she answered. 'However,' said I, 'we will examine the box.' The lid was nailed down, so it could not be opened without a chisel; we therefore quitted the recess till I should bring the necessary implement from the carpenter's chest, and returned to the plank-house. I held some pieces of the money in my hand, which had fallen out of the bag, and by the candle-light had appeared white: we then concluded they were dollars, but we now discovered by daylight that they were gold doubloons. I remarked this vast difference in their value to my dear wife. 'Well,' said she, 'Edward, it is all the same to us, dollars or doubloons, or our own English farthings: we cannot send to market with money here. Your health, my honoured husband, is our wealth, and God's blessing is our exhaustless mine! So I care nothing about these; only this, that I fear the discovery will be a source of great uneasiness, if not of misery to us.'—'Very well, dearest,' I replied, 'if there be any more of it in the other bags, with you and God for my guide, I hope I shall not make a bad use of it, should I ever have the opportunity.' 'I hope—I believe you would,

not, my dear Edward,' she rejoined, 'but riches are a snare.'—'My own Eliza,' I answered, gravely, 'bags of gold can be no riches to me where we are; they may as well be full of the sand that covers the floor.'

"Here the dialogue ended, and with less haste about going for the chisel, I set about preparing dinner, in which my Eliza, cheerful as usual, assisted me; and we dined on the last corned quarter of the peccary, which was still very good, and the salt had drawn out the rankness of the meat that exists in its fresh state. 'Now, my own!' said I, 'let us go and inspect the box.' She re-lit our candle; and I taking a chisel and a mallet with me, we proceeded to the cave, and again entered the recess. I opened the box; it was full of all sorts of gold and silver articles; representations of the crucifixion; the Virgin and child, in highly wrought silver shrines; gold hilts for swords, large ear-rings of gold, some ingots of gold; and a considerable quantity of gold and silver tissue; and some silver lavers, and other costly things. My dear wife admired all these beautiful pieces of workmanship very much, making many appropriate remarks on the different articles; and when we had examined all, she gently said, 'Dear Edward, let us now shut the box up, and the place in which it is also; these things do not belong to us. 'Oh, very well!' I hastily replied, 'as you please! I don't care a rush about them.' In mutual silence, we stepped out of the recess, and I thrust in the loose stones again.

"After sitting down in the plank-house, and after a few moment's musing, I said, 'My dear Eliza, we will let this matter rest for the present, and discuss it at our leisure; for I trust that whatever we may conclude to do, will have a blessing, and not a curse.' 'Don't let it perplex you, my honoured husband,' she replied, 'we will pray God to direct you.' This affair was of too much importance to remain unsettled. I turned the doubloons over and over in my hand, and found on them the head of Carolus II., which, although looking as if just out of the mint, bore the date of 1670. 'Eliza,' said I, 'when we look at the date of this coin, and consider the situation in which we discovered the belt, the probability is that this treasure has been here at least fifty or sixty years, and that there are no persons living to whom it belongs. Besides, most likely the persons who placed it where it is were buccaneers, who despoiled some Spanish vessel of it; the first owners, then, are doubtless killed. Hence it does not belong to any one; at least, not to any one that could, with the utmost diligence, be discovered. Therefore possession is the only right which, under such circumstances, can be set up. And it is a duty I owe to myself, and to you, and to all connected with us, though on distant shores, to endeavour to preserve this treasure, and to convey it to England if ever an opportunity should offer. With your consent and approbation, my beloved wife, I will act according to this reasoning.' She did not answer me for some time; at last she said, 'if those to whom it rightfully belongs cannot have it, I certainly see no just reason why you should not do as

you propose, preserve it for your own use, and so apply it, should the occasion ever present itself.'—'Well, my dear Eliza, that is the principle on which I shall act; and on that principle allow me to lose no time in securing the fortune, which has fallen so wonderfully into our hands.'

"The question was now set at rest between us, by which a great weight was taken off my mind; for my exemplary friend, as well as obedient wife, would never have uttered an assent to any measure not founded on moral propriety. It was but a few hours since I had discovered this hoard of gold; and, with all my efforts, I could not settle to my work as before. I continued in the plank-house, talking on subjects far from our little island, and I asked my sweetly attentive companion to give us some wine, which she did immediately; and I sat, and discoursed, and drank wine, till ten-time. She often smiled as I talked, but would not disturb my humour, and that visionary hour or two passed off very well. We fed our animals and retired early to the vessel.

"Tuesday, 19th.—My sleep during the night was harassed by strange dreams, so incoherent they could not be recounted, but all bore on the treasure in the cave. On waking, I mentioned them to my dear wife, though I really felt ashamed that the late matter had so completely engrossed my mind. After discussing the subject for an hour, she concluded by saying, 'Well, my Edward, whatever you wish to do, I will join you in most cheerfully.' And she said this with great emphasis, as she always did when she had made up her mind so to pledge herself. I received her assurance affectionately, and we left the vessel for the shore.

"After breakfast, I proposed that we should examine the whole of the bags with their contents; and accordingly, on entering the cave, I removed the loose stones from the breach in the wall, and we again found ourselves in the recess. I counted the bags, and found forty, each of them not larger than the top of a stocking; but, on reckoning out the doubloons from one bag, the result was five hundred; and on breaking the strings, which were quite mouldering, of some of the others, I found their contents to be the same. The bags themselves, also, were nearly rotten, although they lay in a bed of dry sand. 'We have here,' said I, 'my dear Eliza, a corroborating proof of the length of time this money has been hidden in this place.'—'Well,' she replied, 'but what are we to do with it?'—'You must make new bags,' was my answer, 'and I will make boxes to pack them in: and then we will leave them here, ready for any opportunity that may occur to remove them and us. For we may hope that, in the course of time, some providential vessel may hover near us, and give us means to return to our native home, to bless with our riches and our presence those whom we fondly love.' 'Ah! dear Edward!' she exclaimed, 'it may indeed please God that we are to be the instruments of comfort to your family and to mine, and with these riches be a blessing to the poor.' Thus saying, she embraced me tenderly.—vol. i. pp. 216—222.

The next fortnight was spent in making new bags for securing their treasure; and the very different effect with which this employment was attended, from that produced upon their minds by their agricultural and domestic labours; the anxiety which now came upon them, the distaste which they began to feel for their former quiet and innocent occupations, are painted in the most natural and affecting language. "On rising this morning," says the diarist, "I, as well as my dear wife, could not help expressing a wish that we had never found the treasure; for it had discomposed our minds, and sadly thrown us out of the customary tenor of our employments." However, they emptied the contents of the forty old bags into the new ones, which they had made, and found in each, exactly five hundred doubloons, and the whole being neatly packed in small wooden boxes, were removed to the plank-house. "We were heartily glad," adds the author, "when the business was completed; and so sick were we of it, that I built up the wall again, shutting the whole in, without looking a second time into the great chest that contained so much gold in various shapes."

Hitherto their cares and affections had been devoted to the business of rendering their abode in the island as happy as possible. Now their only anxiety was to desecr a sail, which should enable them to quit it, and to take their treasure in safety along with them to England. One day, while breakfasting under their arbour-tree, they perceived a canoe hastening towards the shore, which, upon its near approach, was found to contain a party of negroes. Seaward received them in the most hospitable manner, and eventually they agreed to remain with him. They had escaped from a vessel which was conveying them to La Guayra, and thus formed the nucleus of a colony. They were all useful in different ways: one of them was so expert a carpenter, that a new and commodious dwelling-house was forthwith built by his assistance; another was a capital agriculturist, and the women, three in number, were all that could be desired as domestic servants. The industry of these negroes restored, in a great degree, the former felicity of Seaward and his companion. "It gave us so much leisure, that we were able to read a good deal, and enjoy frequent walks, arm-in-arm, in intellectual converse: happy in ourselves, and happier still in seeing those around us happy." It was about this time, September, 1734, he says, that the early part of this Diary was written from scraps of memoranda. He found inexpressible delight in recording the providential mercies which he had experienced. "It was also sweet to me to write down, again and again, the name of my ever-beloved Eliza, when I occasionally paid the tribute that is due to her heart and understanding."

The mansion having been finished, the furniture in the brig was now removed to it, and the incipient settlement already began to assume a civilized appearance. How natural, how amiable are the feelings, to which the author gives expression at this stage of his career.

"It being now one o'clock, I walked over to the plantation-house to dinner. My dear partner received me with smiles, and dressed as when in England. I flew to her arms, as if we had met after a long separation. 'My beloved Edward,' said she, 'how gracious is our God! how much happiness does he bestow upon us!' I felt the just tribute, with full force. It was the sentiment that filled my own heart, as I hastened to embrace her. I saw her restored to her former gentlewomanly condition by his providence, relieved from toil, and all the menial offices of culinary labour. And, may I add, I saw a table covered with a clean damask cloth, laid out with all the conveniences of European comfort, to which my eyes had long been strangers!"

"While dinner was serving up, my Eliza took me into the store-room, to show me how well the people had arranged the casks; and herself and damsels the articles for house-keeping. I was much pleased with the order of every thing, and highly gratified with so goodly a sight. Rota sent in our dinner, as nicely cooked and served as if she had been apprentice to my Lord Mayor's kitchen. A fine fish at the head, a piece of boiled salted pork at the foot, a pumpkin pie on one side, and a roast white yam at the other; with capsicums, and vinegar, and mustard, and all the et ceteras. After giving thanks to the Giver of all things, we eat our dainty viands with an indescribable satisfaction; finding gratitude, now as ever, our sweetest sauce. When the cloth was removed, a fine melon, and a bottle of wine, decanted, were put before us; I took a slice of the fruit, and drank one glass of the wine to my dear wife's health. Not tarrying longer, we arose, and walked together to the plank-house; the path to which, through the goodly trees, was now well trodden: after sauntering agreeably through the wood, and lingering at the fountain, we sat down to rest upon the camp stools which were already on the platform. For some time we amused ourselves with feeding the poultry and pigeons, which flocked around us, as if glad to see us; and also the armadillo, which had lately been again a prisoner in his crib."—vol. i. pp. 289, 290.

Seaward bethought him, on perceiving from the promontory a Spanish coast-guard ship, that it was high time for him to plant the standard of England upon the island. A flag was forthwith hoisted, with due ceremony, and, in a few days after, another vessel came in sight, which turned out to be from Norfolk in Virginia, and by means of which Seaward eventually proceeded to Jamaica, taking with him his wife and all his treasure, not excepting the large chest which, in the first instance, he had left unexamined. He then took mea-

tures for remitting his wealth to England, and for apprizing his friends of his existence.

"My dear wife and myself had, for some days past, made our beloved friends at Awbury the subjects of our conversation, and I had resolved that she should send a present of £500 to her father, and I would at the same time remit an equal sum to my sisters and brother; and for this end I procured two sets of bills on the Treasury, for which I paid, as before, 288 doubloons 12 dollars, for the £1000 sterling. The letter written by my dear Eliza was replete with expressions of tender duty to her most worthy parent, and of affection to her sisters; but it overflowed with grateful love towards myself. She told them as much of our story as I thought might, with prudence, be at present disclosed: for, as yet, until our affairs were settled, there were many reasons requiring partial secrecy. She, however, told them Providence had bestowed an ample fortune on me; and that, if either of her sisters would marry, and come to Kingston, and not object to live with us where we lived, I would provide for that sister and her husband. In the same strain I wrote to my brother at Awbury, telling him that a £100 was for each of my sisters and £200 for himself; and if he chose to marry, and he and his wife should come out to Jamaica, I would provide for them; and that he need not be uneasy about leaving his sisters, as I would allow each of them £50 a year. I desired him to write to me, but not to wonder if five or six months should elapse before he received an answer, as my place of residence was some hundred miles from Jamaica; but that a vessel belonging to me would visit Kingston every two or three months, on business. I requested him to communicate with our friends at the parsonage, on our proposals, as Eliza had sent her father money, with an invitation to her sisters, of a similar nature to that which he now received from me. Our letters to Awbury, with their enclosures, were ready; and another letter to my uncle, informing him how I was getting on, as far as respected the preparations for re-equipping his brig. Likewise letters to Perry and Co.; with the first exchange for £5000, ordering them to invest it; and, also, duplicates of the letter written by the packet, with the second of exchange for £1000, remitted by that opportunity.

"The midshipman who had landed me from the ship, called on me to-day, according to promise, and I invited him to dinner. He seemed an honest, unsophisticated youth, and amused us much by his droll phraseology. He said the captain expressed himself very handsomely on the present I had given the men, and had desired the purser's steward to lay the money out for them in vegetables. 'But,' continued the boy, laughing, 'they would rather have had the cash, to bouse their jibs up ashore.' When the evening came, he desired to depart; but I persuaded him to stay till the morning, as I wished him to take charge of my letters to Captain James. He soon said 'Yes;' and when morning came, I gave him my packets, together with a superb gold hilt for a sword, (the value of which could not be less than £50) which I took from my reserved store, and sent

with a separate note to Captain James, begging his acceptance of it, and regretting that I could not here get it mounted; but adding, that I hoped he would get it done in England, and send in the account to my banker's, who had my directions to pay the cost. When the midshipman took these things, I said to him, 'My young friend, don't be offended if I offer you a doubloon, to lay in any thing you like for your mess;' but he objected to receive it, until my dear wife remarked, 'You cannot refuse, because it is a present to your messmates as well as to yourself.' He acknowledged the weight of this appeal, adding, 'You are very kind; and as we hear you are very rich, I will no longer say so. When you went on shore,' continued he, 'the captain said to our first lieutenant, "There goes a fellow worth more than his weight in gold." Some took the speech one way, and some another; now, Sir, I would take it both ways—a good heart and a good purse! and they are two good things; that is, when they lay close aboard of each other.' So, shaking me cordially by the hand, and my dear wife offering him hers, which was not her custom, he took his leave of us, apparently much delighted; perhaps, more with what he had said, than from what he had received, either by my present, or our joint courtesy. But if this pleasure did not arise from what he had said, my dear wife's had; that having been the impulse to her cordiality on his leaving us.

"The next day I received a note from Captain James, acknowledging the receipt of the letters, which he promised should be carefully delivered; also that he would pay every attention requisite to the safe delivery of the money boxes to my bankers; and then he returned me his warmest acknowledgments for my very superb and valuable present; which, however, he must insist on having mounted at his own expense."—vol. ii. pp. 31—34.

In the mean time he procured, for an adequate fee, a commission for the government of the Seaward Islands, as he now called them; but as a governor was nothing in the eyes of the lady, unless he had a fine uniform suitable to his station, (a very natural trait of the female character) the uniform was accordingly ordered. The anecdote betrays the woman in an amusing manner.

"At my fond wife's request, a handsome suit of uniform, blue and gold, with a hat looped and handsomely laced, had been made for the Captain-commandant. 'If those Spaniards,' said she, 'should ever intrude themselves into our bay, which they may do as friends; without an imposing uniform on your person, they might pay very little respect to your commission.' I saw the force of the observation, and therefore the uniform was made.

"At the last visit of my hair-dresser, he recommended me to purchase of him an Adonis, a new-fashioned wig very much in vogue, instead of having my own hair tortured into the mode. I wished he had informed me of such a thing at first, as it would have saved me a good deal of time and torment. 'But,' said I, 'I do not want any thing of the kind where I am going.' My dear wife thought otherwise; and,

smiling, desired him to bring the wig. He obeyed, with a proper box to hold it in, and all the requisites for powdering it up, when required. As it was my Eliza's pleasure, I made no more demur, but took it, and paid him twenty dollars for it. When he was gone, I said to her—'What am I to do with this mop-head, my Mistress-commandant, at Seaward Islands?'—'It is for my Captain-commandant,' she replied, 'when he has occasion to appear in state!' I smiled at her remark, but felt at the same time that it was dictated by good sense, and a just regard to the opinions of men."—vol. ii. p. 51.

The commandant resolved to make the most of his new possessions, before he retired to England. Accordingly, having purchased two vessels at Jamaica, he filled them with negroes and other persons wishing to join the settlement under his command: he returned to it, and was soon joined by his brother and his wife's sister, who were already made one in the holy bands of matrimony. The same vessel which brought out these beloved relatives, conveyed also an assortment of supplies, which, in the true mercantile spirit of that period, his uncle had shipped for him, under the impression that, as he had become so rich a man, he might very well afford to pay for many things which he did not want.

"The amount of the invoice was £480; but my uncle had not counted without his host; he had learned from Captain Taylor that I had brought an iron chest well filled with money from Jamaica, although he could not devise how I came by it; neither could the captain furnish him with any information beyond surmises. The story of our attack on the *Guarda Costa's* boat, having been magnified so as to throw a wonderful light on the subject, my uncle in his letter says, (in that familiar phraseology which he sometimes chose to use in writing as well as in speaking)—'Eh, Ned! 'tis well thee didst not lose either life or limb in the attack on the *Galloon*; how much did come to thy share?—'Tis a secret, may be: thee must have got a pretty penny; did hear thou hast a large iron chest full, besides the schooner thou bought, and what didst send to Awbury: well, thou art a good hearted fellow, Ned; and now thy brother and his wife wish to join thee, I will let Taylor take them out for £20 a head, in his way to the Bay, as he tells me he can pop in on you, without going much out of his way; and I take upon me to send out an investment by him, of which thee mayest make good profit on them, if thou knowest how; but if thou wilt not take them, I may be loser. The amount, to be sure, is large, but if not convenient to pay ready money, (for which will allow five per cent. discount) thee shall have credit for twelve months, till Taylor makes his next voyage.' My uncle enclosed in his letter a counter-statement to mine, respecting the disbursements for the brig, and the prices of the things I had taken out of her while she lay a wreck, contriving to make the balance considerably more in his own favour than I had done; however, I resolved to let it pass, without objection or comment, and pay

agreeable to his own statement. After breakfast, Captain Drake employed himself in taking an inventory of the things landed, and in superintending their removal to the great storehouse. Meanwhile, I was engaged in settling accounts with Captain Taylor; in doing which I took my uncle at his word, deducting five per cent. from the amount of the invoice; a subtraction, in truth, it could well bear. This being done, I gave Captain Taylor a set of bills on Messrs. Perry and Co. of London, for the amount of the invoice, and balance of the other accounts, for which I took his receipts."—vol. ii. pp. 120, 121.

The colony being now established, we need not go further into the details of Seaward's proceedings, which were all attended with so much good fortune, that he found himself free to pay a long-looked-for visit to England, in 1736. We mention the date, in order to fix the time of the sketches of costume and society which we shall now introduce to the reader's notice. Upon the arrival of the governor and his lady in London, they were, in the first instance, to provide themselves with undress suits *à la mode*.

"Before dinner-time the milliner and mantua maker arrived; and also a tailor I had sent for. After a long consultation, and much discussion with these important personages, all points were at length settled; and on Saturday evening our undress suits came home. On Sunday morning we prepared for church, a happiness looked forward to by us with pleasure ever since our arrival; and in truth, we much needed some spiritual help through the ordinary means of grace, for we felt the high tone of devotional feeling much subdued since we quitted our intertropical paradise. My dear wife being dressed in the new mode, found great difficulty in walking with high heels, not having worn any for more than two years, and those were low, compared with the present mode. Her farthingale, too, was cumbersome, and altogether, she felt very uncomfortable; a little black hat with feathers being the only tolerable part of her attire. I had less to complain of, the good taste of my Eliza having decided for me against lace. My suit, therefore, was a plain one, for which I was thankful; deep ruffles had been appended to my shirts at the breast and wrists, my knee and shoe buckles were handsome, and as I would not submit to the torture of a toupee, my head was accommodated with a morning peruke in tie, and a plain hat with a silver loop and button. Thus attired, we attended divine service in a hired carriage, at the church of St. Martin-le-Grand; and on our return to the hotel, after having dined, we endeavoured to keep alive the good habit of reading the scriptures."—vol. ii. pp. 195, 196.

The great object of his ambition was to obtain from the minister, then Sir Robert Walpole, a grant of Seaward Islands, for which, of course, he was prepared to pay a sufficient consideration, in the way of donations, then so disgracefully common in all our public departments. Mr. Perry, one of his

bankers, of the house of Perry, Child, & Co. undertook to assist him in this negotiation, in which, also, Mrs. Seaward took a considerable part. It is not a little amusing to contemplate them both in their carriage, in Cheapside, in those days, when the London cries must have been in all their glory.

"My Eliza was not tired waiting for me, but she was glad to see me again, and as I stepped into the coach, my eyes were met by her endearing smile. 'My Edward,' said she, 'I thought I had lost you.' As we drove back to the hotel, I would have recounted to her all that had passed between Mr. Perry and myself, but the noise of the wheels and of carts, and other carriages, and of people bawling about the streets all sorts of things to sell, and chairs to mend, and bellows to mend, as if the crier himself had a pair of blacksmith's bellows within him, she could not make out a single sentence I uttered. I therefore covered my mouth with my hand, which diverted her a good deal, and placing my other hand around her waist to keep her steady, the rough-going coach jolted along, until at length we reached our quiet hotel."—vol. ii. p. 199.

There is a good deal of character, also, in the following scenes of preparation, for going out to their banker's dinner party.

"After dinner, mother Osborne, our hostess, came in with many courtesies and apologies, saying there was a tire-woman without, she could recommend, and if the lady Seaward would see her she would feel obliged. (Mrs. Osborne was an unconscious prophetess.) My dear wife could not resist this; and where is the wife, under similar circumstances, that could? Madame Filibert was introduced, and she commenced her address in French. When she had proceeded for a considerable time with the complimentary prologue, in which '*milady*' and '*beaucoup d'honneur*', were repeated twenty times, my simple minded Eliza told her she did not understand French; and therefore would only trouble her to show some of the head dresses, if she had brought any with her, one of which, perhaps, she might take to oblige Mrs. Osborne. Two women were now called in, carrying a large covered wicker basket, out of which were brought indescribable things: they were placed severally on the table; and, to my great amusement, Madame Filibert took them up one after another, putting them on her own head before the looking-glass. One was *charmante*, another *magnifique*, a third *superbe*; but the fourth '*O milady, regardez celle là; c'est une tire tête unique. J'aurais fait la même pour sa majesté la Reine.*' It certainly was handsome, being made chiefly of gold tissue, but of a quality far inferior to that we had found in the cave. After some parley my wife purchased it. 'Now,' said she, 'Madame Filibert, is this the richest tissue of gold that is made?' The tirewoman answered in tolerable English, that nothing in Europe could surpass it; if she did not speak true, she would give it for nothing. 'I will not tie you to your word,' returned my Eliza, 'but I will show you a piece of tissue with which it cannot be compared.' She then went up to the bed-room,

and brought down a piece of plain gold; two of the four being richly wrought. The tirewoman, at sight of it, expressed her astonishment, exclaiming, 'It was all gold! there was never any thing like it seen in Europe! it was certainly from Persia, or China, or the gold mines.' She anxiously desired a little bit of it, which my dear wife would have given to her; but at my whisper that some possible mischief might come out of it, she politely declined complying with Madame Filibert's wish; so the business concluded with her by paying for the tire she had chosen; on which Madame with her women made their obeisance and departed. This scene afforded us abundance of pleasantry for the evening.

"On the following day we received an invitation to dinner from Mr. and Mrs. Child, and in consequence, care was taken that our dress-clothes should be brought home in time. When the day arrived, we dressed: my dear wife's brocade was rich, and no doubt highly fashionable: the hoop large; the ruffles were of blonde, and she wore the tire purchased of Madame Filibert. I had presented her with a diamond necklace and ear-rings, the price of which is the only secret I ever kept from her in my life; but she placed it to the right account and accepted them, as I gave them with feelings of deep regard. My suit was embroidered velvet, with white silk stockings, and a peruke in the best mode. As I took her hand to lead her down stairs to the carriage, she looked up at me with her own sweet smile, saying, 'My Edward has given me a diamond necklace and ear-rings,—will he stop at the jeweller's and give his Eliza a diamond ring also?'—'With the greatest pleasure, my beloved,' I replied. The coachman was then ordered to stop on Ludgate-hill, at Harding's, where we both got out; and I was proceeding to choose for her a ring. 'No, Edward,' she said, 'I must be selfish for once; it must be of my own choosing, and the finest brilliant I can find.' In a little time she fixed her eye on a splendid gem elegantly set, but not a lady's ring; then taking my hand she put it on my finger, saying, 'It is here I shall always love to see my brilliant: then raising my hand to her lips, added to it a mark of her affection more precious than the gem itself.'—vol. ii. pp. 200—202.

The intelligent reader will hardly be surprised at the exposition which follows, of the conversation at the dinner table. The character of Gil Blas again breaks out in Seaward, in his intercourse with Mr. Powis.

"The company were numerous and somewhat gorgeously attired; the dinner was sumptuous; and the liveries of the servants vied with their masters in the richness of the lace on their coats. We got through the ceremonies pretty well; but felt no inclination to copy the tone of conversation that was kept up afterwards. The subjects were low, and some of the expressions worse than low: the ribaldry of Fielding seemed to be the standard of wit, and some of the coarsest jokes of the Dean the signal for a general laugh; the ladies drank rather freely, and few of them were without a snuff-box. I perceived early in the

afternoon how much my dear Eliza was disgusted with the society around her, although the ladies commended her fine taste, and more than one gentleman told her she was an angel. In the evening Mrs. Child pressed her to take a seat at the quadrille table; and, although she knew little of the game, politeness obliged her not to refuse. In the course of the evening, a gentleman, Mr. Powis, who, with myself, had refused cards, engaged me in conversation. He talked on a variety of political subjects, with the merits of which I was totally unacquainted; I, however, listened with great attention, being glad of an opportunity to pick up information in any way; and, as I listened with attention, so I took care not to disclose my ignorance, but masked it by a well timed assent, now and then adding a short, but, I hope, pertinent remark. He told Mr. Child the next day I was one of the most sensible men he had conversed with for many years. The truth is, he went on flowingly from subject to subject for an hour, without my ever crossing his path; and if I stopped him a moment, it was only to set him off again with increased vigour and self-approbation; and therefore, forsooth, I was the most sensible man he had conversed with for many years! A moralist might adduce a maxim by no means contemptible from this man's folly.—*It is easier to listen than talk yourself into some people's good opinion.* However, Mr. Powis took a fancy to me in consequence, and afterwards, if I am not mistaken, interested himself to serve me."—vol. ii. pp. 202—204.

The efforts made by Mrs. Child and her friends to induce Mrs. Seaward to enter the circles of fashionable life, and to set up for a fine lady, are most happily described, but they savour more of the novel than any other portion of this production. We have a characteristic sketch of an interview between Seaward and Sir R. Walpole, and a probable as well as an amusing account of the intrigues and bribes to which it was necessary for the former to resort in order to obtain the object of his ambition, in which he at length succeeds. He and his lady are presented at court, where he receives the honour of knighthood; he is subsequently confirmed in the command of the islands, after which he pays a visit to Gloucestershire, purchases an estate, and wanders with inexpressible delight over the scenes of his own and his dear wife's childhood. His career, after this period, becomes less interesting. Returning to his islands, he becomes engaged in the war that broke out with Spain in 1739, and the strain of the composition is altogether changed. The scenes that enchanted us in the earlier part of the work no longer appear. They are lost sight of amid a variety of dangers and vicissitudes in which sir Edward is involved; and after all his sufferings, he sees, with indescribable mortification, his islands surrendered at the peace to the crown of Spain. But although there be this striking difference between the earlier and latter portions of the work, we may assure the reader that his interest in the

tale will not grow cold. The spirit-stirring sounds of human contention, hair breadth escapes, and sketches of the men who influenced the events of that war, though opposed in all things to the rural tranquillity and happiness which was the lot of our hero and heroine at the outset of their lives, nevertheless possess charms of their own, which do not lose by the contrast. We fully agree in the judgment which Miss Jane Porter has passed upon these scenes of battle, which she describes as 'admirable for their painting, both with regard to the events themselves, and the living personages to whom they introduce us—reminding us of the pictures of Hogarth and of Wilkie, and bringing before us the incident and the actors, just as they were, simple, natural, and true to the fact.'

From the Monthly Magazine.

STANZAS.

WHEN stars forsake the sullen sea,
When rains descend and winds arise,
Some rock a sunny bower may be,
If Hope but lend us eyes.

It tracks our steps in every stage,
And wakes a fountain in the wild;
It mingles, with the thoughts of age,
The rapture of a child.

It sheds on Joy a richer glow;
It flings to Want its gifts of gold;
But ah! its hand—as pure as snow—
Will sometimes prove as cold!

Yet when the graces fall from Youth,
And Passion's fervid cheek grows pale,
Then Hope becomes a thing of truth—
A faith too deep to fail.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

THE OAK TREE.

In childhood's bright morn, ere I quitted my
home,
I planted an acorn in sport at the door;
Then, for many a year, 'twas my fortune to
roam,
And revisit the scenes of my childhood no
more.

When next I return'd to my dear native cot,
Youth advancing to manhood, was fearless
and gay,
And a vigorous sapling that rose on the spot
Told alone of the years that had glided away.

Many more roll'd along amid life's chequered
scene,
Ere the home of my fathers again I could
see—
Then a wide-spreading oak overshadow'd the
green,
And the gloom which it shed was congenial
to me!

On the tender young plant I had carv'd a lov'd
name,
When I last stood beside it—unwilling to
part—

The name of the false one remained on the stem,
And I felt it, alas! written still on my heart.

When in youthful devotion the letters I drew,
The friend of my bosom stood smiling the while—

'Twas he stole my bride!—and the scene when I view,
Like a spectre it haunts me, that treacherous smile!

But 'tis past, and beneath the old oak is my seat,
While the chill winds of autumn the sere branches wave;

I gaze on the leaves as they drop at my feet,
And feel that ere long they will drop on my grave!

From the United Service Journal.

SKIRMISH IN PERSIA.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, (LATE)
16TH LANCERS.

"*MAY Ullah be our guide in this expedition!*" said Abdoollah Khan to his Aga: "the Shah, the threshold of the world's glory, has given us a difficult part to play, but Inshallah (please God) we will burn the fathers of the Russians, and cut off a detachment or two before they can fall back into Georgia." "By my father's beard!" replied the Aga, "we will show them what it is to trespass on the territory of the true believers. Gorumsak, the rascals! did they imagine they could pitch their tents on the plains of Iran, consume its fruits, and trample on its corn with impunity? No, no, the unclean Gïours will drink of the sherbet of death by our blades, and their hearts will be cold ere long! But, Abdoollah Khan, in the name of Ullah, let us make some play, look here is a Meidan (or plain) fit for exercising Toorkomannee steeds:" and striking the angle of his broad stirrup into his horse's flank, and calling out a Delhi-Khan, or hair-brained young fellow from the troop, the gallant Aga dashes after him with his light bamboo spear in rest.

The Aga, like his chief, was arrayed in a blue cloth surcoat, fitting tight to the shape, and over it was a steel cuirass; his head was also defended by a metal skull-cap terminating in a spike, and from it streamed two or three long feathers; chain-mail covered the ears and hung down on his shoulders. His full scarlet trowsers, or shulwas, were met below the knees by brown sharp-toed boots; a pair of pistols with chased silver butts, and an ivory-hilted dagger, were in his shawl sash, and under his left saddle flap was a Damascus blade. The Delhi-Khan, and his five hundred comrades, wore black caps of Bochara lamb-skin, (nicely pinched in at the top to show the silk or shawl lining,) cloth surcoats of different colours, and their arms were, lances, long guns, and curved sabres with ivory handles.

"Ya Ullah!" cried the Aga to the Delhi-Museum.—Vol. XIX.

Khan, "if you don't bestir yourself, I shall send you to Eblis." The youth replied by unslinging his taphaik and continuing at speed; he drew the ball, and turning completely round in his saddle, he levelled and fired at the Aga, who shaking his spear over his shoulder made a feint at him, then grasping his spear with his bridle hand, he drew forth a jereed or javelin, which he darted at the Delhi-Khan, who avoided it by stooping to his saddle bow, then wheeling round he became in his turn the pursuer. They thus continued for some time making a display of their Parthian horsemanship, and circling round and round each other, whilst the rest looked on in admiration as they continued their march, and occasionally shouting, Shabash, excellently done! Mashallahs, praise be to God!

The mists of the morning were rolling off the hills "like a garment" as the party of Kizzilbash ascended a steep and rugged-road; the stones were wet and slippery, but the horsemen heeded them not; and throwing their reins on their horses' necks, they left them to pick out their own way; then producing their flint and steel they lighted their chebouks or long Turkish pipes, and consoled themselves with the aromatic fumes of Shiraz tobacco. The Khan called his musician, who clearing his throat, took out a paper from his breast, and struck up a wild though plaintive air, which was echoed from the opposite cliffs. But a stop was soon put to his singing, by an exclamation from one of the foremost of the party, who pointed to a pinnacle of the rocks overhead, on which was seated an eagle, which unconcernedly eyed the horsemen from his commanding height. The Khan galloped below him, and was taking aim, when the king of birds rose majestically in the air, and the bullet whistled harmlessly past him.

The precipices were now clothed with trees of gigantic size, consisting of pines, oaks, beech, and maple. Nature seemed to have chosen this district to revel in unrestrained grandeur, for her works were on the most magnificent scale, and the rocks were suited to the vegetation. Life too, was given to this mountain landscape by a swollen torrent, which rushed in white foam and with noisy impetuosity over the ledges which obstructed its progress to the sea; on the steep banks, and far below the Kizzilbash, coveys of red-legged partridges were observed running actively among the stones, and picking up the scattered seeds of the wild oat.

The horsemen continued to wind for some time among the hills, till a sudden turn of the road brought them in sight of the wide expanse of the Caspian. It was a glorious prospect. Immense masses of black forests, inhabited by tigers, skirted the shores, in which, since the waters of the deluge subsided and left the ark on the hoary head of Agri-dagh, the sound of the hatchet has seldom

been heard; silence brooded over them except when the tempest caused the foliage to wave like fields of grain, as the branches groaned and wailed in struggling with the blast, whilst the roar of the brindled tenants resounded through the gloomy recesses. No wreaths of smoke curling over the trees indicated human habitations, or cleared spots the labours of the agriculturist. These ancient woods seemed abandoned to wild beasts, who ranged them unharmed by the bold hunters. Into the sea, headlands advanced and formed deep bays, in one of which the white sails of a vessel appeared like a sea-bird skimming the waters, whilst a lively breeze had set the billows in motion, and white-crested they rolled to the beach.

"Alhumdullilah, praise be to God," said the Khan, "here is a caravanserai at last, though the graves of those who allowed it to go to ruin should be defiled; however, by the head of Ali, it is better than nothing; quick, you lazy furaches, and sweep a place in an upper room, and spread my numid (belt) and carpet, for I am as tired as if I had sent an hundred Gisors to the Father of Evil."

The caravanserai was, as usual, a square stone enclosure surrounding a yard; round three of the sides of the court were piazzas divided into rooms, and behind them were large stables for the horses of wayfarers: on the fourth side of the building was the arched gateway, over which were a few small rooms, but only one of these was habitable, as the ceiling of the others had fallen in. The sturdy Khan dismounting with a groan, clamoured to the upper apartments and immediately threw himself on his carpets; a boy then handed him a fresh caeon, the grateful fumes of which, with some strong coffee, considerably revived him, and he reclined contentedly stroking his beard and talking to himself, till the Aga appeared simultaneously with the evening's meal.

A long chintz cloth being spread on the ground before the two chiefs, an attendant brought in a metal basin and ewer, and after they had washed their hands and eaten some ripe fruit, two broad flour cakes were placed on the cloth and a tray of smoking rice; on seeing which the Khan pronounced the *bismillah* or grace, and plunging his hand into the white heap he brought out a fowl, which was quickly dismembered, and dipping portions into cups of sauce, in a few minutes the fowl became a skeleton; spoonfuls of cool sherbet having washed it down, the caeons were again produced, and they sat comfortably together till the sound of angry voices, which had for some time been heard from the court below, becoming louder, compelled the Aga to descend and quell the tumult.

He found the troopers quarrelling about their quarters for the night; the younger and more active had seized on what the elders considered was their right, and from words

they were proceeding to blows, when the Aga producing his jereed, laid about him on either side, softening the shoulders of the high contending parties, abusing their female relatives, and turning out those who could not be accommodated within the walls of the caravanserai, to bivouac under some trees outside.

Before betaking himself to his repose, the Khan looked out from his window and observed the mountains before him to be capped with a mass of angry black clouds; they were piled confusedly on one another, and the light grey scud was drifted swiftly across them; the wind, cold and moist, swept over the caravanserai and sighed on the untenanted chambers, and the face of Nature bespoke a coming storm. The Persians in the court quickly rolled up their carpets, and huddled together into the stables beside their horses, all of which were now turned out and their places occupied by men; a few warning drops of rain were then succeeded by a torrent, the distant thunder growled and reverberated among the hills, and the lightning showed at frequent intervals their rugged outlines; the noise of the conflicting elements was so great that it was difficult to hear oneself speak, and though many essayed to sleep, few were visited by "Nature's best restorer."

The storm was at its height, when a peasant in a red fur cap and coarse blue garments, with the rain streaming from his person, sought shelter in the caravanserai. "Punah be Khoda, God be my protection!" said he, "what a night! surely the spirits of mischief are abroad, and are frightening us with their gambols. Wullah! I hope they will not harm my poor sheep; but they may amuse themselves with these Russians if they like, and if they sweep them into the sea it would be a happy riddance to our village." "Russians! what Russians?" exclaimed half a dozen voices eagerly, "are we near the Pedursug?" Near! ay, within two fursings of the devourers of unclean meat,—may they be confounded!"

The information that a party of 300 of the enemy occupied a village within two hours' march of the caravanserai, was quickly communicated to the Khan; a council of war was held, the peasant was closely interrogated as to the position of the Roos, and after a short deliberation it was determined that three hours before daylight the march should be resumed, and the enemy if possible surprised. Sleep was no longer courted by the Kizzilbash, but a general inspection of arms took place, their pieces were newly primed and sabres sharpened with care; there was not much talking except now and then a "Toof be resh" would be heard, and one would exclaim to his neighbour "I spit on the beards of the rascals, and mean to secure at least half a dozen of their dirty heads;" some again attempted to strike up a lively air, but the strain soon became grave and touched on scenes of

domestic happiness and of those who, sitting at the solitary hearth, might mourn the absence of the soldier, husband, or son, whose presence was once light to their eyes.

At the appointed time, the troopers led forth their steeds and mounted in silence, the stars and the dying embers of their fires scarcely affording sufficient light to enable each man to distinguish his charger. The gurgling of a few cacons were heard, and a few opium boxes were used as the Kizzilbash mustered outside the gateway, and then cautiously wended their way under the guidance of the peasant, who ran beside the stirrup of the Khan. The Aga counted the files as they rode along, and rated soundly some careless youths, who had lingered behind to collect their light baggage. The march was continued in anxiety and with hearts beating high with excitement, till at the termination of the plain which the party had been traversing for some time, and at the bottom of some broken ground, a distant twinkling light was descried, on which the guide touching the knee of the Khan, said, "Yonder are the Gisors," and a halt was immediately ordered.

The Russian detachment, over which destruction seemed now impending, had occupied an advanced position near the Caspian, and on the breaking out of the late war had received orders to retire by forced marches beyond the Araxes into Georgia. In complying with the orders to retrograde, the Russians, after a fatiguing march, had reached the above-mentioned village, into which they gladly threw themselves, and occupied it for the night in fancied security. Sentries were posted at the two entrances to the village, which communicated with a road which led through it. But the commandant, careless from fatigue, had neglected to observe that there were certain breaches in the walls which ought also to have been guarded, and, allowing his officers and men to scatter themselves in the empty houses which the inhabitants had abandoned, the detachment sought repose.

A watchful sentinel, wrapped in his great coat, and pacing backwards and forwards at his post, fancies he hears a dull sound at some distance from him on the plain; he listens, but a gust of wind agitates the leaves of a tree near him, and distracts him from what had excited his attention. The breeze blowing over the damp ground chills his frame, and he attempts to beguile the tedium of the night hour by humming a plaintive air of the Ukraine, and impatiently he looks forward to the time of his relief; suddenly he is struck down by the blow of a sabre from behind, his musket goes off in the fall, which is the prelude to a desperate strife.

A few of the bravest of the Persians had been ordered by the Khan to dismount, and to creep towards and endeavour to despatch the sentries, whilst the rest, divided into two bodies, were to penetrate the village by the

unguarded breaches. A dropping shot or two is first heard, succeeded by loud shouts Ali! The Russians, roused from their slumbers, grasp their arms, and most of them without taking time to accoutre themselves rush into the lanes. The Persians, to augment the confusion, set fire to several of the houses; with the glare of ruddy flames illuminating their ferocious countenances they charge down on the scattered enemy, confused and separated from their leaders; gallantly and in despair the devoted infantry stood back to back, and attempted to repel their blood-thirsty foes, but their courage is unavailing, and though the bayonet may pierce the breast of the steed, the keen blade of the horseman lays the foot soldier low.

The work of death continues amidst the cries of the combatants, the groans of the wounded, and the roaring and crackling of the burning roofs; the Russians, quitting the lanes, seek to conceal themselves in the houses, but the Persians, with bared arms, caps thrown back, and tucked up skirts, pursue them on foot, bring them forth from their concealment, and with imprecation slay them without mercy. The Khan saves a handful of prisoners, and some more escape amongst the rocks which borders a stream which washed the village walls.

On the following morning the decapitation of the bodies of the slain, and of many who still breathed, occupied the Persians, whilst the heads of some of their own people, after removing the beards, were added to the bloody heap, which was divided into sacks, placed on led horses, and the whole to be brought in triumph as trophies of a victory to the Shah, who would cause pillars of heads to be raised to commemorate the triumph of the true believers.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

HUNTING THE COUGAR, OR AMERICAN LION; AND DEER HUNTING.

By John James Audubon, F. R. S. L. & E. M. W. S., &c.

I. THE COUGAR, OR AMERICAN LION.*

THERE is an extensive swamp in the section of the state of Mississippi, which lies partly in the Choctaw territory. It commences at the borders of the Mississippi, at no great distance from a Chicasaw village, situated near the mouth of a creek, known by the name of Vanconnah, and partly inundated by the swellings of several large bayous, the principal of which, crossing the swamp in its whole extent, discharges its waters not far from the mouth of the Yazoo River. This famous bayou is called False River. The swamp of which I am speaking follows the windings of the Yazoo, until the latter branches off to the north-east, and at this point forms

* Is the *Felis concolor* of Linnaeus; the *Felis puma* of Trail, in vol. 4th of Wernerian Memoirs?

the stream named Cold Water River, below which the Yazoo receives the draining of another bayou, inclining towards the north-west, and intersecting that known by the name of False River, at a short distance from the place where the latter receives the waters of the Mississippi. This tedious account of the situation of the swamp is given with the view of pointing it out to all students of nature who may chance to go that way, and whom I would earnestly urge to visit its interior, as it abounds in rare and interesting productions, birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles, as well as moluscous animals, many of which, I am persuaded, have never been described.

In the course of one of my rambles I chanced to meet with a squatter's cabin on the banks of the Cold Water River. In the owner of this hut, like most of those adventurous settlers in the uncultivated tracts of our frontier districts, I found a person well versed in the chase, and acquainted with the habits of some of the larger species of quadrupeds and birds. As he who is desirous of instruction ought not to disdain listening to any one who has knowledge to communicate, however humble may be his lot, or however limited his talents, I entered the squatter's cabin, and immediately opened a conversation with him respecting the situation of the swamp, and its natural productions. He told me he thought it the very place I ought to visit, spoke of the game which it contained, and pointed to some bear and deer skins, adding, that the individuals to which they had belonged formed but a small portion of the number of those animals which he had shot within it. My heart swelled with delight; and on asking if he would accompany me through the great morass, and allow me to become an inmate of his humble but hospitable mansion, I was gratified to find that he cordially assented to all my proposals. So I immediately unstrapped my drawing materials, laid up my gun, and sat down to partake of the homely but wholesome fare of the supper intended for the squatter, his wife, and his two sons.

The quietness of the evening seemed in perfect accordance with the gentle demeanour of his family. The wife and children, I more than once thought, seemed to look upon me as a strange sort of person, going about, as I told them I was, in search of birds and plants; and were I here to relate the many questions which they put to me in return for those which I addressed to them, the catalogue would occupy several pages. The husband, a native of Connecticut, had heard of the existence of such men as myself, both in our own country and abroad, and seemed greatly pleased to have me under his roof. Supper over, I asked my kind host what had induced him to remove to this wild and solitary spot: "The people are growing too numerous now to thrive in New England," was his answer.

I thought of the state of some parts in Europe, and calculating the denseness of their population compared with that of New England, exclaimed to myself, "How much more difficult must it be for men to thrive in those populous countries!" The conversation then changed, and the squatter, his sons, and myself spoke of hunting and fishing, until at length tired, we laid ourselves down on pallets of bear skins, and reposed in peace on the floor of the only apartment of which the hut consisted.

Day dawned, and the squatter's call to his hogs, which, being almost in a wild state, were suffered to seek the greater portion of their food in the woods, awakened me. Being ready dressed, I was not long in joining him. The hogs and their young came grunting at the well-known call of their owner, who threw them a few ears of corn, and counted them, but told me that for some weeks their number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large panther, by which name the cougar is designated in America, and that the ravenous animal did not content himself with the flesh of his pigs, but now and then carried off one of his calves, notwithstanding the many attempts he had made to shoot it. The painter, as he sometimes called it, had on several occasions robbed him of a dead deer, and to these exploits the squatter added several remarkable feats of audacity which it had performed, to give me an idea of the formidable character of the beast. Delighted by his description, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy, at which he was highly pleased, but assured me, that unless some of his neighbours should assist us with their dogs, and his own, the attempt would prove fruitless. Soon after, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbours, several of whom lived at a distance of some miles, and appointed a day of meeting.

The hunters accordingly made their appearance one fine morning at the door of the cabin, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses, which in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags, but which in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a cougar or a bear through woods and morasses than any in that country. A pack of large ugly curs were already engaged in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, whilst his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality.

Few words were uttered by the party till we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse and seek for the fresh track of the painter, it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him. In less than an hour

the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call of the distant huntsmen. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dog was sent forward to track the cougar, and in a few moments the whole pack were observed diligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the panther.

The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companion concluded that the beast was on the ground, and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when all of a sudden their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was treed, by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it.

Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness, and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up, and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore-legs near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy; but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the cougar being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hopped the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools, and making the best of their way over fallen

trees and amongst the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself, all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of "beauty and fashion," or the quiet enjoyments of your "pleasure grounds," alone delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an expedition.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cottonwood tree, his broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us, and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought that he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated cougar fought with desperate valour; but the squatter advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead.

The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest, to procure venison, whilst the squatter's sons were ordered to make the best of their way home, to be ready to feed the hogs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The cougar was despoiled of its skin, and its carcass left to the hungry dogs. Whilst engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a small deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter displayed his pone of bread, along with a flask of whiskey. The deer was skinned in a trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal, and as the night grew darker, stories and songs went round, until my companions, fatigued, laid themselves down close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep.

I walked for some minutes round the camp, to contemplate the beauties of that nature, from which I have certainly derived my greatest pleasures. I thought of the occurrences of the day, and glancing my eye around, remarked the singular effects produced by the phosphorescent qualities of the large decayed trunks which lay in all direc-

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the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call of the distant huntsmen. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dog was sent forward to track the cougar, and in a few moments the whole pack were observed diligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the panther.

The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companion concluded that the beast was on the ground, and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when all of a sudden their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was treed, by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it.

Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness, and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up, and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore-legs near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy; but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the cougar being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hopped the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools, and making the best of their way over fallen

trees and amongst the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself, all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of "beauty and fashion," or the quiet enjoyments of your "pleasure grounds," alone delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an expedition.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cottonwood tree, his broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us, and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought that he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated cougar fought with desperate valour; but the squatter advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead.

The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest, to procure venison, whilst the squatter's sons were ordered to make the best of their way home, to be ready to feed the hogs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The cougar was despoiled of its skin, and its carcass left to the hungry dogs. Whilst engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a small deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter displayed his pone of bread, along with a flask of whiskey. The deer was skinned in a trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal, and as the night grew darker, stories and songs went round, until my companions, fatigued, laid themselves down close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep.

I walked for some minutes round the camp, to contemplate the beauties of that nature, from which I have certainly derived my greatest pleasures. I thought of the occurrences of the day, and glancing my eye around, remarked the singular effects produced by the phosphorescent qualities of the large decayed trunks which lay in all direc-

tions around me. How easy, I thought, would it be for the confused and agitated mind of a person bewildered in a swamp like this, to imagine in each of these luminous masses, some wondrous and fearful being, the very sight of which might make the hair stand erect on his head. The thought of being myself placed in such a predicament, burst over my mind, and I hastened to join my companions, beside whom I laid me down and slept, assured that no enemy could approach us without first rousing the dogs, which were growling in fierce dispute over the remains of the cougar.

At daybreak we left our camp, the squatter bearing on his shoulder the skin of the late destroyer of his stock, and retraced our steps until we found our horses, which had not strayed far from the place where we had left them. These we soon saddled, and jogging along, in a direct course, guided by the sun, congratulating each other on the destruction of so formidable a neighbour as the panther had been, we soon arrived at my host's cabin. The five neighbours partook of such refreshment as the house could afford, and dispersing, returned to their houses, me to follow my favourite pursuits.

2. DEER-HUNTING.

The different modes of destroying deer are probably too well understood, and too successfully practised in the United States; for, notwithstanding the almost incredible number of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them, that, in a few centuries, they will probably be as scarce in America as the great bustard now is in Britain.

We have three modes of hunting deer, each varying in some slight degree, in the different states and districts. The first is termed still-hunting, and is by far the most destructive. The second is called fire-light hunting, and is next in its exterminating effects. The third, which may be looked upon as a mere amusement, is named driving. Although many deer are destroyed by this latter method, it is not by any means so pernicious as the others. These methods I shall describe separately.

Still-hunting is followed as a kind of trade by most of our frontier men. To be practised with success, it requires great activity, and expert management of the rifle, and a thorough knowledge of the forest, together with an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the deer, not only at different seasons of the year, but also at every hour of the day, as the hunter must be aware of the situation which the game prefers, and in which it is most likely to be found at any particular time. I might here present you with a full account of the habits of our deer, were it not my intention to lay before you, at some future period, in the form of a distinct work, the observations which I have made on the various quadrupeds of our extensive territories.

Illustrations of any kind require to be presented in the best possible light. We shall therefore suppose that we are now about to follow the true hunter, as the still-hunter is also called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found there in the first instance. We shall allow our hunter all the agility, patience, and care, which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear as if we were spies watching all his motions.

His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting-shirt, and a pair of trowsers of the same material. His feet are well moccasined; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same strap; and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step that, probably, few men besides ourselves, that is, myself and my kind reader, could follow him, unless for a short distance in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the tip of every leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence rails of his little cornfields. As he proceeds he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well known traces of the buck's hoof. Now he bends towards the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now, he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity upon which the sun shines in all its growing splendour;—but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him and ask him the result of his first essay? Assuredly, reader, for I know him well.

"Pray, friend, what have you killed?" for

to say, "What have you shot at?" might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings. "Nothing but a buck." "And where is it?" "Oh! it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart." We arrive at the spot where the animal had laid itself down among the grass in a thicket of grape-vines, sumachs, and spruce-bushes, where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted—it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck's throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon the branch of a tree. When the skin is removed he cuts off the hams, and, abandoning the rest of the carcass to the wolves and vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison, enclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a strap, and walks off in search of more game, well knowing that, in the immediate neighbourhood, another at least, is to be found.

Had the weather been warmer, the hunter would have sought for the buck along the shadowy side of the hills. Had it been the spring season, he would have led us through some thick cane brake, to the margin of some remote lake, where you would have seen the deer immersed to his head in the water, to save his body from the tormenting attacks of mosquitoes. Had winter overspread the earth with a covering of snow, he would have searched the low damp woods, where the mosses and lichens, on which at that period the deer feeds, abound, the trees being generally crusted with them for several feet from the ground. At one time, he might have marked the places where the deer clears the velvet from his horns by rubbing them against the low stems of bushes, and where he frequently scrapes the earth with his fore hoofs; at another, he would have betaken himself to places where persimons and crab-apples abound, as beneath these trees it frequently stops to munch their fruits. During early spring our hunter would imitate the bleating of the doe, and thus frequently obtain both her and the fawn; or, like some tribes of Indians, he would prepare a deer's head, placed on a stick, and creeping with it amongst the tall grass of the prairies, would decoy the deer within reach of his rifle. But, kind reader, you have seen enough of the still hunter. Let it suffice for me to add, that by the mode pursued by him, thousands of deer are annually killed, many individuals shooting these animals merely for the skin, not caring for even the most valuable portions of

the flesh, unless hunger, or a near market, induce them to carry off the hams.

The mode of destroying deer by fire-light, or, as it is named in some parts of the country, forest-light, never fails to produce a very singular feeling in him who witnesses it for the first time. There is something in it which, at times, appears awfully grand. At other times, a certain degree of fear creeps over the mind, and even affects the physical powers of him who follows the hunter through the thick undergrowth of our woods, having to leap his horse over hundreds of huge fallen trunks; at one time impeded by a straggling grape-vine crossing his path, at another squeezed between two stubborn saplings, whilst their twigs come smack in his face, as his companion has forced his way through them. Again, he every now and then runs the risk of breaking his neck, by being suddenly pitched headlong on the ground, as his horse sinks into a hole covered over with moss. But I must proceed in a more regular manner, and leave you, kind reader, to judge whether such a mode of hunting would suit your taste or not.

The hunter has returned to his camp or his house, has rested and eaten of his game. He waits impatiently for the return of night. He has procured a quantity of pine knots, filled with resinous matter, and has an old frying-pan, that, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been used by his great grandmother, in which the pine knots are to be placed when lighted. The horses stand saddled at the door. The hunter comes forth, his rifle slung on his shoulder, and springs upon one of them, while his son, or a servant, mounts the other, with the frying-pan and the pine knots. Thus accoutred, they proceed towards the interior of the forest. When they have arrived at the spot where the hunt is to begin, they strike fire with a flint and steel, and kindle the resinous wood. The person who carries the fire moves in the direction judged to be the best. The blaze illuminates the near objects, but the distant parts seem involved in deepest obscurity. The hunter who bears the gun keeps immediately in front, and after a while discovers before him two feeble lights, which are produced by the reflection of the pine fire from the eyes of an animal of the deer or wolf kind. The animal stands quite still. To one unacquainted with this strange mode of hunting, the glare from its eyes might bring to his imagination some lost hobgoblin that had strayed from its usual haunts. The hunter, however, nowise intimidated, approaches the object, sometimes so near as to discern its form, when, raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fires and kills it on the spot. He then dismounts, secures the skin, and such portions of the flesh as he may want, in the manner already described, and continues his search through the greater part of the night, sometimes until the dawn of day, shooting from five to ten deer, should

these animals be plentiful. This kind of hunting proves fatal, not to the deer alone, but also sometimes to wolves, and now and then to a horse or a cow, which may have straggled far into the woods.

Now, kind reader, prepare to mount a generous full blood Virginian hunter. See that your gun is in complete order, for, hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and the mingled clamour of a pack of harriers! Your friends are waiting you under the shade of the wood, and we must together go driving the light-footed deer. The distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt, when pleasure is anticipated as the result; so, galloping we go pell-mell through the woods to some well-known place, where many a fine buck has drooped its antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The servants, who are called the drivers, have already begun their search. Their voices are heard exciting the hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first opportunity of shooting the fleeting game as it passes by. Hark again! The dogs are in chase, the horn sounds louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall be sadly behind.

Here we are at last! Dismount, fasten your horse to this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow poplar, and mind you do not shoot me! The deer is fast approaching; I will to my own stand, and he who shoots him dead wins the prize.

The deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are now so near that it will pass in a moment. There it comes! How beautifully it bounds over the ground! What a splendid head of horns! How easy its attitudes, depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for safety! All is in vain, however; a gun is fired, the animal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed. There he goes! He passes another stand, from which a second shot, better directed than the first, brings him

to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen, are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

A few lines of explanation may be required to convey a clear idea of this mode of hunting. Deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and continue to do so even after they have been shot at more than once. These tracts are discovered by persons on horseback in the woods, or a deer is observed crossing a road, a field, or a small stream. When this has been noticed twice, the deer may be shot from the places called stands, by the sportsman who is stationed there, and waits for it, a line of stands being generally formed so as to cross the path which the game will follow. The person who ascertains the usual pass of the game, or discovers the parts where the animal feeds or lies down during the day, gives information to his friends, who then prepare for the chase. The servants start the deer with the hounds, and, by good management, generally succeed in making it run the course that will soonest bring it to its death. But, should the deer be cautious, and take another course, the hunters, mounted on swift horses, gallop through the woods to intercept it, guided by the sound of the horns and the cry of the dogs, and frequently succeed in shooting it. This sport is extremely agreeable, and proves successful on almost every occasion.

Hoping that this account will be sufficient to induce you, kind reader, to go driving in our western and southern woods, I now conclude my chapter on deer-hunting, by informing you, that the species referred to above, is the Virginian deer, *Cervus Virginianus*; and that, until I be able to present you with a full account of its habits and history, you may consult, for information respecting it, the excellent *Fauna Americana* of my esteemed friend Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia.

VARIETIES.

Errors respecting the Sensibility of the Inferior Animals.—One of the numerous excellent articles contained in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, contains an able defence of naturalists against the charge of cruelty in the pursuit of their studies. This charge has mainly rested on the assumption that the amount of sensibility to pain is generally equal in every variety of the animal creation. The defence will, at all events, save much of the pain which persons of great nervous sensibility constantly feel at the daily chance medleys which they inevitably commit amongst the animal creation. "It is well known (says the writer), that in proportion as we descend in the scale of being, the sensibility of the objects that constitute it diminishes. The tortoise walks about after losing its head; and the polypus, so far from being injured by the application of the knife, there-

by requires an extension of existence. Insensibility almost equally great may be found in the insect world. This, indeed, might be inferred *a priori*, since Providence seems to have been more prodigal of insect life than of that of any other order of creatures, animalcula perhaps alone excepted. No part of the creation is exposed to the attack of so many enemies, or subject to so many disasters; so that the few individuals of each kind which enrich the valued museum of the entomologist, many of which are dearer to him than gold or gems, are snatched from the ravenous maw of some bird or fish, or rapacious insect, would have been driven by the winds into the waters and drowned, or trodden under foot by man or beasts; for it is not easy in some parts of the year to set foot to the ground without crushing these minute animals. Can it be believed that the beneficent

Creator, whose tender mercies are over all his works, would expose these helpless beings to such innumerable enemies and injuries, were they endowed with the same sense of pain and irritability of nerve with the higher order of animals?" Instead, therefore, of believing, and being grieved by the belief, that the insect we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great

As when a giant dies,

the very converse is nearer the truth. Had a giant lost an arm or a leg, or were a sword or spear run through his body, he would feel no great inclination for running about, dancing, or eating. Yet a tipula will leave half its legs in the hands of an unlucky boy who has endeavoured to catch it, and will fly here and there with as much agility and unconcern as if nothing had happened to it; and an insect impaled upon a pin will often devour its prey with as much avidity as when at liberty. Were a giant eviscerated, his body divided in the middle, or his head cut off, it would be all over with him; he would move no more; he would be dead to the calls of hunger, or the emotions of fear, anger, or love. Not so our insects: I have seen some common cockchafer walk about with apparent indifference after some bird had nearly emptied its body of its viscera; a humble bee will eat honey with greediness though deprived of its abdomen; and I myself lately saw an ant, which had been brought out of the nest by its comrades, walk when deprived of its head. The head of a wasp will attempt to bite after it is separated from the rest of the body; and the abdomen, under similar circumstances, if the finger be moved to it, will attempt to sting." Query, which part felt conscious of being the original wasp? That the acuteness of bodily suffering, even among the higher classes of the brute creation, is in some manner providentially subdued, and rendered so much less acute as not to be a fit subject of comparison with the suffering of the human race, is indeed evident from various phenomena, whatever the cause may be. The writer of this article has seen a turtle-dove (*Columba risoria*) which was so severely lacerated by a cat, that the contents of its stomach were torn out. The painfully excited sympathy of those who had long cherished the gentle creature was, however, in a great measure allayed by seeing the bird immediately afterwards proceed to pick up the fresh grains of barley which (till the aid of the surgeon was called in) continued to fall from its wounded paunch. Considerations of the nature glanced at in the preceding paragraphs can never, of course, be so misconstrued as to afford any palliation to wanton or inconsiderate cruelty to the brute creation. The judges of the Arcopagus who condemned to death the child whose amusement it had been to pluck out the eyes of quails, were regulated in their determination by the motives imputed to the young criminal, and which they deemed expressive of so cruel and pernicious a character, that in after times he would assuredly offend the state. But had some great oulist, intent on the structure and physiology of the human eye, and engaged in a difficult course of experimental observation, by means of which the 'dim suffusion' which often veils the orbs of his fellow men might be obviated or decreased, found himself under the necessity of having recourse to a somewhat similar operation, the case would have assumed another character, and the most sentimental philanthropist must have applauded the practice of the philosopher."

Queen Elizabeth's Navy.—The English navy in the time of Queen Elizabeth, consisted of two ships of 1000 tons, each having 340 mariners, 40 gunners,

and 120 soldiers; three of 900 tons, each having 268 mariners, 32 gunners, and 100 soldiers; three of 800 tons, with the same number of men; two of 700 tons, with 350 men each; four of 600 tons, with 300 men each; four of 500 tons, having 88 mariners, 12 gunners, and 30 soldiers; two of 400 tons, and ten of 350 tons, having each 70 mariners, 10 gunners, and 30 soldiers; and nine smaller vessels. The number in all was 39.

Stamp Duty on Receipts.—The stamp duty on receipts was first imposed during the celebrated coalition administration; which gave occasion for the following *jeu d'esprit*, at the time generally attributed to Sheridan:

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise,

That should not fall on me;"

"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,

"For those you never see!"

Turtle Catchers on the Coast of Darien.—At San Blas, on the coast of Darien, a small settlement of Indians is established for the sole purpose of taking turtle. The settlement is situated among a group of kays, and has a small but very secure harbour, in which coasters may safely ride. It is under the management of three English, two American, and three Colombian traders, who make a vast profit from the shell. The quantity of tortoise-shell taken by them amounts on an average to 15,000 lbs. per year, the value of which is about 28,000*l*. The produce of their employment varies very much according to the nature of the season, as in some years they take as much as 32,000*l*. worth of shell; an enormous produce for one out of the many like establishments on this coast. It is a curious fact, that the handsomest shell, and consequently the most valuable, is stripped from the animal while living, the beauty of the shell always becoming less as the animal dies. The dreadful torture which the creature endures by the operation, finds no consideration in the minds of the traders.

BURIED LOVE.

Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone,
O Dorothea! thou wert bright with youth,
Freshness like Morning's dew dwelt upon thy cheek,
While here and there above the level pews,
Above the housings of the village dames,
The musky fan its groves and zephyrs waved.
I know not why, since we had each our book,
And lookt upon it stedfastly, first one
Outran the learned labourer from the desk,
Then tript the other, and limpt far behind,
And smiles gave blushes birth, and blushes smiles.
Ah me! where are they flown, my lovely friend!
Two seasons like that season thou hast lain
Cold as the dark-blue stone beneath my feet,
While my heart beats as then—but not with joy!
O my lost friends! why were you once so dear!
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few!
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,
Commemorating some one torn away,
Till half the months at last shall take, with me,
Their names from those upon thy scatter'd graves.

Settlement of the Portuguese in China.—The first attempt upon China by the Portuguese was in 1522, with three vessels commanded by Martin Affonso de Mello, who came as ambassador, and was defeated by a powerful fleet, near the Bocea Tigris. After this check, they continued trading along the coast, from Hainan to Nimpoo: in this last place they contrived to settle. Their continual navigation from and to Japan enriched the population, till 1542, when the whole was destroy-

ed, in less than five hours, by a force of 60,000 natives sent by the viceroy, in 400 junks, which burnt 75 Portuguese vessels, and on shore 800 Europeans were killed after a desperate conflict. In spite of this calamity, in two years after, some of the Portuguese, by industry and presents, succeeded in establishing themselves in the province of Fogueien, where they remained three years. But repeated acts of encroachment so exasperated the natives, that they contrived to burn in the port thirteen vessels of the Portuguese, and of 500 men, only 30 escaped with life. Still they continued trading among the islands, until they dared to build some huts on the island of Sanchuan, or St. John. These were also more than once destroyed, and as often rebuilt, as their vessels going to and from Japan, always refreshed there. This so continued till the year 1554, in which, the Chinese, seeing the island improving, and much frequented by the Portuguese, who had buried there St. Francisco Xavier, prevailed on them to transfer their habitation and shipping to Sampaean, an island distant 36 miles to the westward of Macao. There they remained three years: for in 1557, a famous pirate, named Thunilao, having ravaged all the coast and islands, obliged the Chinese to seek the aid of the Portuguese, who destroyed his people, after several conflicts. For this feat they were presented to the viceroy at Canton: and under pretext of drying their ammunition and stores, they landed and took possession of Macao, then a deserted place. They here built houses and chapels, inviting the rest of the Portuguese from Sampaean, who immediately came to their countrymen. The Emperor Camhi afterwards granted them this whole peninsula.

Diamonds.—The largest ancient diamond belongs to the house of Braganza; it weighs 1,680 carats, and if it be really a gem, which some doubt, is worth (according to the Brazilian lapidaries) nearly £300,000,000! The celebrated Pitt diamond, now one of the crown jewels of France, was purchased in India by Mr. Thomas Pitt, ancestor of the Chatham family, when governor of Madras, in 1701. In consequence of an accusation, that he procured it unfairly, Mr. Pitt detailed the mode in which he came by it. He states that Jamchund, an eminent diamond merchant, came to him and offered for sale a large rough stone, of about 305 mangelins, for 200,000 pagodas (about £80,000), but for which he (Mr. Pitt) bid 30,000. After repeated haggling, at subsequent visits, he says he bought it for 48,000 pagodas (about £19,000), "for which he paid him honourably, as by his books appeared." This diamond, which is admitted to approach very nearly to one of the first water, and weighs 136½ carats, was sold, in 1717, to the Regent Duke of Orleans, for £135,000. The diamond which studs the sceptre of the autocrat of Russia is stated to have been stolen, by an Irish soldier, from an Indian Idol (Juggernat) in Bengal, whose eye it had long been. The soldier parted with it for a trifle, and after passing through several hands, it was finally sold to the Empress Catherine of Russia, in 1775, for £90,000, an annuity of £4000, and a patent of nobility!

Mode of Burial in Wales.—In ancient times, it was customary for all who attended a funeral, to carry each a sprig of rosemary in his hand, and throw it into the grave as the minister was reading the last words of the funeral service. A custom analogous to this prevailed amongst the ancient heathens; they used to throw cypress wood into the grave in the same manner. The reason why they made choice of the cypress was, because its

branches do not bud when thrown into the earth, but perish altogether; it thus was an expressive symbol of their opinion, that the bodies of the dead would never rise again. On the other hand, the Christians threw the rosemary into the graves of their brethren, to express that hope of a joyful resurrection with which their faith had inspired them.

The Duchess of Abrantes.—This distinguished lady, it is said, is engaged in writing memoirs of that portion of the life of Bonaparte, which elapsed between his entrance into the military school of Paris and his defence of Toulon, hitherto a blank in all the authentic biographies which have been given of that extraordinary person.

Mexican Bees.—Some curious anecdotes are related by the possessors as to the manners of these bees; one of which deserves to be recorded. They assert, that at the entrance of each hive a sentinel is placed to watch the outgoings and incomings of his fellows, and that this sentinel is relieved at the expiration of twenty-four hours, when another assumes his post and duties for the same period. Of the duration of this guard some doubts may be reasonably entertained; but of its existence ample evidence has been obtained by repeated observation. At all times a single bee was seen occupying the hole leading to the nest, who, on the approach of another, withdrew himself within a small cavity apparently made for this purpose on the left hand side of the aperture, and thus allowed the passage of the individual entering or quitting the hive, the sentinel constantly resuming his station immediately after the passage had been effected. During how long a time the same individual remained on duty could not be ascertained; for, although many attempts were made to mark him by introducing a pencil tipped with paint, he constantly eluded the aim taken. With the paint thus attempted to be applied to the bee the margin of the opening was soiled, and the sentinel, as soon as he was free from the annoyance he suffered from the thrusts repeatedly made at his body, approached the foreign substance to taste it, and, evidently disliking the material, he withdrew into his hive. A troop of bees was soon observed to advance towards the place, each individual bearing a small particle of wax, or of propolis, in his mandibles, which he deposited in his turn upon the soiled part of the wood. The little labourers then returned to the hive, and repeated the operation until a small pile rose above the blemished part, and consequently relieved the inhabitants from the annoyance.

The Human Voice.—At a late sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, some interesting facts were disclosed, in a paper by M. Bessant, on the mechanism of the voice. From his professional engagement of physician to the Italian Opera, he has had extensive opportunities of forwarding the object of his inquiries. He has observed that the voice is chiefly effected by the elongation of the uvula, which most persons who have had severe colds will readily understand: in some cases that part of the human organ becomes so enlarged as entirely to prevent the issue of any sound louder than a whisper. The case of a lady was instanced, who entirely lost the use of her voice for several months, and was reduced to the necessity of writing all she wished to say; recourse was had in vain to several eminent physicians;—she at last was advised to use a *gargle of strong alum water*, which completely restored her voice. A permanent organic enlargement is not unfrequent, in which

case M. Bennati has successfully employed cauterization of the uvula, and has, in some cases, increased the *timbre*, and even added two or three notes to the compass of the voice. Those who wish to benefit by such a curious discovery, will be glad to know how this is effected. He makes use of a metallic instrument, at the end of which is a bowl containing the lunar caustic, so shaped as to touch, simultaneously, the whole surface of the uvula, having a sliding lid to prevent contact with any other part, which is acted on through the handle of the instrument. The effect of the caustic is to excite the contraction of the muscles, and reduce the part to its ordinary dimensions. A few applications will prove its efficacy. An instance is cited, that of a pleader, who, after speaking a short time, lost the tone of his voice, his throat became dry, and convulsive cough ensued: and he was obliged to relinquish pleading. Having consulted M. Bennati, it was discovered that the uvula was considerably elongated. He employed the caustic, and in nine applications his voice was completely restored, and he is now a distinguished advocate.

Augustus Lafontaine, one of the most fertile and agreeable romance writers of Germany, lately died at Halle, where he enjoyed a canonry conferred on him by the King of Prussia.

Lafontaine was born in 1756, at Brunswick; his father, who was a painter of some estimation, sent him to the University of Helmstadt, with a view of prosecuting his studies for the church; he became first a private tutor in the family of a general officer, then chaplain to the regiment, and in that quality followed the Prussian army. After the peace of Basle he returned to his native country, and settled at Halle, which he never afterwards quitted.

Few writers have enjoyed a more extensive reputation, without exciting an enthusiastic feeling, than Lafontaine. His personal manners are said to have presented a singular contrast with the character of his writings; instead of being the melancholy man his readers fancy, he was remarkable for sociability and sprightliness of conversation: he has carried with him the esteem and affection of all who lived in intimacy with him.

Pressure of Sand against Walls.—Loose sand,

enclosed between two walls, acts as a wedge, and will ultimately force out the weaker wall of the two. A lime-kiln was built some few years ago at a sea-port town, and, in order to prevent an ornamental exterior of calcareous stone from being affected by the heat, a double wall was contrived, having a space of four inches in the centre filled with sand. The shaking occasioned by the carts passing near, caused a gradual settlement of the sand, and before long the external wall gave way in all directions. Loose earth produces the same effect, but in a less degree; and it is observable that walls built against banks of earth, though they resist the pressure perfectly well at first, yield to it by degrees, and ultimately fail whenever the earth is of a crumbly nature. The formulae, for calculating the necessary thickness of such walls, does not take into account this singular wedge-like property; indeed, it might be difficult to assign any force equivalent to so extraordinary a pressure, where dry loose sand is the substance of the soil.

An Extraordinary Wet Nurse.—Mr. Thomas Buttle, at Bloomfield Parsonage, has a cat, which has adopted the offspring of various animals, some of which have been considered as the most decided enemies of the Grimalkin family. Last year, this excellent nurse suckled a brace of cubs, which were taken from the vixen when two days old, with all the tenderness and motherly anxiety so remarkable in the cat. The present spring she has taken under her care, and is suckling at the same time, a brace of leverets and a brace of greyhound puppies. The leverets appear, under the influence of their unnatural mother, to be in perfect security from the murderous gripe of those who, on other occasions, have proved their greatest enemies. We believe naturalists have long given up the theory of natural antipathies. Hunger seems to be the sole prompter to that war which beasts and birds wage with one another. To hunger, in human society, monarchs and borough lords have added another less intelligible and less honourable principle, which they call glory; by which is always meant an increase of power and profit to themselves. If the people were well fed, and let alone, they would feel and show as much philanthropy as Mr. Thomas Buttle's cat.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The public may shortly expect the *Memoirs of Lavallette*, containing much hitherto secret matter touching the restoration of Louis XVIII., and including of course many interesting details connected with the fate of Ney and Labedoyere, and with the memorable escape of the author through the agency of his heroic wife, and the gallant efforts of Sir Robert Wilson and Messrs. Hutchinson and Bruce.

The second volume of Mr. St. John's "Lives of Celebrated Travellers," forming the eleventh part of the National Library, will be published the first of September.

Mr. Cooper's well known tale entitled "The Last of the Mohicans," will be published immediately as the sixth number of the Standard Novels.

A new edition of the poems of Mr. Chandos Leigh, containing an additional "Epistle to a Friend in Town," with other new poems, will shortly appear.

We hear that Mr. Cooper, author of the *Pilot*, has a Venetian story in the press, to be called *The Bravo*!

The author of the successful and piquant novel of "Sydenham" is, we understand, about to publish a sequel to that story under the title of "Alice Pautet," the object of which is to exhibit the satirical hero in his new condition of a

married man, and thus to enable him to make his caustic observations on scenes and characters which would necessarily have been excluded from his scrutiny as a bachelor.

The *Life and Correspondence* of the late Mr. Ruaoce are, it appears, already in preparation for the press by some of the members of his family. These, together with his miscellaneous works on a variety of important subjects, will be printed uniformly with an octavo edition of the *Lives of Lorenzo and Leo X.* The *Correspondence*, we understand, embraces a period of nearly sixty years, during which this celebrated writer was in the habit of communicating with the most distinguished characters of the age both literary and political.

Mrs. Bray (so advantageously known to the literary world) is superintending the production of a curious volume—the poems of a female servant in Tavistock, who has lived twelve years in the same family, and corresponded with the laureate. Her name is Mary Maria Colling; and the work, with her portrait, is to be published by subscription for her benefit.

We understand that Lord Dover, who, under the name of the Hon. George Agar Ellis, was well known in the literary world as the author of the popular "History of the Iron Mask," of the "Historical Inquiries respecting the

Character of Lord Clarendon," and as editor and author of some other publications, among which may be mentioned "The Ellis Correspondence," has just completed a *Life of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia*, a work which has been long wanted in our literature. It is expected that this work will appear in the course of the autumn.

Chinese and Portuguese Grammar.—A new Grammar of the Chinese language, the *Arte China Constante de Alfabeta e Grammatica*, by Father Goncalves, has been produced at Macao, and is highly spoken of in the *Canton Register*. It is stated to contain a good deal of Chinese antiquities, specimens of forty-five different dialogues, a collection of proverbs, and useful extracts relating to history and mythology.

The Royal Printing Office at Paris.—According to the last inventory that has been published of this establishment, it contains the types of fifty-six founts of oriental characters, which comprehend all the known alphabets of the nations of Asia, ancient as well as modern. There are sixteen alphabets of different European nations who do not employ the Roman characters, and of these latter the establishment possesses forty-six complete founts of various forms and dimensions. All these founts weigh at least 828,000 pounds; and as an octavo page weighs about six pounds ten ounces, the Royal Printing Office contains types sufficient to compose, without distribution, 135,000 pages, or 7800 octavo sheets, which, at thirty sheets per volume, would make 260 volumes. There are in actual employment one hundred and fourteen hand-presses of the old construction for all sizes of paper; six hand-presses with different new improvements; five mechanical presses which work the sheet on both sides at the same time; and one which works two sheets on both sides, also at once: these six mechanical presses are all moved by a single steam engine. A hand-press is capable of printing three thousand sheets on one side, or two presses 3000 sheets on both sides, in a day; and every mechanical press being able to print about 14,000 sheets daily on both sides, the Royal Printing Office is capable of working off in a single day 278,000 sheets, or 556 reams of paper, which is equivalent to 9206 volumes in five of thirty sheets each. The immense means thus possessed by this establishment enables it to keep up, ready composed, about 3000 forms of the impressions required by the different government boards, and thereby secures a vast economy both of time and expense. These means of execution are supported by a foundry, which includes the striking of matrices, the casting of types, stereotyping, &c. Six furnaces provide employment for forty workmen independent of the stereotyping, the perfection of which is so great as to cast in a single plate the largest form. The establishment possesses, besides, vast warehouses and workshops for drying, pressing, ruling, folding, stitching, boarding, and binding of the books and registers. The consumption of paper at the Royal Printing Office in a single year amounts, at an average, to from eighty to a hundred thousand reams; or from two hundred and sixty-one to three hundred and twenty-six reams per day, which are printed for the use of the several public boards. The number of workmen employed regularly is from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty.

By Miss F. Kemble: *Francis the First, an Historical Drama*.

The *Sketch of Venetian History*, of which one volume has been published, will be completed in a second, to appear in the Family Library.

By Allan Cunningham: the fifth (and final) volume of *Lives of the Painters*. It will contain twelve lives; viz.—Jameson, Ramsay, Romney, Runkman, Copley (father of Lord Lyndhurst), Martinson, Beaubien, Hoppner, Owen, Lawrence, Harlow, and Bonington.

A *Life of Sir Isaac Newton*, by Dr. Brewster; a Tour through South Holland, with designs by Lieutenant-Colonel Batty, who also engraves them; a detailed History of the Mutiny in the Bounty (which has supplied a subject for Lord Byron's *Island*); the second volume of the *Sketches of Venetian History*; and a work on Chemistry, are among the volumes of the Family Library now in the press.

By the Rev. William Liddiard: a Tour in Switzerland, in one volume, interspersed with poetry.

By Bisset Hawkins, M.D.: Summary of Facts hitherto ascertained respecting the Cholera of Russia, with a detail of its Progress from Asia to Europe.

Mr. Murray announces the "Journal of an expedition to explore the course and Termination of the Niger." By Richard and John Lander. The work will form three small volumes, uniform with the Family Library. Great praise is due to this eminent publisher, for printing the work in a form which will place it within the reach of all classes of the community.

Allan Cunningham's Fifth Volume of the *Lives of British Painters and Sculptors*.

In the press, in two volumes 8vo., *Memorials of Hampden, his Party, and his Times*; by Lord Nugent. With portraits, autograph letters, &c.

Mr. J. H. Wiffen is preparing for publication, *Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell*, from the Norman conquest to the 19th Century.

The Landscape Annual prospectus for the ensuing year affords a view of great promise. The engravings are from drawings by J. D. Harding, of a tour in Italy, and a sequel to the finely-illustrated tour by Prout. The specimen is Puzos, &c., engraved by Braund; a good subject, and extremely well done. As before, the literary part of the publication is by Mr. T. Roscoe.

Mr. Britton announces the History of Worcester Cathedral, to follow that of Hereford.

We are told that Lord Dover has just completed a *Life of Frederick the Great*.

A Second Series of *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, by Mr. Southey, is in the press, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The same indefatigable writer has in the press the concluding volume (being the third) of his *History of the Peninsular War*. It will appear in November.

The Holy City of Benares will be illustrated in a series of Plates, delineating the most striking objects to be found in this extensive seat of Hindoo learning. The whole executed by James Prinsep, Esq., during his Ten Years' Official Residence in Benares.

A Prospectus is about to be issued of a new Publication, under the title of the Theological Library, to be edited by the venerable Archdeacon Lyall, M. A. and the Rev. Hugh James Rose, B. D.

The *Life and Correspondence* of the late Mr. Roscoe are already in preparation for the press, by some of the members of his family. These, together with his *Miscellaneous Works* on a variety of important subjects, will be printed uniformly with an octavo edition of the *Lives of Lorenzo and Leo X.* The Correspondence, we understand, embraces a period of nearly sixty years, during which this celebrated writer was in the habit of communicating with the most distinguished characters of the age, both literary and political.

Captain Head is preparing a *Series of Views* to illustrate the very interesting *Scenery met with in the Overland Journey from Europe to India, with Plans, &c.*

The Garrick Papers, so long announced, are at length on the eve of publication.

The *Young Muscovite*, or *The Poles in Russia*, which has already been announced, will certainly appear by the first of September. The work is edited by Captain Frederic Chamier, R. N.

A New Romance, under the Title of "Norman Abbey, a Tale of Sherwood Forest," is at press, and will appear early in the ensuing season. It is written by a Lady of no mean pretensions to literary fame. The scene is laid at Newstead, a name dear to all lovers of poetry. The work will form three volumes, small 8vo.

Captain Marryat's forthcoming work, entitled "Newton Forster, or the Merchant Service," is in a very advanced state, and may be expected by the 1st of October. Those who have had a peep at the Manuscript, represent it as far surpassing any previous production of this highly-talented writer. His last tale of the sea, "The King's Own," has by many excellent judges been considered equal to any work of the American Novelist—Cooper; indeed, in nautical descriptions he is much superior.

In the Press, and will be published with all convenient speed, in one vol. small 8vo., *Recollections of the late Robert William Elliston, Esq.* By Pierce Egan. Embellished with a highly-finished Engraving from a painting by Harlowe.

Miss Lawrance, author of "London in the Olden Times," is engaged in a work to be entitled, "Memoirs of the Queens of England, from the commencement of the twelfth to the close of the sixteenth century," including notices of the various illustrious women of that period—of the state of manners and education (particularly that of females), and of the progress of the arts and English literature, from the reign of Maude to the times of Margaret of Richmond.

A Series of Polish Melodies, the words and music by J. Augustin Wade, Esq., is announced for immediate publication. If equal to the author's former productions, the Polish Melodies cannot fail of becoming popular.

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drawn by W. H. H. H.

Caroline Norton.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNKING ONE."

Published by E. Lillie, Philadelphia.



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